THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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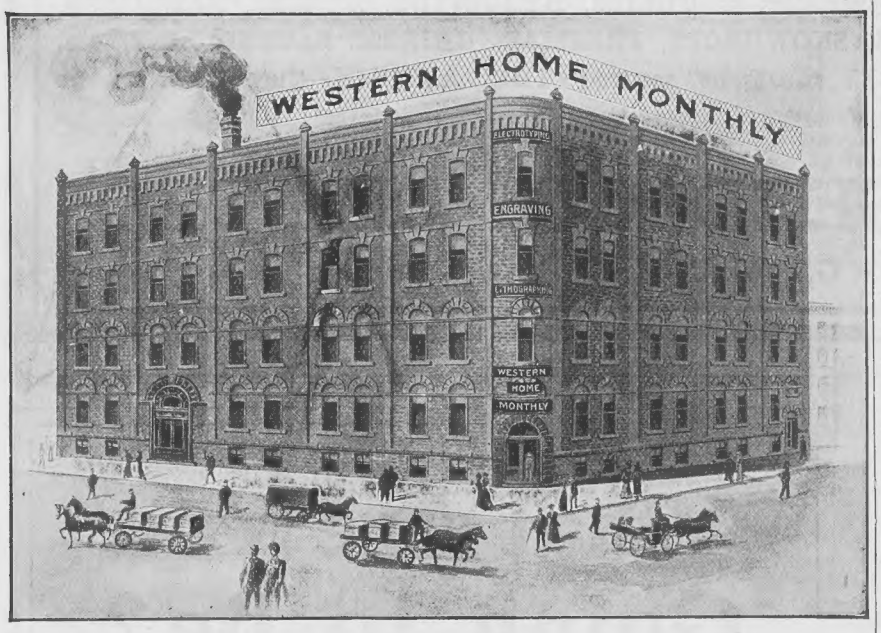
The Western Home Monthly at Home and at Play.

Following the illustration in our August issue of the new printing press installed for the Western Home Monthly, we present this month a small picture of the home of the Magazine, wherein is operated all the branches of the arts that are required in the production of a large illustrated publication. The building itself occupies an entire block on McDermot Ave., right in the heart of Commercial Winnipeg, extending from Arthur to King, having a depth of 100 feet on these streets. A solid brick construction, modern throughout, it compares most favorably with any printing establishment in the Dominion, and it is generally conceded that it contains the largest general engraving, lithographing, and printing plant in Canada. Indeed, the publishers of the Western Home Monthly were the pioneers in modern printing in the West. They have kept abreast of the age, and whatever has proved its worth in the printing world can be found under their roof. The foundtions of the business were laid some twenty-one years ago—a space of 15 x 50 feet serving the purpose of that day. Close and studied attention to the small orders of that period, and unvarying adherence to sound business principles transformed the small print shop with its primitive appointments into the great establishment of the present, where 200 people are busily occupied keeping pace with the days' requirements.

In the process of production twelve different departments give their attention to the Western Home Monthly—and we would like our readers to realize that we are leaving nothing undone to better the magazine. We are only enabled to do this by the co-operation of our subscribers in constantly sending additional names for our subscription list. We ask for a continuation of their efforts, assuring them that we will strive hard to do our part creditably.

The Western Home Monthly is a Western magazine for Western people, and we are ambitious enough to expect that it will go on widening its sphere until it wends its way into every Western rural home.



Stovel Company Employees' Sixth Annual Picnic.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So runs the ancient adage, and it is apparently a cherished motto in the hearts of the Stovel Company employees, judging by the large number who took advantage of the trip to Winnipeg Beach on Saturday, August 6th. Punctually on time the huge steel leviathan, with a "caudal appendage" of no fewer than seventeen coaches steamed slowly out of the C. P. R. station with its holiday-bound human freight. A casual glance made it evident that practically every member of the huge staff was present. Neither did any come unaccompanied. The youthful members were there, whispering empty nothings into the ears of their best girls (or, perchance, somebody else's), while those who had cast aside the shackles of bachelordom were seen happy in the society of their wives and children. For just one brief but happy day business was forgotten, and all were beset with the same purpose, of having a good time and enjoying themselves thoroughly. The committee in charge of the picnic began their good work early, as shortly after the start boxes of most appetising chocolates were distributed amongst the ladies, who, unable to withstand their wiles, promptly began an impromptu repast, in which they were kindly assisted by their escorts. The Beach was reached about eleven o'clock, and leaving the men to start their day's amusement with baseball, the ladies betook themselves to the numerous picnic tables beneath the trees and began to get ready the midday meal. The lake air generates a keen appetite, and in anticipation of this, the majority of the hampers were of amazing proportions. With true Western hospitality, many had realized that there might be a few "lonesome ones," and ample provisions were made for such.

Half-past twelve saw the happy family seated around bountiful tables, and in a marvellously short space of time ceased to groan from their load of dainties. Then there was the usual little "housework" to do, and while the ladies cleared the tables, the sterner sex lit their cigars so that the clouds of smoke would keep the flies from annoying their wives and sweethearts. The kiddies had already scampered away to the sands, where there was much rivalry among them as to which one could succeed in getting its clothes into the biggest mess in the shortest time. After a short shower, Old Sol made a welcome re-appearance, and the warm rays tempted many to indulge in a dip in the lake. Owing to the choppy water, no row boats were called into requisition during the day, and even the regular campers, after a few ineffectual attempts, decided to remain on terra firma. At one o'clock all the excursionists assembled in front of the pavilion, where an obliging photographer was awaiting them. The sports commenced shortly afterwards, and all the events were most keenly contested. Some of the races were exclusively for the little ones, so that all had an equal chance of becoming the proud owners of prizes. Jupiter Pluvius very considerately withheld his watering can while the "track" events were being pulled off, and then a sharp shower caused a general stampede for shelter. The nail driving competition for ladies and the millinery competition for gentlemen caused much amusement, some of the "Paris creations" achieved by the gentry being marvellous efforts. Next in order came the aquatic events and the greasy pole, and then, the official programme being concluded, the excursionists were left to provide their own amusement, which did not seem to cause them much difficulty. Right up to nine o'clock in the evening the sounds of innocent revelry were heard on all sides, and it was a tired but happy crowd which eventually bade a reluctant au revoir to the scenes of their day's enjoyments. The members of the firm were all present, and heartily entered into the spirit of the day. To them and the committee in charge are due the thanks of all for a day which will long be remembered for its delightful associations May we all meet again in 1911.

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Photo by E. R. Palmer] Stovel Company Employees' Sixth Annual Picnic.

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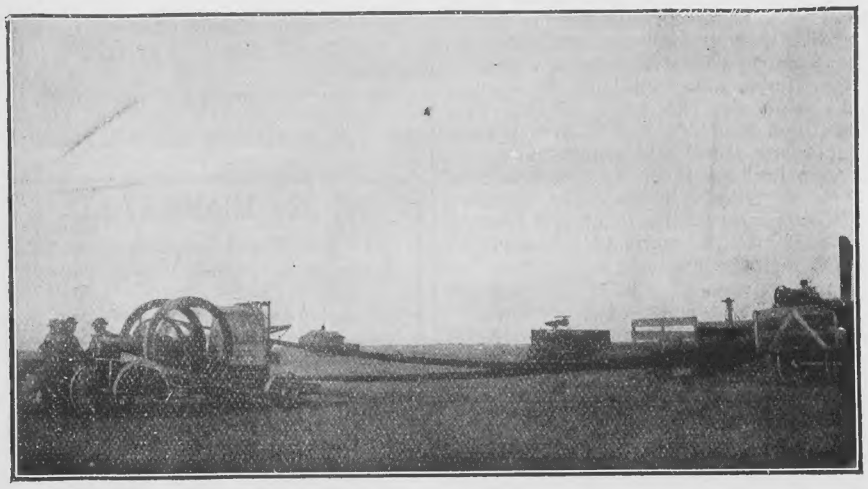

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Three Events of Importance.

Recent events in the life of Western Canada are deserving of more than a passing notice. The harvest has been gathered; in one of the provinces a general election has been held; the Premier of the Dominion has paid a visit to what he is forced now to recognize as the Greater Canada.

THE HARVEST

With regard to the harvest everyone will be ready to admit that it was not up to the average. And yet there were redeeming features. Until recently people have been in the habit of looking upon the southern half of the provinces as the only reliable section. Now they will be ready to admit that the northern townships can hold their own. At least this year they have saved the situation, so that in spite of drought and heat, Western Canada is able to give a good account of itself to the rest of the world. If in some sections there has been little return for labor, the neighboring states to the south have perhaps even a worse report to make. We are not the only sufferers this hard year.

COST OF LIVING

The shortage in grain the world over will mean an increase in the cost of food productions. The farmer will not feel this so much as others for he has his own supply of eatables. He will find, however that, in common with others, he must pay more for the other necessities of life. Within ten years the cost of living has greatly increased, and the end is not yet. Eggs, butter, meat, clothing, lumber—name what we may—we find the cost much greater than a few years ago. If the burden is great for the farmer it is doubly great for the poor man in the city who finds that food, clothing and shelter cost more than in the past while the wage scale is very little higher. Those who could barely exist in past years now find themselves going into debt, or resorting to questionable means to eke out a bare living.

THE REASON FOR HARD TIMES

The reason for hard times it is not always easy to explain, for there are causes at work which would naturally bring about cheaper living, yet in spite of this the cost is increasing. Working on the side of cheapness there are the additional capital and energy applied to the cultivation of land and the rearing of live stock; the greater use of scientific methods, which are as yet applied only here and there, in mere patches on the surface of the globe; and the possibilities of new inventions cheapening production. On the side of dearness we have first and foremost the increased output of gold. Within twenty years the amount available is twice what it was formerly. The purchasing power therefore is not as great as it was once. Articles cost more in consequence. History and Economics alike teach this lesson.

THE WAY TO PROSPERITY

But in a country like ours there need be no hard times if we are content to observe the two principles that should govern our actions as a people. In the first place we must learn to rise and fall together. It must not be country against town, employer against employee, grain growers against transporters, manufacturer against consumer, but it must be recognized that a state is an organism in which every vital part is necessary to every other part, and that no part can be out of order without the whole organism suffering. Recently there have been attempts to make class stand against class where both are useful as if the law of life should be "Each for himself and devil take the hindmost." That is just as bad doctrine as is contained in that old motto, whether adopted by capitalist or worker on a small scale, whether by politician or the plain head of a family: "Both feet in the trough and a tusk for intruders." The second condition of prosperity in a nation is that it should live in the best possible relations with its neighbors. To erect unnecessary tariff walls, to tax ourselves for the sake of a few manufacturers whose efforts do but little to help the country; this is one of the most senseless proceedings that can be imagined. And just for the sake of rivalry to enter into the needless preparation of armaments is both nonsensical and criminal.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS

The second event of importance in Western life is the fact that elections have been held in Manitoba. It is not for the Western Home Monthly to take part in party politics, but there are a few things in connection with the election that are of more than party and provincial interest.

When the British North America Act was brought into force it was found that certain problems were placed before the federal powers and certain other problems entrusted for solution to the provinces. These problems were distinct, and except in a few cases there was no possibility of overlapping. It might have been expected, then, that in provincial contests little reference would be made to Dominion politics, and that the contestants would limit themselves to provincial issues. As a matter of fact, it turned out far otherwise. Many of the government candidates refused to consider provincial issues, but harked back to Dominion questions; their opponents in some cases evidently felt that they must act as apologists for the party at Ottawa. This blending of provincial and federal is most unfortunate. The words Conservative and Liberal have no meaning whatever as applied to provincial politics. To use these terms is to take a step toward the complete domination of party politics as in the cities of the United States. It is easy to understand how the provincial and federal are so closely united. The newspapers, and many of the prominent workers in provincial elections are beneficiaries from the Ottawa Government. As political opinion seems to go in Manitoba today, the worst recommendation a candidate could have is that he possesses the backing of a newspaper controlled from Ottawa. The Manitoba government did not get its vote because it was strong, but because its opposition was so weak and its leaders so closely allied with Ottawa. And this is not condemning the Ottawa government as such. People object to having provincial issues decided by the federal powers.

THE BALLOT-BOX THEFT

A feature of the contest was the tampering with the ballot box at Russell. It is to be regretted that this occurred, for it will lower the estimate which outsiders might have with regard to our people. It will undoubtedly lower our estimate of ourselves. We have as a people made much parade of loyalty but it is surely a poor form of loyalty which makes use of bunting but tolerates and encourages trickery and theft. There are no words strong enough for condemnation of those engaged in such work. Whether it is the work of politicians or gamblers it is a dastardly crime and any decent man would be ashamed to condone or to take advantage of it.

THE WAYS OF JUDGES

In connection with this fraud the judge made a ruling which is characteristic of Canadian law courts. He admitted that there was shameless theft, but said that he could not recognize the crime. To the lay mind it would seem that there is something wrong in judgment based on the letter and on precedent, if plain common sense cannot be allowed to have some place. Better the old Cadi without the written law than a modern judge, if he cannot do what his judgment tells him should in justice be done. However, it is to the credit of the judge that in spite of his predilections and his knowledge of facts he did that which he felt legally compelled to do. What we contend is that in matters of this kind the written law should be the servant and not the msater of the judge.

TALK WITHOUT ACTION

The ballot-box outrage is said to be only one of many forms of crookedness in the election. If either party knows this it is a duty to prosecute. He who is silent with regard to crime is as guilty as the criminal. To compromise or remain inactive is an admission of inability to prove wrong-doing, or an admission of equal culpability. Under party government the onus of prosecution rests with the parties rather then with private individuals. Still we expect that as in the past there will be "much cry and little wool."

THE DECLINE OF PARTY

The bitterness and the crookedness of this election indicates most forcibly the evil of the party system as it holds in Canada today. Manitoba is no better and no worse than any other province. That the party system must give way to something better is most necessary. In every phase of national life the last twenty years has witnessed a marvellous change. Even that most conservative of all forces, religion, has changed so that the orthodox man according to old standards is scarcely to be found. It is strange that in the matter of politics the same old views and same old animosities should prevail. Just as recent years have witnessed the centralization of manufacture, of population and of wealth, just as they have witnessed the entry of women into business, professional and even political life, just as they have seen co-operative organizations of all kind take the place of individual effort, so before long we must see a change in the form of government that will make it more truly representative and useful. We have yet to see in operation government by experts. In all other lines we now have experts in control, but in matters of legislation we trust to the rule of those who are unskilled in their work. And in this we shall reap as we have sown.

THE VISIT OF SIR WILFRED LAURIER

The third event of interest to the West is the recent visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party. We did not expect much more than pretty speeches and vague promises, but it was something for the ministers to see what is destined to be the greater half of the Dominion. It is important, too, that he should understand that there are some immediate duties to the West that must be discharged. The Eastern Canadian must learn, and he cannot learn it too soon, that the only hope for himself is in the development of the West. His first market is here. The home for many of his sons is here. A divided Canada is no Canada at all. And this is true whether we speak as to territory, or race, or religious belief. It is gratifying to note that Sir Wilfrid expresses himself so emphatically on this very point.

THE HUDSON'S BAY RAILWAY

Then, the Hudson's Bay Railway must be constructed without delay, and if constructed at public expense must not be handed over to a private company which will exact tolls from the people and give but an imperfect service in return. There are indications that the C. N. R. is alive to the situation and that it has expectations with regard to ownership and control of the line and of the terminal port as well. The public had better not be deceived by utterances with regard to the terminals. Unless we mistake, Port Churchill is more likely to be the terminus than Port Nelson The few on the inside will know. The public will remain in the dark. This is always the way in such matters.

THE GRAIN QUESTION

Another duty of the Dominion government is to protect the farmers in the sale of their grain. If Sir Wilfrid's visit did nothing else it secured from him a promise that there will be no further mixing of grades in the terminal elevators. This is excellent so far as it goes. The final adjustment of the grain question is evidently far off. In Manitoba the whole situation has been "queered," and there are interesting developments ahead. In Saskatchewan the Commission have found that the farmers do not know how to solve the question. Is it not time that a body of men representing the whole West should be appointed to consider this matter not only from the point of view of the producer but the consumer as well? It requires experts to settle a complicated question of this kind. A farmer may be an expert in raising grain; he is not an expert in the marketing of it. An ordinary legislator may know something of ward politics and perhaps of bridge building, but he cannot act intelligently in a matter of this kind because he is not well-informed. Some day we shall get a settlement that is wise and fair.

HON. MR. OLIVER'S VISIT

There are two other public events of no small importance to Canada, The first was Mr. Oliver's visit to the far North-West. Our possibilities in that district are not yet realized. It is only fitting that the trusted Minister of the Interior should visit this great region and get information at first hand. It must never be that its resources will be handed over to those who know their value by a government ignorant of the facts. That has been Canadian practice hitherto. Evidently Mr. Oliver intends that his government shall be as well informed as any tramp speculator, and there will be no likelihood that coal and timber areas will be given away for a song.

EARL GREY'S VISIT

And while Mr. Oliver has gone to the far North-West, our popular Governor-General has gone on his visit to Hudson's Bay. That his report will have much to do with the future development of Canada goes without saying. It is a sign of the times in Canada that what, until quite recently, have been considered barren and unprofitable regions are now being exploited and their true value to the nation being made known. The Canada most of us have known has been a little Canada; that which we are now beginning to know is a much greater Canada; but the Canada of the future is beyond the imagination of the most optimistic to-day to conceive. And all this provided we are true to those righteous principles without the practice of which no nation can thrive.

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In Time of Storm.

By Sarah Cone Bryant.

THE sun was just sliding below the low hills, westward. Above the red menace of his upper arc violet and crimson stains patched the sky; below, the tide-pools on the marshes flared with reflected color till the inlet seemed to glimmer and undulate up to the strip of built road which stood between the flats and the higher ground formed by the push of tides on the sea beach.

The girl walking briskly along this road laughed as the gust caught her skirts, and took an involuntary dancing step toward a young man in the uniform of the coast guard, who smiled at her with a "Hullo, Martha!"

"Hullo, David," she answered; "you aren't on, this evening?"

He turned to walk with her, taking the windward side of the road and shielding her with half turned body, "I was coming round to your house," he said: "I wanted to see you a minute. Are you too cold to walk down the dike, a piece?"

"Cold!"—she drew a long breath of the keen, delicious air—"I'm warm as toast, and I would rather walk than not. What a splendid night?"

"Great!" lifting his head to look over her hood at a deep gloom of the sea; "looks some like a weather breeder, though."

"I shouldn't wonder. I hope it won't come in your watch. You look—has something nice happened?"

"That's what!" He took her arm in a boyish pinch. "Martha, I've got the position! Honest. They are willing to take me on as soon as father can fill my place on the beach. I've got it, Martha, got it at last!"

"David."

"Yes; I knew you'd be glad. I can hardly believe it, though. I had about given up for this winter, you know. Jove, I'm glad."

The girl squeezed his arm in turn, exclaiming at him: "Oh, David, I'm so glad, too; it has all come right, hasn't it? I knew it would; I'm so glad!"

"I am going right off," David said importantly, "in a week, I guess."

"A week?—why,—that is pretty soon," the girl said, rather breathlessly.

They had paused midway across the dike and were looking out over the harbor. Out beyond was the solemn vagueness of space, and the edge of the world just touched with luminous prophecy of the climbing moon. The eternal mystery of the sea whispered to them both; were they not both his children?

"It means leaving—this," said David more soberly.

"Yes."

"It's going to be hard, Martha."

"Yes; awfully hard."

"I wish I could take you with me! It doesn't seem fair that my chance should come first; you deserve it more than I do."

"Thanks, David, but you know I couldn't leave father now, even if it did come."

"I know; you're good, but I hate to leave you."

"Oh, you'll have lots of other people." the girl said with a touch of coquetry in her voice.

"They won't none of 'em be you," said David, practically.

Martha blushed in the dusk. "There'll be Miss Lawrence, for one." she said, tentatively; "she lives right in Cambridge."

David laughed in an embarrassed kind of way. She laughed back at him with sudden daring. "I expect you'll be seeing her most every day," she said, twisting her cape fringe.

"Oh, I don't know," said David hesitatingly.

"Yes, you will," she teased; "you will be so handy to her house."

"That's a fact," said David.

The girl stopped laughing, suddenly. She looked at David in astonishment. Then she said uncertainly, "Why, yes; it will be pleasant for you won't it?"

David had his hands in his pockets; he drove them deeper in, as he broke out, in a boyish fashion, "Say, Martha, Miss Lawrence is a mighty pretty girl!" There was a long pause; then Martha said:—

"Yes, indeed she is; and a nice girl, too." She was looking at him with wide, startled eyes, through the dusk.

"It's funny," he went on impulsively, "about her; the way she makes you feel acquainted; I suppose it's only what they call 'society,' but she makes it mighty pleasant." He paused for a reply, then went on with the expansiveness of one sure of a sympathetic audience. "Do you know—she seems like—all the rest of it, somehow—that I've never had; the city,—and traveling,—and doing things up fine—I can't explain it; but the way she shakes hands, and her clothes, and that funny way she says things with her voice up, as if she was asking a question—oh, you know what I mean, Martha!"

Martha's lips moved stiffly; she did not answer at once. "She—she makes you feel—sort of as if you were at a party; have you noticed it, Martha?"

The girl clenched her hands together under her cape. "I know what you mean," she said.

"I—I like things like that, even if I don't have 'em; don't you? I mean to have them some day, too."

"I—think you will; I hope you will have all you care for.' Her voice came unevenly.

"Caring is easy," said David, "it's the getting that is hard."

"But the getting mostly depends on caring?"

"Not always your own."

"Oh," fiercely, "it is easy enough for a man to make others care!—a great, strong man, with all the world before him."

David thrilled at her tone.

"That's the talk," he said, squaring his shoulders. "A fellow can't do less than make a fight for it. I never thought much about such things—till lately."

Again Martha was silent. Amy Lawrence had been at the Rock since September, recuperating in the post-summer quiet from an illness of the nerves. David laughed with unfamiliar embarrassment; "We'll have our party yet, Marthie."

The girl gasped. "You really want—like—the party so much?" she said.

"I guess so." said David.

Martha stood very still for a moment, looking at the great saffron moon swinging clear of the black sea. Then she said; "I hope you will get to the party, David; I hope you will get everything you want, always."

"You are mighty good. I guess if it depended on you your folks would get all there was going, wouldn't they?"

"Perhaps. You feel like one of my folks, don't you, David?"

"Well, I rather guess! You are all I ever had. All the sistering—or mothering, either—I ever had I've had or guessed, from you; you are—my own, Marthie!"

"Ah!" The sound forced itself from her clenched teeth. Then suddenly; "Oh, I am so cold; let's go home."

"Why, Martha! why didn't you tell me before? He tried to wrap the tightly-held cape still closer about her, she suffered it passively. "Take hold, and we will run a bit," he said cheerfully. But Martha's weight sagged against his hand. He looked at her uncertainly. How wearily she moved!

"You poor little Marthie," he said drawing the limp hand within his arm, "we have been letting you work too hard, that's what. I ought to have had more sense than to keep you standing in this cold. Lean on me, dear"

Martha swallowed hard. "You mustn't mind me," she said unsteadily. "I did not know I was tired before. I shall be all rested to-morrow."

David shook his head proestingly. Ah, the pitiless wind, how it pushed and baffled her! How it stung her face! Yet half an hour before it had been sport to oppose it. At her door David spoke anxiously; "You go right to bed—there's a good girl—and rest."

She smiled at him faintly as she drew her hand from his strong, warm grasp. Her eyes were very large and

The eternal mystery of the sea whispered to them both.

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dark as he looked into them. "Good night," she said. "You are very good to me, David. Good-night." He would have lingered, but she smiled again and shut the door gently.

When Martha shut the door on David she saw her father sitting expectantly before the fireplace with the checker-board. And Martha took off her things and played checkers. Her father beat two rubbers in succession. He was in high good humor, and made no objection when at last she said she guessed she would go to bed, she was a little tired. She went up the narrow stairs slowly, and shut the door of her own pretty chamber behind her.

And then, standing among the small tokens and conveniences her own patient handiwork had wrought, the sensible New England girl, who had never done a dramatic thing in her life, suddenly threw up her arms and clutched wildly at the air, like a tragic actor in a scene of despair.

That night she learned for the first time what the unbroken darkness is from end to end of a sleepless night. Staring into the shadows with hot eyes she asked herself, over and over again, why? why? why? He was hers, hers, not this stranger's? Who could know him as she did? She found herself sobbing helplessly, unrestrainedly, in the dark. After a time she because aware that the wind was rising. It was raining too. She realized that it was a wild night.

"A real northeaster," Martha said to herself indifferently. "Well, our house is solid." The fleeting thought crossed her mind that she would not care were it not.

At seven o'clock the snow and sleet had ceased, but the wind rose steadily. Martha dressed, and made a fire in the kitchen stove. Her father was already out; he came in as she was lifting the coffee pot to the back of the range, and drank a steaming cup without sitting.

"Awful wind," he said as he drank; "roof's gone off the barn; I've got to go right back up there, the creatures'll freeze to death if they ain't tended to. You won't be frightened stayin' alone, will you Marthie?"

"Oh no," Martha said smiling faintly, "I guess not, father."

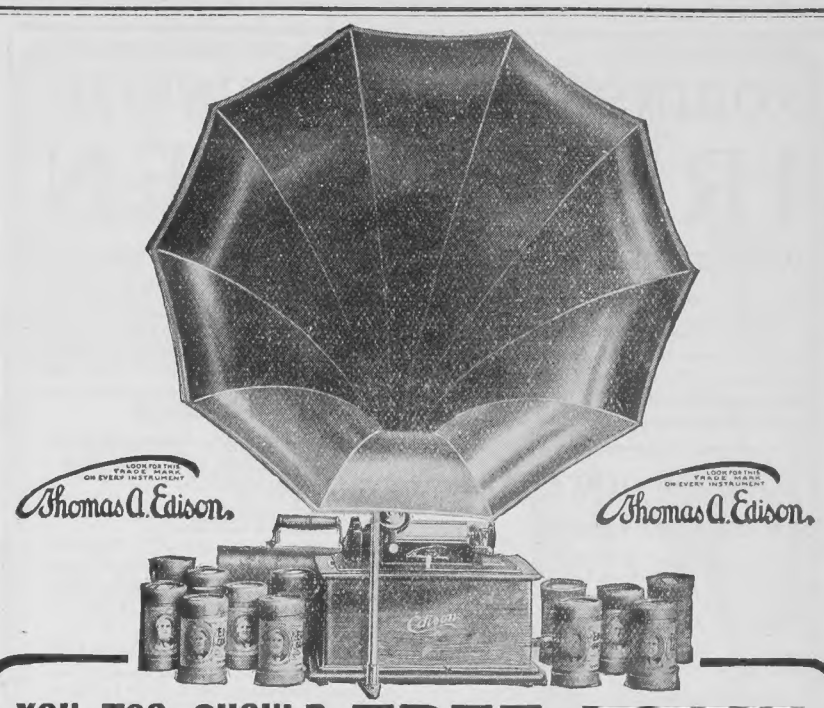
She drank a little coffee herself after he had gone, but she could not eat.

The clash of the stones on the beach was tremendous, here. The sea rushed up with an appalling roar, broke with a deafening boom, and sucked sullenly out again with a mighty grinding of stones. So overwhelmingly near it sounded on this side that the girl ran to the window and rubbed it as clear as she might. The first glance brought an exclamation to her lips. The huge dirty waves were rolling high over the crest of the beach on a level with the very top of the breakwater which bounded her own little front lawn.

The girl watched them with puckered brows, then she turned and looked at the little clock on the mantle. Just then a loud knock sounded at the back door, and as she hastened to answer, it was pushed open and the slender figure of a girl half fell into the warm kitchen.

"Oh," panted Amy Lawrence, "isn't this awful? Our house is shaking so we couldn't stay in it; the water's running right under it! Every one at our end has gone to the life-saving station. They say the houses are going! The Greens went to the Clarks, but I made them leave me here, your house looks so much stronger. You don't mind my staying, do you? I'd

"Now then, Dave!"



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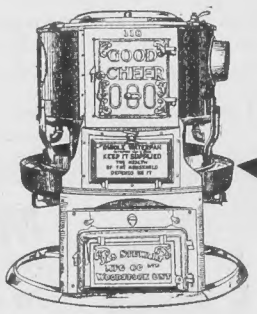

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rather be with you than anywhere."

Martha listened to her excited detached sentences with a strange dazed expression, mutely. She stooped and drew the cloak from the other girl's shoulders, and pushed her into a chair by the stove. "I guess there isn't any danger," she said, "but I'm real glad to have you."

Miss Lawrence drew her feet up with a rueful laugh. They were wet to the boot-tops, and the bottom of her skirts were sodden. Martha saw them, and straightened sharply.

"How did you wet your feet," she cried, "just coming from your house?"

"The road's all over water; didn't you know?"

"From the other side?"

"Why yes, from the flats."

A cold thrill ran down Martha's spine like the touch of an icy finger. She remembered the outlook at the front of the house. She hesitated a moment, then she opened the oven door and made her guest put her drenched feet inside. She also made her eat something, and drink some of the coffee, finding that she had no breakfast. To accomplish this she had to eat a mouthful herself, though it was difficult. Suddenly there came a rattling, slapping crash on the front windows. Miss Lawrence screamed. Martha threw open the parlor door and went swiftly in. A green and gray clud was breaking, scattering, and falling outside the dripping panes.

Martha looked at the clock again, calculating rapidly; half past nine—high tide at—at not till eleven; high tide at eleven, and water on the windows now! The icy finger touched her again. Water on the windows, and more than an hour for the tide to run; the harbor coming over the flats;—wind,—such wind as no one ever heard on that coast before, wind like the suction and sweep which might follow the falling in and the engulfing of a world. Their house was the strongest on the beach; would it stand? Could they stay in it?

Suddenly Amy tightened her clasp convulsively, "Martha, look! The water—on the floor!" she gasped.

Along the front edge of the room, and across the floor a curling line of damp spread, grew wet, ran in small streams from an increasing supply; the sea was running under the house.

The give and settle of the timbers sounded more ominous than before; it was sickening to feel the light lurch of the floor as it swayed under them.

"Why doesn't father come?" Martha murmured. Then she turned quickly and drew Amy Lawrence into the kitchen, closing the door. "Put on your cloak," she said, "I will be ready in one minute."

She ran up the stairs, which wavered once as she mounted. The one minute sufficed to thrust in her bosom the little pile of bills which was her last quarter's salary, her watch and one small, valueless, invaluable treasure in the shape of a photograph. In two minutes she was in her rubber boots and cloak in the kitchen again. As she tied her hood with swift fingers a great wrenching and grinding sound somewhere to the right penetrated all the howling and wailing of the storm. An instant later there was a mighty crash, followed by a second duller, heavier one. Then all the seething waves on the beach seemed to hiss at once.

"What is it—oh, what is it?"

"Some house has gone," Martha said with white lips. "Come!"

"But where? Where can we go? Oh, Martha, hear that!"

Above the crashing and thud of another structure near at hand Martha spoke clearly: "The chapel. We must get to the chapel, that will stand. Come!"

"Alone! We can't do it! You don't know what the wind is outside—it's death to go, Martha!"

"It's death to stay," Martha said, pushing her toward the door with an arm stronger than her resistance. And in commentary on her words a snaky stream of water purled in under the parlor door, and the slapping of spray on the windows changed to a sullen beating of heavy water.

"Oh, where is your father? Why doesn't he come?"

There was a snapping crackle of breaking glass and a shriek of triumph from the wind as Martha answered with set lips: "We can't wait for father now!" And then they were outside, together—outside, in a pandemonium of wrack and terror, though there was neither rain nor snow.

The first aghast look showed them ruin on every hand, before the wind pushed them from the step into a path running steadily with muddy water, which broke on the lawn and poured down to the lower level of the street.

Somehow, no more to be told than a delirium after it has passed, the two reached that street and faced into the wind—as they must to gain the one sure refuge, the little stone chapel which stood solidly on the first rise beyond the dike, not a sixteenth of a mile away. No, nor any distance to be measured by standards of length—say, rather, a timeless, measureless struggle, meted out in numbers of dumb defeat, passionate revolt, desperate recovery, heroic will, striving, exhaustion, endurance. As they clung and bent to the awful wind, gasping against the breath that was crowded into mouth and nostrils, the house they had left shivered and throbbed horribly, then statelily and slowly swung round like a ship at anchor, faced the West in farewell, and on the instant collapsed bodily like a house of cards, and presently from the heap of roof, walls and floors a sullen bit of heavy smoke pushed its way up to be followed by a flicker of red flame. The two girls did not even know it. The sounds in their ears would have drowned a deeper noise than that of a falling home.

"Where is my father? Has my father forgotten me?" Martha's thought ached on the question, though she said neither that nor anything else. If one spoke one could not breathe, and breath was life. But the piteous sense of desertion pierced through all the strife and fear and dazing clamor.

Long before they reached the corner of the dike Martha knew that they were indeed fighting for their lives, and the wildest spot was yet to come. The chapel was just across the dike road, with but a tiny up-sloping lawn between, but that corner was the meeting place of all the demons of air and water, and the deep water of the flats lay at the very edge of the road. Yet the chapel was so near and the life-saving station on the beach just opposite. Surely there were men somewhere, strong men, to help. "Oh, God! where

"Slow but sure.

is David?" Martha's heart cried. "Where is my father?"

Even as she thought it her father lay dead in his barn, where a falling timber had struck him as he stooped. And David, roused from the sleep of exhaustion by a new emergency, was working for strangers in the mistaken assurance that Martha was safe at the farm.

At the corner the swirl of water round their feet eddied and sucked at their knees; then the wind gathered itself up and hurled itself against them; stones gave beneath their stumbling feet; the water pushed horribly toward the marsh-edge. Suddenly the weaker girl lost her footing. Martha dragged her up with the strength of despair—to fall was to drown. She held her with both hands while the other gasped for breath and clung to her in a panic of fright. Her weight dragged on Martha savagely.

All at once a fierce impulse throbbed in Martha's veins to throw her off, to shake off her hands; like lightning of the soul it flashed on her that this girl stood between her and her chance of safety. It was so near—just across the road; if she were alone she could get there, she knew it; but this girl clung and hung on her so!

The soaked skirts of both slapped and twisted about her limbs. What was this weak girl to her that she should risk her life for her? Was she a man, that she should be expected to rescue helpless women—was she not also a woman, as much in need of help as this baby thing who had made David terribly long they were; the hot thrill of renewed courage was fading from her veins again; was it minutes or hours? She saw one of the men suddenly above her on the porch; as her knees sank under her in her last effort to lift her stumbling companion, a strong hand grasped her arm, a shoulder braced behind her, and a voice shouted, "Now then, Dave!"

She tried with all her failing strength to help her helper, as he lifted both girls bodily toward the stooping, reaching arms David held ready from the side of the porch.

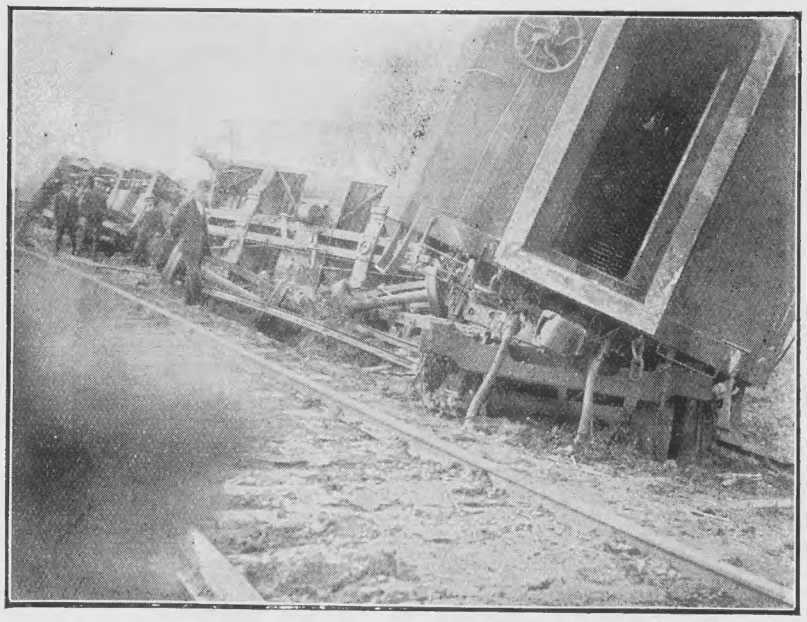
Without words the two men had divided the rescue according to their strength; if anyone could lift the women over that parapet and draw up their dead weight it would have to be David. He leaned now, white in the face, as far down as he could reach, to take one of the girls; the other man stumbled with his burden, and half falling pushed Amy Lawrence in reach of David's hand. She clutched at it convulsively:

"For God's sake, man!" shouted David, trying to grasp at Martha's clothing with his left hand. But the man could not on the instant recover himself. He was rolled over by a wave, as the girls were almost torn from David's grip. Martha looked straight into David's fierce eyes.

"Amy first," her lips moved to say.

A strange look came into David's white face; his eyes burned into hers.

You first!" he cried, and tried to free his other hand to lift her. She slipped



Another view of C.N.R. Wreck, Chamberlain

love her? David loved her. David—loved—her, David loved her! With the temptation of devils and the solace of angels the silent iterant cry beat on her brain. She groaned in mortal pain. Then she lifted her head suddenly, and wound her arm more strongly under the other's shoulder: "Almost there," she cried in Amy's ear, "don't slip!" And as she spoke she urged the other girl forward with all her strength.

Pushing, sobbing, clinging, buffeted by wind and dragged by water, they got across the road and were almost in touch of the porch. But its steps opened to the northeast, and on the other side it was parapeted with stone to the height of a man's breast. Wicked, heavy waves laden with wreckage surged continually onto the steps and round their corner, pushed before the wind; and the wind!—The strongest man on the life-saving force tried in vain to pass that corner earlier in the day.

Again and again the surge and the pull of the wave threw the other woman against Martha's body; she felt her last remnant of strength going, and tried supremely to cry out for help, but as in a nightmare no sound came from her utterly exhausted throat. Once more, and then through the agony of exhaustion she heard a great shout, and saw as in a flickering haze one figure and then another outside the station. Help was coming! Thank God, help was coming! But how long, how from his grasp like water, smiling up at him.

"Her first," she repeated, and pushed the other girl into his arms, falling forward on her knees. David dragged the girl who clung to him over the parapet with a desperate jerk which almost tore her arms from the sockets; he did not hear her whimper, or see her at all; he could have cursed her for her need of him. She was scarcely over the edge before he had thrown himself to the ground.

Martha, choked and blinded by the water, losing her hold on life and consciousness together, felt a grasp that was like the arm of God, gave herself up to safety or death, she knew not which, and knew nothing more.

When she woke from her swoon she found herself the centre of a strange little company. They were homeless, they had lost every rag of clothing except what was on their bodies, they had no fire; but they were cheerful as only people can be who have suddenly learned the unimportance of the things which make up our schedule of values.

Martha looked around, smiled at Amy Lawrence, who was curled up beside her, and who stroked her hair with trembling fingers, then drowsiness crept over her again, and she also slept.

The smell of food awoke her the second time, and coming back to consciousness with a pleasant sense of somebody watching over her, she wondered vaguely at the delicious warmth which sur-

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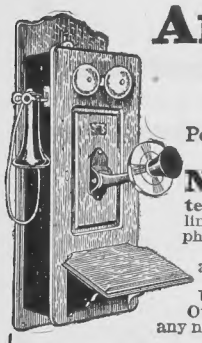

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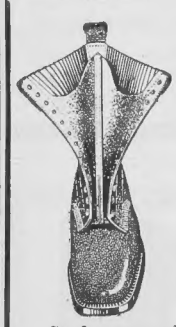

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rounded her. Moving her hands, with lazily closed eyes, she realized that they were in big thick sleeves of heavy cloth. Her head was on something soft and warm. After a moment's deliciously irresponsible speculation she opened her eyes—full on David's bending face.

As he saw her awake a flush crept up his storm-beaten cheeks; his eyes became deprecatory. "Drink this—Marthie," he whispered, holding a cup of steaming soup to her. Their eyes met over the cup as she drank with eager hunger. Somehow no one came very near. "Oh, how good," Martha whispered back—"I'm so hungry, David!"

"I know it, dear," he said huskily. "Are you warm now?" He touched the clothes about her and his hands trembled.

"Yes," she breathed, smiling contentedly into his tender eyes. It was so good, so heavenly good, to lie there and feel David close over her, taking care of her, petting her! She would not come back to reality yet—not—quite—yet. She turned her head on David's sweater, and saw that she was wrapped bodily in his coat.

"You saved my life, David?" she said, softly, after a pause.

David swallowed hard in silence. He had nothing to say.

"And Amy—"the sweet murmur went on, a little brokenly, "She is all safe, and not hurt—I tried not to let her get hurt, David—for you?"

David took both her hands in one swift shaking grasp, as he bent to her:

"What do I care for her if you are safe?" he whispered, if you had been hurt—if you had been hurt, Marthie!"

"Why—David—"

"When you fell," David said, "I—I could have killed her! It seemed to me I should never get hold of you—and—there wouldn't be anything left in the world for me—if—" his voice broke and sank, "if you were gone."

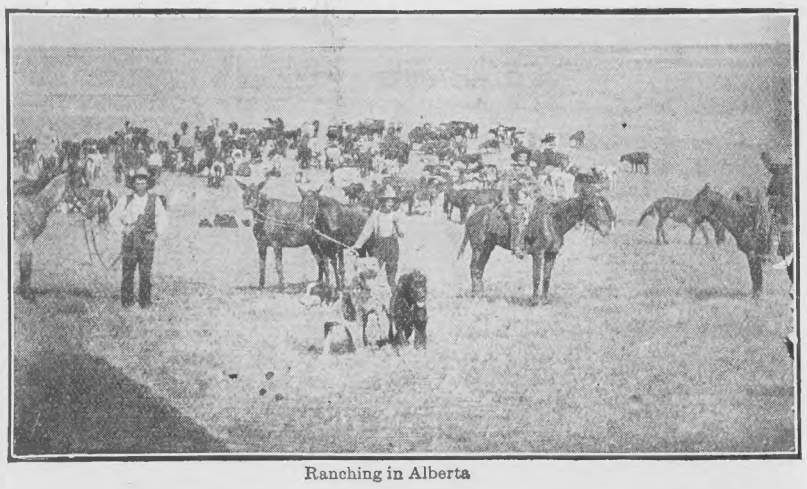
Martha's hands, clasped in his, sank against her breast, to still her hurried breathing.

"You're all the world to me," David pleaded, "I didn't know it till I saw you—there—in the water—oh, I love you, Martha, I love you!" Martha lay and looked at him with wide, wonder-dewed eyes; her lips quivered, and her pale cheeks flushed deeper and deeper, like a sweet rose opening.

"I'm going to take care of you," he whispered, "It'll kill me if you don't let me, I've got to have you for mine!" Will you, Martha?"

"Oh," the girl breathed softly, tremulously, her eyes fluttered and fell under his demanding gaze. But their sweetness sent the blood pounding through David's veins, hot and strong.

And so the storm passed by. When the waters went down, they told Martha how they had found her father. And it was well for her that happiness had come to her with the morning, for the shock was softened to her by the strong clasp of David's tender arm.



Ranching in Alberta

A Skilful Woman, or Sarah Seymour's Verdict.

By Mrs. W. O. Anstey

When Frank Davis, and I were married, I felt very sure of two things: that I loved him with all my heart, and that nothing could ever make me lose faith in him, or doubt his love for me. During the first three years of our married life my faith never wavered.

When we had been married about three and a half years, however, the telegraph operator, an elderly gentleman, and an old friend of ours who lived near us, was sent to a larger settlement, and a young girl was sent to "Sprucey Valley" to take his place.

The first I heard of her was one evening about a week after her arrival, when Frank came back from the office full of praise of "the little Operator." Her beauty, her wit, her kindly obliging manner was his topic of conversation for several days.

"I am awfully sorry, Annie," he said to me one day, "that you cannot call upon Miss Brewster, she is such a dear little thing that I am sure you will like her, but could you not send her an invitation to tea some evening? It must be very dull for her down there at Russel's every night after being shut up in the office all day."

"Why certainly," I replied "I should have proposed doing so long ago had I thought she would enjoy visiting with two old married folk like us."

"Oh, she will enjoy it alright" said Frank; when would you like for her to come? Would tomorrow evening be too soon?"

"No," I replied, "tomorrow will be as good a time as any, if she can make it convenient to come, but I do not know what amusement to provide; there's those picture puzzles of course, but—is she musical?" "Indeed she is" cried Frank," "I heard her lamenting only yesterday that there being no instrument at her boarding house, she has no chance to practice. I came very near asking her to come here and practice whenever she wished, but thought that under the circumstances perhaps you would not like it."

"Oh, but indeed I should," I cried eagerly, for I was passionately fond of music, "Oh, I am sure I shall enjoy it very much, and indeed I have heard so much of the "Little Operator" from you that I quite long to meet her, and if she will come to tea with us tomorrow evening I shall be delighted."

So it was arranged, the next evening Miss Brewster came to tea, and I was fain to confess that Frank was right—she was a "dear little girl."

No one could find fault with her face or figure and I am sure her dress was exquisite, showing both good sense and good taste, while her manner seemed all that could be desired.

She was all life and spirits, and a real little chatter-box, she told us all about herself, and her family that evening, and so great was her vivacity, that she would break off in the middle of a pathetic tale about "poor papa," or "poor mamma," to relate some incident that would set us

off into a violent fit of laughter. As she mentioned no love affair, I concluded that she had never had any.

Well we enjoyed her visit so much that I invited her to come and visit us whenever she could, and to consider our organ at her service whenever she wished to practice.

She thanked me with tears in her eyes, and said that she loved me already because I reminded her of her own "poor dear mamma."

After that "the little operator," spent most of her time when off duty at our house.

Frank seemed thoroughly fascinated by her beauty, her bright happy manner, and quick repartee, while the only fault I could find with her was that on very rare occasions, she would use slang but only when excited, and then she would always seem so sorry and ask my pardon so prettily, that I always felt inclined to overlook what seemed to me a grievous fault.

I was expecting a little stranger in March and was unable to go out, or to play the organ myself that winter and Miss Brewster's visits and our pleasant evenings together when she played all my old favorites, while Frank accompanied her with his violin, meant more to me than I can tell.

All went well until about the first of March when, Mrs. Seymour, a widowed half sister of my mother, came to spend a time with us and to superintend our household during my expected illness.

She was a very prim little person and inclined to be a little severe with those who offended her by their sins against the rules of etiquette. I could see that she did not like Miss Brewster or approve of her ways and I purposely refrained from making any remark about her. Not so with Frank, however, as soon as he came back after seeing Miss Brewster home that first evening, he said, "Well Aunt Sarah, what do you think of our little friend?"

Aunt Sarah drew her eyebrows together and puckered up her mouth as if she had determined never to open it again.

Then after a few minutes she said, "Well, since you have asked my opinion, I suppose you won't mind my giving it; to tell you the truth, I do not entertain the opinion of her that you and Annie seem to. I have only been in her company a few minutes, and I am sure I have heard her use more than one rude expression already. "Oh, auntie," I cried, "I am sure Miss Brewster could never be rude."

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, "if using such expressions as "awfully nice" and "perfectly jolly" is not being rude I should like to know what is. To my mind she is a very frivolous young person, and appears to have had a very artificial training."

"Well, you see, Auntie," I replied, "her mother died when she was very young and she was brought up by an aunt—the mother of a large family of boys. I think you will like her when you know her better, I am sure that what you consider her fault is due to the society of her cousins and that she wishes to improve."

"I hope you are right, I'm sure," said Aunt Sarah, "but I am very seldom mistaken in my estimate of any person's character or disposition, and as for knowing her better, that is an honour I do not crave."

Frank had given me a look of gratitude as I defended out little friend but as he did not wish to quarrel with my aunt he said nothing but took up a paper and began to read.

After that things were never the same, Miss Brewster seemed to know by instinct that Aunt Sarah did not like her, and only came to us when especially invited. While Frank, who never could get on with Aunt Sarah, spent most of his evenings out.

Aunt Sarah had been with us about a month when baby arrived and for the next few days I knew very little of what went on outside my own room, except what Frank told me.

While I was ill, he spent his evenings with me, when I became convalescent however, he went out more, and to Aunt Sarah's infinite disgust he sometimes took his violin with him.

I was so absorbed in my lovely boy (who was the image of his father) that I gave myself very little concern about other matters, until one evening wishing to speak to my husband, I asked Aunt Sarah where he was.

"Where is Frank?" she replied tartly, "where he is most of the time I suppose, down to Russel's, or out riding with that girl. I am puzzled to know how you became so intimate with her Annie, I should have thought that you were the last person on earth to choose a girl of that kind for a friend. As for Frank, it's

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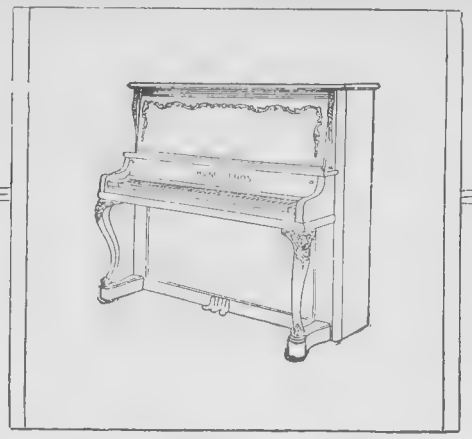

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plain to be seen what an easy prey he is to her wiles."

I was both shocked and grieved and cried out in anguish, "don't Aunt Sarah, don't. If you will think so badly of Miss Brewster, please don't include Frank in your judgment. He is the soul of honor, and if he is kind to Miss Brewster it's only because he pities her in her loneliness"

"What about you?" said Aunt Sarah. "I should think that Frank might find a little pity for you shut up here alone day after day."

"Oh, but he knows that I have you with me; you and baby, what more could any woman ask?" I replied with a smile.

"You can say what you like, Annie," said Aunt Sarah but "it's very plain to me that Frank thinks there's only one woman in the world and that one is not his wife either," with which she went out shutting the door rather hard.

I did not know whether I had better laugh at Aunt Sarah's queer notions or cry because she entertained them, but I sincerely hoped that she would not speak of her suspicions to any other person.

Inspecting foundation of Coffer dam, Sturgeon River bridge, Transcontinental Railway.

When the doctor called the next day, he scolded because I was not as strong as I ought to have been, and told my aunt that I was not to be excited or worried on any account. "Perhaps," she retorted "if you were to have a talk with that husband of hers she would have less cause for worry in future."

"Just what I was thinking said the doctor, "I shall talk to him, I shall indeed."

"Oh, no! doctor," I cried, if you say anything to hurt his feelings, I will never forgive you. I am quite sure that there is nothing between them but friendship."

The doctor looked puzzled for a moment then said with a smile, "Oh, I see, oh! so that's it, is it? Oh, indeed; oh, of course its only friendship, any one with common sense would know that," he added glaring at Aunt Sarah. "Well madam, you may make yourself easy, I shall not hurt your husband; what I have to say to him, will do him good, and you too, I reckon. Oh, yes; indeed," and he went out chuckling.

It was late when Frank came in that night, and next morning he told me that he had some business down north, that he wished to attend to before Aunt Sarah left us, and would like to do down on the first boat, if I was willing to be left so soon, "I shall only be gone a few days," he said; "and if you need me before I return you can telegraph a message to Pleasant Place will reach me alright."

"Pleasant Place," I replied, "is not that near Miss Brewster's home?"

"Only a short distance from it," said Frank, about 4 or 5 miles I should say."

I told him that I should be alright with Aunt Sarah and not to be uneasy about me or to hurry home on my account, but when he came to kiss me and baby good-bye, I clung to him, and cried like an infant, begging him not to stay away long.

Frank had only been gone two days, when one evening Miss Brewster ran in to tell me that she had just received a message saying that her aunt was ill, and that she herself was going home as soon as someone could be found to take her place. She seemed to be in great trouble, and I felt very sorry for her, and said so to Aunt Sarah, but to my surprise she turned on me fiercely: "Annie," said she, "don't try to make your self out a greater idiot than you are. They think they have managed very cleverly no doubt but a child could see through their manoeuvres."

"Aunt Sarah!" I cried, "what on earth do you mean? Whom do you mean by 'they.'"

"Oh, nothing," replied Aunt Aarah. "There's none so blind as those who won't see, but tell me, Annie, does it not seem strange to you that that girl should be summoned home as soon as Frank had gone; or that he should have business at that place that you knew nothing of? Oh, you poor silly child; I gave you credit for more sense."

That aroused my spirit and I am afraid I said some things to Aunt Sarah that I had not learned in Sunday school. I told her, too, that no power on earth would ever make me doubt my husband, and that she was only wasting her time in trying to do it, that Miss Brewster was a little lady who had too much self respect to encourage the attentions of a married man, even if he offered them, or to speak ill of any one to another person.

"Perhaps you will think differently when you have read this:" she replied handing me a note. I took it and read:

"My own darling, how much longer is

my punishment to continue? I have confessed my fault and asked your forgiveness again and again, and now I warn you that if you do not come willingly I will come and carry you off by force. I don't care if the Bishop himself has to turn operator. Don't try me too far, Ettie; life does not hold much for me if I am to live without you. Once more, my darling, will you come to your loving and repentant boy? Frank."

The note bore neither date nor address, but it was clearly Frank's hand-writing, and I would know his writing anywhere, it being different from any other I had ever seen, and besides it bore his name. When I had read it I sat like one turned to stone; I seemed even to have lost the power to think until my aunt asked me for the third time what I was going to do about it.

"Do," I replied faintly, "oh, nothing, only wait till Frank comes home and explains matters."

"Explains," said Aunt Sarah, scornfully, "just as if that could be explained away."

"I saw Miss Brewster shake it out of her music sheet and was about to hand it to her when my eye caught Frank's name, and I decided to give it to you instead. I have known all along how matters stood between them, before me that girl always calls Frank, 'Mr. Davis,' but when they are alone, its 'Frank,' and two or three times I have heard her say "Frank, dear." The shameless creature!"

"But for goodness sake, Annie, don't look like that! I pity you from the bottom of my heart and as soon as you are strong enough to go I shall take you home with me. Ah! my poor child, it was a sad day for you when you met that man. If it were not for the scandal I would set the police on his tracks."

I did not answer her; I could not. What I suffered during the next few days, only God knows. I was torn between conflicting emotions, and soon became too weak to sit up. Even baby had no power to cheer me, and I had lost all appetite for food.

The doctor scolded, and coaxed and gave me tonics all to no use, and he threatened to send for Frank.

I was lying on the couch one evening, with baby beside me and my Aunt sitting near with her sewing, when Frank came bounding up the steps, he rushed in, caught me in his arms, kissing me, and saying how glad he was to be at home again; then he caught up baby and tossed him up until Aunt Sarah interfered.

"But Annie," he said looking at me critically, you are not looking as well as when I left; how is this, been fretting after me?" he added playfully.

I felt nerved up for anything just then, so I handed him the note, Aunt Sarah had given me, asking him if he knew that writing. I was prepared to see him turn red or white or perhaps faint, but to my intense surprise he looked at it and smiled, saying, "yes, I know it well and the writer too; in fact, I have seen this before, where did you get it?"

This was too much for Aunt Sarah, and springing up with flashing eyes, she cried: "Well of all the barefaced men! Frank Davis, you are a disgrace to your kind. Its bad enough to have written such stuff as that, but to own up to it in that barefaced way, you deserved to be hanged!" With that she ran out of the room banging the door behind her.

Then Frank did turn pale. "What on earth does she mean?" he asked, "is she off her head? Where did you get this, Annie?"

"Aunt Sarah gave it to me," I faltered, "and oh, Frank, she thinks that you wrote it."

"Thinks I wrote it? Then she is even more mad than I thought." Then he laughed long and loudly.

"Frank," I said gravely, "would you mind telling me who did write that note?"

"Of course, not, "he replied. "It was written by Francis Henry Dare, Esq., an old school fellow of my own, and Miss Brewster's betrothed." Then looking at me gravely. "Surely, Annie, you did not think I had written it."

"Oh, Frank!" I cried reproachfully. "I thought you knew me better." I felt rather guilty though when he took me in his arms and kissed me again and again calling me his own "sensible little wife."

"How is Miss Brewster?" he asked presently, has she been in to see you often while I was away?"

Then I could stand no more, and busrting into tears, I cried, "Oh, Frank; don't you know? She is gone and, and oh, dear, people think that she has gone with you!"

"Gone with me!" cried Frank, "gone where with me, Annie?"

Then taking me in his arms he made me tell him all I had heard.

"Poor little girl," he said when I had finished, "what you must have suffered. I have heard of mischief makers, Annie, but I must say I think your Aunt Sarah beats them all, why its a wonder you are alive."

The doctor came in just then, "Well," he said to Frank, "what success?"

"The best in the world," said Frank. "I have been fortunate enough to rent a house all furnished at Pleasant Place, from a man who does a lettle business there in the winter time, but whose business takes him and his family to the French shore from the first of May till the last of November; I can use the shop too, and intend to do a small branch trade there this summer. Oh, yes, Annie will be like another woman when we come back in the fall; I am glad Miss Brewster told me of that place for many reasons. Doctor, do you think we might go two weeks from now?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "the sooner, the better, and I think if I were you I would not ask Mrs. Seymour to accompany you, she is a very skilful woman, but what Mrs. Davis needs now is the society of young people—music and dancing, so to speak."

"No," said Frank, "indeed I shall not ask her, she is indeed a very skilful woman, a little too skilful to suit this family."

After the doctor had gone, Frank told me that the doctor being puzzled by my slow recovery, had ordered him off to find a suitable place by the seaside to spend the summer, where I could go boating, have salt sea baths and live out of doors, that Miss Brewster, who was present, had proposed that we should go to Pleasant Place, saying that she knew all the people

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there, and that she was sure I should enjoy myself.

"I should have told you before, Annie," he said, "but I feared that if I could not get a suitable house you would be disappointed, and you know I could not bear that."

"And now, Annie," said Frank going to his desk, "I have something to show you, which perhaps you ought to have seen long ago."

He handed me a letter which he had received about a week after the Little Operator arrived. It was in the same handwriting as the note I had given him and ran as follows:

Gleneden, Dec. 8th, '06.

Dear Frank: Ettie and I have quarreled again, seriously this time, and I have just heard that she has gone to Sprucy Valley as operator. Now old fellow, I want you to do me a kindness, be a friend to her, make her acquainted with Mrs. Davis, and look after her as much as you can, like a good fellow, but please don't let her know that I have written you; write me as often as you can and keep me posted concerning her. This time it was not my fault we quarreled, (she will speak to a fellow I don't like) and I am determined that I won't be the first to make up.

Yours sincerely, F. H. Dare.

P. S. "Oh, I forgot that you don't know Ettie but you will soon fix that." Frank.

"Now, Annie, you know why I was so anxious to have you make Miss Brewster's acquaintance; and now tell me why she went and where she has gone."

"Oh. did I not tell you," I exclaimed, "she received a message to the effect that her aunt was very ill, and has gone home, poor little girl; I do hope she won't die."

Frank laughed heartily, "you hope her aunt won't die you mean Annie; well my dear, you can rest easy on that score, she is in the best of health. Dare said he would do it, and so he did, eh?" And then Frank laughed again. "Well, I must say Dare is game for anything, ha, ha!"

The next day I explained all to Aunt Sarah and showed her Mr. Dare's letter. Of course she persisted that her mistake was all Frank's fault, that he ought to have shown me that letter as soon as he had received it, and to have told me what he was going to Pleasant Place for. She had the grace to say that she was sorry for her unkind words, however, and to ask Frank to forgive her for them, which he promised to do on condition that she would never again hang a man on circumstantial evidence only.

"But," said Aunt Sarah, "I can't think what made that man's writing so much like yours, Frank?"

"Neither can I," said Frank, with a merry twinkle in his bright blue eyes, "unless it's because we both took a course in penmanship from the same school."

"Dangerous," said Aunt Sarah, "very dangerous," why the fellow could just as well forge your name as not."

"Well as to that," said Frank, "there's not a great deal of difference in our name's, his is Frank Dare, while mine is Frank Dear, you know." But Aunt Sarah was too wise for once to answer him.

We found Pleasant Place, all that its name signified; it was indeed, an ideal retreat with a harbor like a pond, and a lovely beach. We had not been there a week when Miss Brewster and her affianced husband paid us a visit, and invited us to their wedding which was to take place on the 10th of June.

Frank was best man at the wedding and his present to the bride was a gold locket containing the note Aunt Seymour (as Frank persists in calling her, because he declares that she can see more than any one else can) had picked up.

I thought that Mr. and Mrs. Dare, almost as well matched as Frank and I were. They spent their honeymoon at Pleasant Place with us, and had many a laugh with Frank over Aunt Sarah's mistake, when she had constituted herself both judge and jury, and as he declared had tried, condemned and hanged him, all within two minutes. But somehow I never could enjoy that joke, perhaps, because I had suffered so much through what had proved to be a stupid mistake.

Meditation.

The Intrusion of the Personal.

By Susan Keating Glaspell.

IT was a very cutting editorial, and a very strong one. The Governor read it through twice, and then he spread it out on the desk before him, and sat there looking at it.

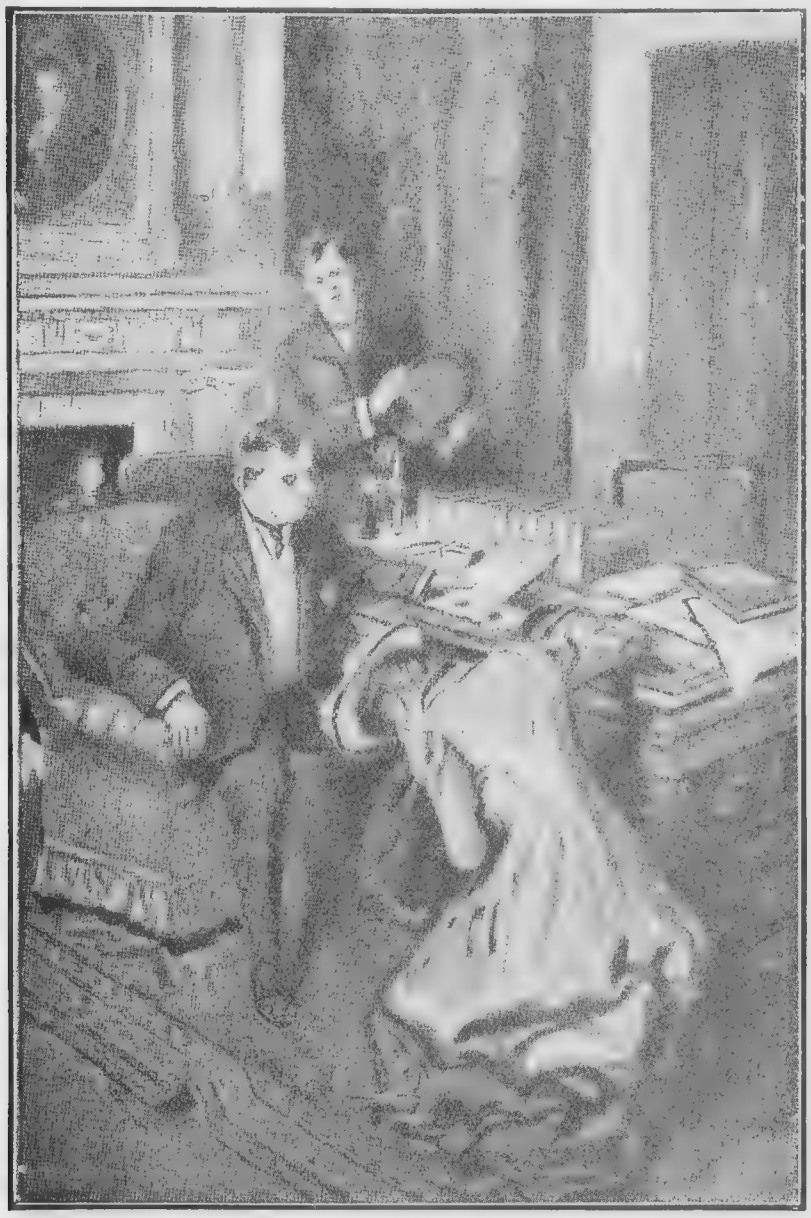
"In one respect Governor Henderson is proving a disappointment," it ran. "He is buying his personal comfort at the expense of justice. He finds it more pleasant to say yes than to say no; it is easier for him to grant the requests of sorrowing wives, mothers, daughters and sisters than it is to refuse them, and so it has become a matter of personalities with him rather than of justice. All of this is a great disappointment to the Governor's friends. They had believed that his sense of duty to the State would take precedence over everything that was personal, and that hysterical women could not so easily induce him to hold at naught the laws of the great State he has been elected to govern."

And then it went on to review some of the cases upon which the Governor had acted with leniency, to speak of the harm which would surely come of it, and to deplore again that a man, in many ways so strong, should allow his emotions to sweep away his sense of responsibilities.

It was the source of the editorial, even more than the nature of it, which moved him to seriousness. He had been very proud of the unqualified indorsement the Record had given him during the campaign, and of the strong manner in which it had championed him since he had taken the oath of office. The Record was an independent paper, and the strongest in the State. The Governor looked upon its editor, Frank Morton, as the most honorable as well as the most brainy man of his acquaintance. Morton was conservative, and yet he was fearless; he was slow to condemn, and yet there was no consideration in the world which could have held back the saying of harsh things when he was convinced the time had come for him to say them.

The really hard part of it was that the Governor was forced to concede that upon this, as upon other subjects, the Record's editorial was well balanced, farseeing and fair. But he did not believe Morton appreciated how hard he had struggled, in many instances, against his so-called buying of his personal comfort.

A card was handed to the Governor at that moment, and he looked at it and frowned. Mrs. Frank Payne was a woman he did not care, at this time of all others, to see. He knew that it would be one of the most moving cases it had yet been his misfortune to hear, and he knew, that it was a case where justice cried out against clemency.



"Think of it! - all alone—when you were in pain and dying."

As he sat there holding the card uncertainly in his hand the telephone rang, and he reached over on his desk and took down the reciever. When he had concluded the conversation and pushed back the 'phone, he looked again at the little card in his hand and a strange light stole over his face. Then he smiled, and turning to the secretary said: "I will see Mrs. Payne at two o'clock this afternoon."

The telephone message had been from Frank Morton, and he had asked if he might see the Governor that afternoon relative to a certain commission of which

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Mr. Morton was chairman. The Governor had told the newspaper man that he would be glad to talk with him at two o'clock.

Frank Morton was an entirely unique personality in that State. He was unquestionably the State's most powerful private citizen. Seven years before he had taken the editorship of the Record, at a time when it was without prestige or power. He had come from somewhere in the West and was unknown and unbacked. But, nevertheless, within three months the reading population of the State was rubbing its eyes and asking where this man had come from and what he intended to do. Where he had come from they did not learn; what he intended to do was soon made plain. He intended to make the Record the newspaper of thinking people. And he succeeded.

It was entirely characteristic of the man that when he entered the Governor's office that afternoon he had nothing to say in explanation of the attack he had just made upon him. The two shook hands warmly, for they had come to be close friends. Their difference in type may have been a factor in drawing them together. The Governor was a man of the world: he was a scholar in the more conventional sense of the term. His face had never quite lost its boyishness: it was clean, clear-cut and attractive. Frank Morton, on the other hand, was undeniably homely. While the Governor was a man easy to get at, Morton was a man one did not attempt to fathom. He was not a man of the world, and his scholarly attainments had not given him that ease which so graces a great mind. He carried his size awkwardly, and he did not dress well, and he was unfortunately conscious of his hands and feet. Nevertheless, his friends thought of him only as the brainiest and fairest man they knew.

They had not been talking five minutes when the secretary entered and handed the Governor a card bearing the name of Mrs. Frank Payne.

The chief executive rubbed his hand across his head and uttered a bored exclamation. "Now, here's a nice thing," he said impatiently. "It's the second time to-day this woman has been here to see me—and, I suppose, I've got to see her."

"Don't let me interfere," said the newspaper man rising at once. "I can wait in the other room."

The Governor let him get almost to the door, and then he called: "Say, Morton, I wish you'd come back and sit down."

Frank Morton looked around at him in some surprise. "It won't do any harm," said the Governor, "and as long as you've shown some interest in this pardon business I think it would be only fair to me to hear something of how the cases are presented."

The newspaper man stood there irresolutely for a minute, and then the request evidently appealed to him as a fair one, for he walked back to his seat. Thereupon the Governor instructed his secretary to show the lady in.

When the door opened both men rose to their feet. It was plain that the woman was very sick, and that it was with supreme effort she was walking toward them. When she had almost reached the Governor's desk she staggered and would have fallen had not the chief executive taken her by the arm and assisted her to a seat.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, as soon as she was able to speak. "I thought I was strong enough to-day, but—but I guess the excitement it—it was a little too much."

It was the newspaper man who poured out a glass of ice water from a pitcher near by and handed it in clumsy fashion to the woman. When she had partaken of it he returned the glass to its place on the table, and shoving his chair a little further back into the corner resumed his seat.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Governor," began the woman, her voice shaking with nervous excitement, "but you see, Governor, its terribly vital with me."

The Governor bowed with the kind courteousness he unfailingly showed women, but said nothing. Frank Morton shoved his chair still further back into the corner and looked longingly at the door.

"You—you got both the petitions, Governor?" asked the wife of Frank Payne, timidly.

"Yes, Mrs. Payne," replied the Governor, "I have them both here in my desk."

"You noticed the signatures? The county attorney and—and all the prominent people of the place?"

"I saw the names of a number of people I recognized as leading citizens of your community, Mrs. Payne."

"And doesn't that have great weight, Governor? Governor!—in the name of pity, can't you give a husband back to a dying woman?"

The Governor rested his hand on his desk, and he began very slowly: Mrs. Payne, I can say in all truthfulness that the refusal of such requests as yours is the hardest thing that falls to my lot. But there are only two instances which justify an exercise of the pardon power: when it can be shown justice was not done in the trial, or where there are such extenuating circumstances to make the crime less great in reality than shown to be under the technical construction of the law." He paused, and some way he could feel that the face of the newspaper man had grown red. "I do not find," he went on, his voice trying to take the sting from the words, that your husband's case falls under either of these."

The woman pulled her chair close to the Governor's desk, and put out a shaking hand. "Governor," she said, in voice not above a whisper, "do you mean that you are going to refuse to let my husband go?"

"I do not see how I can do otherwise," he answered, after a pause.

Then she rose to her feet, her hands clutched passionately before her. "And they told me you were kind," she cried out. "So kind!—they said you would be to me. They said you would be as sorry as my own brother would be, that —oh, they lied!" and she sank upon her knees, her head falling to the Governor's desk, while sobs which it seemed the frail body could not have held quivered thro the big room.

The Governor heard a chair move behind him, he heard a slight cough, but he did not turn round. Instead he laid his hand upon the head which was resting on his desk, and said in the voice which had so endeared him to the people of the State: "You may not know it, but I am very, very sorry."

His touch seemed to give the woman new heart, and she raised her head. "Governor," she began, the flush of the consumptive deepening upon her cheeks, and the fatal glimmer growing more

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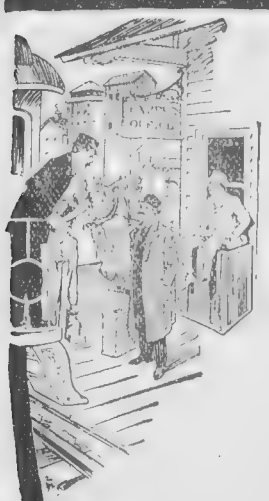

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bright in her eyes, "you didn't quite understand. I see now that they hadn't told you just how it was, and that was why you said those awful things. But now I am going to tell you all about it, I am going to make it all plain to you, and then"—a smile of appeal overspread her wan features, "then you are going to let him go."

As she paused for breath the Governor tried to raise her to her feet, but her fingers clung tightly to his desk, and in low, throbbing tones, broken every now and then by a hollow cough, she went on: "You see, Governor, I am going to die. I saw the doctor again this morning, and he said it could not be more than six months. And, Governor for those six months I want my husband. When I die I want to die in his arms—can't you understand that, Governor? If you had just six months to live wouldn't you want to live them with the person you loved? If your very days were numbered, wouldn't you begrudge every hour, every minute even that you spent away from that person? And, oh, Governor! when you woke up in the long nights with that awful pain in your side, and with that awful feeling in your heart that you were going to die, wouldn't you want to reach out your hand and feel that someone who loved you was there to care for you?—to be with you to the very end? Don't you see it? Don't you see what an awful, awful thing it would be to die alone? To be alone—think of it!—all alone—when you were in pain and dying. Oh! I can't tell it right; it's hard to talk—but—" and then in sheer weakness, her voice broke, and again the Governor attempted to raise her, but she clung tightly to the desk, and after a minute went on more quietly:—

"My father has given me some money. He has raised it for me, and he says if you will let Frank go we two shall go to Colorado. Governor, just suppose that the person dearest to you in all the world was dying, and that you were shut up somewhere and they wouldn't let you out to take care of her—to bathe her head, Governor, when it ached so hard, to hold her when she coughed, to love her and—and make it easier for her. Why, Governor, don't you think you'd go crazy? Do you think there is any crime in the world merits such a punishment as that? You say he stole money. I don't know anything about that. I'm not talking about that now. I'm telling you that I'm afraid—oh, I'm afraid!"—her voice rang out with a kind of fierce terror—"to die alone. It's easy to be brave when you're well. But how can you be brave when you're sick, Governor? When—oh, I can't say any more! I'm tired—I'm—"

"Governor," broke in a stern voice voice behind him, "in God's name, why don't you end this scene? Why don't you tell this woman you will pardon her husband?"

The woman rose to her feet with a low, happy exclamation. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew from the very first that you were my friend!" She sank back in her chair and looked at him thankfully—expectantly. "You tell him," she whispered, and closed her tired eyes.

Governor Henderson looked into the face of his friend. It had grown white and it was twitching convulsively.

"The man was convicted of embezzlement," said the chief executive quietly, "and was sentenced to five years. He has served not quite two. I cannot see how, in the name of justice, I can write his pardon."

"Don't write it in the name of justice!" said the newspaper man defiantly. "Write it in the name of decency."

A soft little smile was playing about the Governor's mouth as he pulled a document from his desk and wrote his name. The look of supreme joy upon the thin, fever-eaten face spoke the thanks which would not come in words. And then, after she had started away, she turned back to the large man who was leaning heavily against the wall "May God ever be good to you and yours," she said brokenly and left them.

There was a long silence. At last the newspaper man spoke. "For the first time since it has been my paper," he said, "the Record is bought with a price."

The Governor made no reply, and Frank Morton stood there twirling his hat in his hand. "It's a strange world," he said, taking a few steps toward the door. "We think things out, we lay down laws, we have it all fixed—theoretically. And then we meet the actual confront conditions, and the first think we do with our theories is to break them."

He went away then—forgetful of the commission, and the Governor resumed his work; but for a long time that soft little smile continued to play about the chief executive's mouth.

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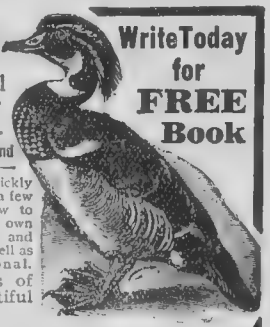

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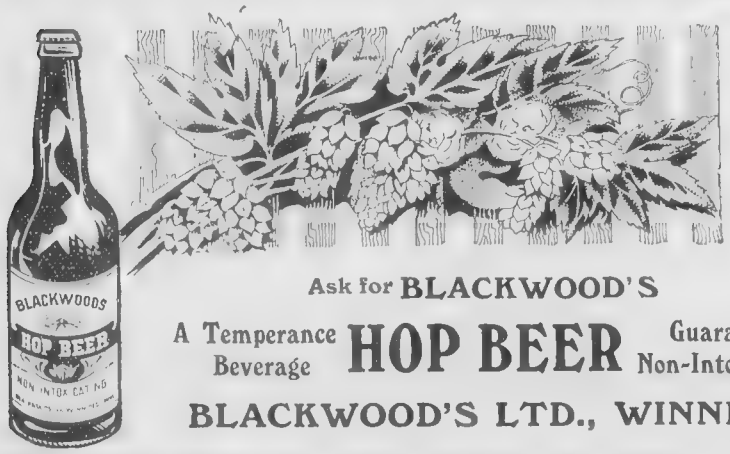

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The Nuptials of Scotty Williams.

By Maitland Le Roy Osborne.

"SEE that ranch down there?" queried 'Frisco, pointing with his pipe stem to a cluster of white buildings in a setting of dark green, miles away down the valley.

I nodded.

We were far up on the side of the mountain, and in the clear Colorado sunshine every detail of the view stood out with vivid distinctness.

"That's Scotty Williams' place. Never told you how I helped Scotty to get married, did I?"

The idea of 'Frisco in the role of matchmaker was so irresistibly comic that I grinned.

"Fact," said he. "If it hadn't been for me Scotty'd still be roaming over the earth, foot-loose and gladsome, instead of being a respectable member of so-

ciety with a pretty wife and two kids.

"It was like this: I was punching steers for the Three X outfit up at the headwaters of Bear River when Scotty drifted in from New Mexico. Our range lay for ten miles along the valley, pretty as a picture. The foreman's name was Kennedy. He was a little man with lots of ginger and no sense of humor. Knew his business all right, but was apt to rear up on his hind legs and scatter death and desolation broadcast when anybody rubbed his fur the wrong way. Had a most uncertain temper and a lightning-like way of pulling a gun.

"Kennedy's daughter kept house for him, he being a widower, and they had a place all to themselves about half a mile from the ranch house. Nita—that was the girl's name—was nearly eighteen then, and just about as pretty and modest as any female that ever walked in shoes. Must have been pretty lonesome for her, not another woman within a hundred miles, and her daddy not being what you'd call a genial and cheerful companion, and only a lot of rough and reckless cow-punchers to meet day after day, but she never let on but what she liked it, always having a smile and a pleasant word for the boys, all of them, of course, being ready to lay down and let her walk on them if she cared to—which she didn't.

"I reckon we were all in love with her—I know I was, good and plenty—but we had to let our passion gnaw in secret, for her daddy didn't have no notion of letting her marry a cow-puncher—not one. Every new man that joined the outfit Kennedy'd lead one side, serious and confidential, and impress on his mind that there wasn't any lovemaking included in the contract. Very convincing his arguments were, too, and none of them ever had to have their memory freshened up on that point. Not but what any of them, including me, would have taken chances in a gun-play with the old man if there'd been any encouragement from the girl—which there wasn't.

"When Scotty blew along the old man omitted his usual heart-to-heart talk, not sizing Scotty up for a gay Lothario—he being so calamitously homely that it looked like a woman would go into hiding at sight of him. Right there was where the old man showed his ignorance of female human nature.

"Scotty was all feet, hands and freckles to look at, but his moral qualities stuck out so insistent that when you got to know him his lack of beauty didn't seem so glaring. He was sure white all through, was Scotty, if he wasn't no chromo, and when I see he was fixing his young and tender affections on Nita I felt plumb sorry for him. The rest of us had had the fever in various stages and was convalescent, except Jacko, who was cook for the outfit, and he didn't count. Jacko was a first rate cook, but he had to get somebody to do his thinking—he having the non compos mentis bad.

"As I said, the rest of us was able to set up and take our liquor regular, but it looked like Scotty was just going to pine away untimely. He sure was going the limit. One night I comes into the bunk house and finds him sitting on the edge of his bunk and sighing pretty fresuent.

"'Toothache?' I asked him, thinking to arouse him from his melancholy with

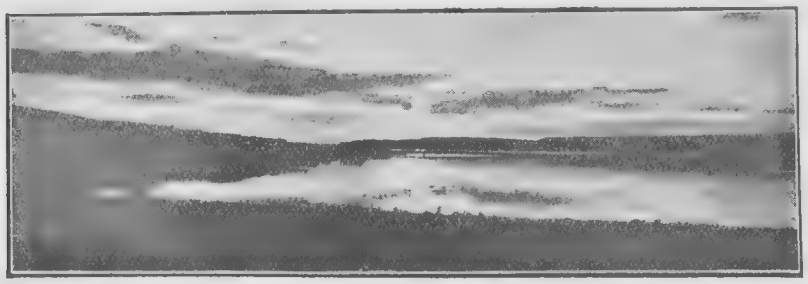
gay and festive conversation, but he only looks at me sort of reproachful and sighs some more. Then I says, 'Look a-here, my love-lorn swain, this is getting to be too much like a funeral round here. It's sure a whole lot wearing on the nerves to witness your continual grief. If you'll just say the word I'll get the drop on the old man and hold him up while you talk with him quiet and peaceable. It ain't no ways likely he'll say 'bless you, my children,' I says, 'but if you get it over and know the worst, maybe you'll begin to feel better."

"'No use,' says Scotty, ' it ain't the old man I'm afraid of—it's the girl.'

"Then I begins to see daylight and goes out and sets on a stump and does a lot of thinking. The next day I hangs around and watches the old man till he rides off to the range, and then I lopes over to see Nita. I was sure rattled, not knowing what to say or how to say it, but after I'd made a few leads she began to see what the game was. Then I had the surprise of my life. When she grasps the fact that Scotty is just fading away gradual for love of her she begins to look sorry and thoughtful, and pretty soon she begins to cry. I wants to kick myself then, hard, but she puts her hand on my arm and says: "'Frisco, you've been awful good to me, and I trusts you a whole lot. I know you wouldn't be saying this to me if Scotty wasn't straight, and if he's got anything to say to me I'll listen.' Then she drops down sudden on her knees by a chair with her head on her arms and cries out 'Mother—Mother, I want you. Why did you leave your little girl?' and I sneaks out the door on tiptoe with a lump in my throat that I has to poke down with my finger to keep from choking, and my eyes smarting like they was full of pepper.

"Then I hunts up Scotty and takes that infant out back of the corral and talks to him mighty serious and confidential. 'It's your play,' I says, 'to go tell Nita you love her, and ask her to marry you. I don't know whether she will or not. If she won't, it's up to you to take your grief-stricken countenance back to New Mexico sudden and simultaneous. If she will, you want to thank the Lord every night and morning for giving you one of the best women He ever made, and if you don't treat her a little better than any woman's got a right to expect I'll shoot you so full of holes that you'll look like a milk strainer.'

"Then Scotty takes off his hat, look-



Sunset on Lake Manitou.

ing mighty solemn, and grips my hand and says, 'So help me God, I always will.'

"After that Scotty lopes over to see his lady love and learn his fate. In about an hour he comes back, walking on air and effervescing joyfulness like a geyser, and shakes my hand till it aches. 'She's promised to marry me,' he says, swallowing hard and trying to keep both feet on the ground. Then we begins to study how to cut Nita out of the herd without stampeding the whole outfit, for we knows when the old man should find out what was in the wind it was going to be real tempestuous round there for quite a spell.

"My idea was for the three of us to pull out on horseback some morning as soon as the old man had started for the range, and get to town and have the knot tied before he found out what's up. We'd have four or five hours' start, and with hard riding, barring accident, I reckoned we'd strike town by midnight. But right there was where Scotty's moral scruples cropped out strong, and he bucked good and hard. I don't play no horse thief game like that,' he says, 'I'm going to marry Nita in her own home, decent and respectable, with her daddy for chief mourner.'

"'Keno,' I says. 'It's your deal—but it's a good gamble that Nita's a widow before she's a bride if the old man gets his gun out first.'

"'I'm not worrying none,' says Scotty.

"Well, we figures it out after a while, and I ties my face up in a handkerchief and asks the old man for three days off to get a tooth pulled. Then I lopes over to town, cuts a minister out of the herd and heads him for the Three X outfit on the run. Coming back I sort of prepares his mind for trouble, and I must say for a parson he had sand. 'So long as the girl is free and willing,' he says, 'I'll do my duty.'

"We strikes the ranch along about dark, and when I've located the minister in the bunk house Scotty sends Jacko over to tell the old man he's wanted at the corral. Then Scotty and I goes to meet him and break the news to him gentle.

"When the old man comes round the corner of the corral I pokes the muzzle of my six-shooter under his nose and requests him quiet and polite to elevate his hands—which he does, sudden. Then Scotty relieves him of his gun to prevent accidents, and begins to speak his little piece.

"When the old man comes to a realizing sense of what Scotty's trying to tell him, his language is something awful.

"At last, seeing we are likely to stay there all night if the old man don't lose his breath, I winks to Scotty in the dark and says, sorter casual and careless: 'You take the minister over to the house and me and Mr. Kennedy'll saunter along presently and join in the festivities.'

"When I reckoned Scotty'd had time enough to get pretty near there I puts up my gun and proposes to the old man that we start along too. First off, he allows he isn't going, but after I've reasoned with him for quite a spell, gentle and earnest, he begins to see the error of his ways, and after a while he goes along quiet and peaceful, spitting out broken teeth and talking—still talking.

"When we got to the house there was Nita and Scotty waiting for us, and the minister with his prayer book open ready to conduct the obsequies. The boys are all there, too, trying to look careless and happy, and I escorts the old man to his corner and stands back of him, where I can remind him to make the responses at the proper time. When the minister gets to 'Who gives this woman?' the old man swallows hard, but I nudges him in the spinal column with the muzzle of my gun and he speaks up and says, 'I do,' real brisk and cheerful.

"When the parson gets the diamond hitch made good and solid, Scotty steps up to his father-in-law and sticks out his hands and says: 'Mr. Kennedy, I'm sorry we had to take you by surprise this way, but I'll sure try mighty hard to make Nita a good husband, and I'm hoping you won't hold any hard feelings against us.' I nudges the old man in the back again and he shakes hands with Scotty quite hearty and spontaneous. Then Nita kisses him and asks him to forgive her, and cries a little and kisses me, and I puts up my gun and shakes hands with Scotty and wishes them both joy. Then I hands the minister a bag of dust, and he and Nita and Scotty starts for town on horseback, the boys howling like Piutes and firing off their six-shooters joyful and promiscuous, all except Jacko, who sits on the steps crying because Nita's going away.

"Of course, I expects to part company with the Three X outfit sudden and permanent, but when I saunters up to the old man the next morning and asks for my money, he only looks at me mighty glum for a minute or two, then tells me not to try to be a bigger fool than I am naturally, and sends me down to No. 2 to brand some calves. He sure did look funny, though, with all his front teeth gone."

'Frisco shook the ashes out of his pipe and proceeded gravely to refill it.

"Did Kennedy ever become reconciled to his son in-law?" I asked.

"That just goes to show what a queer thing human nature is," he answered. "He swears that Scotty is the smartest, best-looking and honestest man in the State, and plumb worships them two kids."

A fall view, Sturgeon Lake district, Transcontinental Railway.

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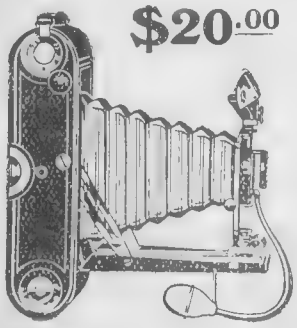

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Where Grit and Courage Count.

In Canada's Northwest, a New Nation is Growing.

G. B. Lancaster, in the 'Evening Post,' New York.

To the northwest of Canada the Colonial went in search of the picturesque. He found it, and since then he has been weeding out his old beliefs patiently and planting new ones. For the story book picturesque is not at all that of real life. It is cleaner, it smells better, it culminates more vividly. But it does not possess the pulse of red blood, the jarring virility of spoken words, the elusive pathos and fire which are the breath of real life.

The Colonial went to the northwest seeking Indians galoping on wild cayuses with arrows slung round their bodies; brown bears swinging down each narrow trail; wolves watching in hungry packs; Northwest police defying whiskey-smugglers at the rifle-point; Hudson Bay traders in their furs, peering through stone walls, while naked Indians made war-dances outside and yelled for scalps. All the writers of the picturesque had told him to expect this. By a hundred reasons he had the right to expect it. He was prepared to say 'How' and to duck his head when the customary weapon sang overhead. He was going to the northwest, where things happen.

But the things that happened were not the things of the story-book. They were things borne of patience, of endurance, of loneliness, of that virile courage and dogged grit which will build up when the earthquake shakes down; and build again and yet again, though hands bleed and the back stoops and hair turns gray.

The picturesque of real life has a soul. Because of this it is better than any story ever written. Because of this it cannot be written now. Stray truths, stray gleams of color, stray songs gathered where they fell, are all that the Colonial dare handle. But behind them beats the mighty pulse of life, 'the 'Comfortress of Unsuccess.' the mother of the true Picturesque.

Stage Driver of Sixteen.

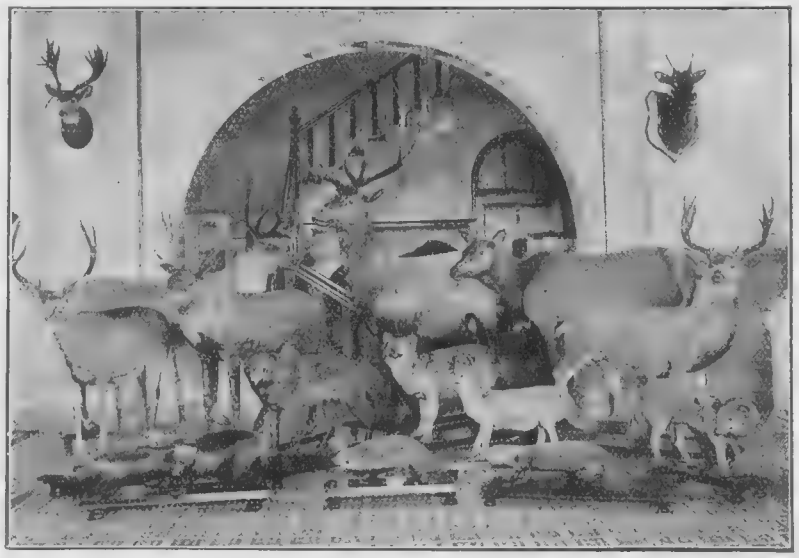
There is a boy of sixteen who drives his three-seated democrat fifty miles a day along a distant highway of the northwest. Under his jaunty cowboy hat his rosy face carries down yet; but he handles his teams with the quiet skill of a man. Through the winter he many times makes that journey alone—that journey which takes both ends of the day and the middle of it for the naked wind-swept flats, the rough, steep forest trails, and the rocky mountain flanks. In the summer his rig is piled with mails that need distributing along the trail; with freight that bumps loose and has to be retied, readjusted, and with passengers who demand much civility and tact. The wild leaping blizzards smite him; the fierce heat scars him, the unsafe grades test his nerve, the dark, close night of the forest-trail calls for keen ear, keen eye, keen intuition. A shy boy this, frankly cheerful, simply proud of his teams, of his Indian bead-work gloves, of his job. Through the spring sweetness, the summer glow, the deadly ice of the winter, he goes his way, a scrap of the real picturesque.

In the lumber mills by a northern river a quiet man works on one of the planing saws. Outside in the sun the river is swollen between the tall banks of jackpine and willow-clothed earth. The brown booms are rising and falling nervously to the heart-throb of the river. They shudder as the homing logs swerve off the glide-booms and strike them full. The iron rings groan in the piles, the stretched ropes on shore grow taut with the passing of the hours. Within the shed the machinery snarls and rattles, ripping the heart out of the logs that climb the chainway one by one from the river. The little man feeds his planing-saw methodically until the call comes—the sudden call, swift and wild with alarm from the river. The cry of screeching, jamming logs, of snapping ropes on shore; of breaking booms that drive in one on the other.

The little man hears the call. In a corner he is putting on his spiked boots with quick, firm hands. Then he takes his canthook and goes out to answer, where the spume flies white and the brown water hurries and the logs leap and roll and hurl themselves on the jam, the little man is wanted—very much at once. He goes, by way of the piling rolling logs and the crazy booms and the breaking chains.

A gift which is not to be had for the asking, tells him where the key-log is, and he seeks for it, swaying, jumping, crouching, with steel-strong wrists and steady eyes. Perhaps he does not find it, and the booms go out with a winter's work and many hundred dollars spot cash, and, possibly, the little man. Perhaps he finds it and jerks it free, and the booms rise smoothly, and the munting water subsides and the danger is past. The little man sloughs his great boots and his canthook, and gets him back to his work. He will not be put into those story-books of the picturesque, for he is just one little man, and he never was scalped or eaten by bears in his life.

Beyond the outside edge of civilization, in a log shack, painted white and flying the flag of office, live two Northwest mounted policemen. The story of the common things is theirs. It never gets outside the official blue books; it makes history only as the brown unobtrusive soil makes a garden. They ride their long, silent beats unheralded; they do their daily chores unpraised. Theirs is the work, not of combatants in the swift zest of battle, but of 'details



Group of mammals, Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C.

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guarding the line.' Theirs to note the condition of the green young springing crops, the state of the winter trails and bridges, the cattle-brands of an incoming settler. Theirs to endure the loneliness, the dumb monotony, the steady, persistent beat of the 'little things' on body, on temper, on brain.

To many of those keen-faced alert men who make the thin red lint that polices farthest Canada come the great moments of the story-book picturesque; the moments of a savage, stern chase on the blood trail, of a hero's proving by fire, by water, by the numbing breath of the merciless blizzards. Into the little guard-room of the white shack, where the non-com. in dingy khaki makes out the eternal reports of his petty doings or listens to the complaints of settlers whose cattle have strayed, there bursts no arc light of fame, no thunder of applause. But, to the Colonial, some wandering breath of incense, some meeting shaft of light, made that little shack free of the true picturesque.

Where the trail thrusts itself a many hundred miles by hilltop and rolling prairie and rapid river and woods flushing with the first color of fall, the creak of clumsy wheels and the snap of a bullock whip break the great silence. The click-clack of slow-moving hoofs beats on the rugged earth, mixed with the tread of men, the laughter of happy children, the voices of women. For months they have followed the trail, treading out of the old world, out of the old life, into the new. By a day's work here and there, as chance offers, the men pay their way. In bad weather they camp in the woods until the skies clear and the cabooses that make the hinder waggons into dwelling places let out again the swarm of eager children to gather raspberries and make their lips blue with saskatoons.

Where the wide waters of the Athabasca or the Peace River prevent them, the men get out axes and cut down trees. Then clumsy rafts, bearing all that is dear, all that is necessary in their lives blunder in, to strike the further shore somewhere and the little army takes up the trail again, the long out-trail, while the summer days and the calm glory of fall slide by them.

On the Settler's Trail.

So they go into the future, with slow creaking wheels and the light feet of children; to build up a new land, a new enterprise, a new nation in the waiting empty places of the fertile far Northwest.

All the glad short summer through a little steamboat plies up and down the chain of lakes and rivers that make one of the many waterways of the Northwest. It carries horses and sugar, mail-bags and flour, machinery, furniture, bacon, furs, passengers, and a thousand things besides. Its crew number perhaps five, including the captain, and each one of that five must be prepared to do 'any old thing at all' at any time and under any conditions; each one must be fitted to be—

The bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite.
And the crew of the Nancy Bell.

And he is not prepared without reason.

There is no gold lace and blue serge on a river steamer. Captain, cook, fireman, and mate take the day's labor in rough jerseys, coarse trousers tucked into heavy socks, moccasined feet, bare heads. The captain never walks the bridge with a telescope under his arm. He helps load wood and shift freight and feed the passengers. He takes his trick at the wheel, and ploughs thigh-deep in the mud when a flatboat breaks her moorings. He knows his little vessel to the last throb of her engines. He coaxes her into backwaters in the clear fall evenings that he may shoot wild duck among the reeds. He runs the rapids with her when the last droughts of summer have left the snarling rocks very near to the surface. He forces her down-stream through the first raw ice of winter and brings her back against the spate of the fierce spring floods.

He talks Cree to his Indian crew, and the English of a university man to his passengers; and he calls the gray duck and the far-flying wild goose in clear ringing notes that bring them swerving in their flight to answer. To his hand lies the wheel obedient; under his foot the pulse of his little boat throbs; all about him stretch the winding rivers and the distant woods of his dominion. The sun goes down, pure green and mauve and scarlet; across the lake the long shadows fall in gold; calm water and sky and earth change and glow and melt into the silence of night. In the reeds wild ducks are splashing. And through the twilight his call goes out to them; now soft, now loud, quivering with wild music.

A family gathering.

The Flag He Flies.

He is weather beaten and grimed with rough work; his nails are broken, and the men of his college would not know him. He has never scuttled a ship, never flown the pirate's flag. But there is one flag flying as he sails into the night, with hair blowing and strange young eyes that see far. One flag; the flag of a romance that has never been told.

The fiery feathered Red Indian of the story books has gone to a better world with the fairies, the mermaids and pirates. He belonged to our youth, and we loved him. But he is gone as surely as that youth. The shop-made Indian with his bullet-head, close-cropped, and his thick-set body stooped atop of an ambling pony is not the wild Mohawk of other days. This man knows the value of money; dollars, quarters and cents. He loafs when he may and works when he must. His lore of the woods, his clean belief in his ancient gods are gone. He is a shadow flung across the path of the virile white-man life around him. He is the last leaf on the tree. He is the memory of what was and never more will be. He is tragedy in a billy-cock hat and American boots.

There is an Indian Mission station back of Beyond, where a white woman sees women of her own color perhaps twice in six years and mothers the black-eyed Indian children with an ache at her heart for her own boy and girl sent East for schooling. They went out of her life two years before. They

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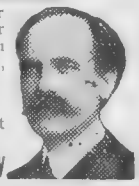

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will never come into it again for the far Northwest is not a place for the young.

It is the land of the fur trader, of the Indian, and—of the missionary. The missionary must be able to ride, chop wood, to cook, to mend a sled or a broken lamp or a broken limb. He must have tact, infinite, unfailing, for the white man whom he meets belittle him, and the Indian many times distrusts him. He needs to know the special Indian dialect of each tribe under him, in order that he may touch that special Indian heart. He needs to be able to tramp his twenty miles a day on snowshoes, dragging his sled behind him, and to live on the 'smell of a greased rag' at the end of it if occasion demands. Occasion—the average occasion of the average missionary's life—demands of him some seven hundred things more. Sometimes he tries to do them all—and fails. Sometimes he selects the essentials and carries his work through with a strong grip and a steady head. Sometimes his manhood weakens at the task before him, and he goes out from it, lifting his hand from the plow.

Beating their trail through the snow to a lonely tepee; up before the dawn to cut the day's wood while the Northern lights are yet clear in the sky; burying the dead by sacred words said in some obscure dialect that took years of grim work to learn; teaching 'c-a-t, cat,' and 'two and two make four' in the bare, log-walled schoolroom where the little black heads droop in the heat or the pudgy fingers stiffen in the cold —these are just a few chores of the missionary's life, and the story-book does not know them at all.

And what of the white woman of the missionary life? She could tell of the midsummer's jam-making in the little kitchen where the flies buzz thick and the babies swarm under her feet; or draughty dormitories where windows rattle and Marysis or Saray produce violent influenza for the benefit of the school. She could tell of David growing out of the last pair of trousers that fitted him when there was neither time nor cloth to make more, and of Julia's carelessness in breaking the last sugar-bowl. She could tell of tired feet and aching head, of eternal demands on patience and wisdom and sympathy.

Of the struggle to make three diverse meals a day out of the eternal beans, bacon and bannock; of the need to husband the lessening store of oil, and the effort to patch those many coats and pinafores by the light of a home-made candle, she could tell, but she does not. Why should she? They are all in the day's work as she knows it. They are the life for which she has given up all else that means life.

The real picturesqueness of life? What is it? Where is it? Perhaps Mayne Read and Fenimore Cooper knew. Perhaps only the angels who write everything in the Big Book know it. To the colonial one thing only is sure: Where the strong heart and the strong body and the strong soul live there is the Picturesque of Life—the romance, the beauty, the subtle essence which is the Thought of God.

Parsons Boat, Canyon Lake, Transcontinental Railway.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Love's sunshine, sorrow's bitter blast!
Dear Yarrow, we have seen together;
For years have come, and years have passed,
Since first we met among the heather.

Ah; those, indeed, were happy hours
When first I knew thee, gentle river;
But now thy bonnie birken bowers
To me, alas, are changed for ever!

The best, the dearest, all have gone,
Gone like the bloom upon the heather,
And left me singing here alone,
Beside life's cold and winter weather.

I too, pass on, but when I'm dead
Thou too shalt sing by night and morrow,
And help the aching heart and head
To bear the burden of its sorrow!

And sunny flowers shall linger yet
Where all thy mossy margins guide thee;
And minstrels, met as we have met,
Shall sit and sing their songs beside thee!

"J. B. Selkirk," (James B. Brown.)

Frisky Scotland. "Scotland has become quite frisky in her old age! Look at these items of natural history this spring of 1901:—

A Greenock poulterer discovered in a crate of fowls from Dublin, a Minorca hen with four legs! The hen is reported as walking "without any inconvenience!

Then an Edinburgh official owns a ewe, that with the "crop" of 1910, counts up seventeen healthy lambs in five years. Another ewe near Coldstream has this spring produced twin lambs, one white and the other black. And among the birds, a white sparrow-hawk, and a white crow, (as also a white hare), were seen lately about Cockburn's path, in the Lammermoors. And a crow has set up a Mormon establishment, near the Burns Monument in Kay Park, Kilmarnock. The crow has two hens, though only one nest.

"Tommy," said a Scotch teacher, coaxingly to the smallest boy in the class, "tell all these big boys where the Kings of Scotland were crowned." "On their heads," promptly answered the bright boy.

At a fire in Lochgelly, Fifeshire, a fine retriever dog was burned alive. She had a litter of pups, and refused to leave them.

Two great battleships are to be built on the Clyde this year. One for Australia, and one for New Zealand. The Fairfield Co. and John Brown and Co. have the contracts.

The birthday of David Livingstone, the great African Missionary and Explorer, was celebrated at Glasgow, on 19th March. In seven years more, the centenary of his birth will be observed with enthusiasm and honor. Such men have made Scotland famous.

Scotland has been learning a few things from this side of the sea. Among other things, that a town is beautiful and rendered more sanitary by having its streets planted with trees. Ardrossan is planting trees this year, by the action of the town council.

Marvellous catches of herring by the Kirkcaldy fisherman, and large salmon by devoted anglers, are announced. The largest salmon always get away from the hook, of course; (just as the trout did with us!) but still 14 lb. and 18 lb. are reported from the Tummel; and as much from other streams.

Prince Albert. In 1861 Mr. Robert Carter of New York visited his native land; and, with some members of his family, was at Crathie church, near Balmoral, where the Queen worshipped when she was in the Highlands. Dr. Stuart of Edinburgh preached an extempore sermon, (having left behind a manuscript he intended to use.) He preached an impressive sermon on "Prepare to meet thy God"—which happened to be fresh in his mind. Prince Albert was so impressed, that he asked Dr. Stuart to let him have the M.S. of the sermon. The Doctor would be able to do so after he got back to Edinburgh. A few weeks later, Mr. Carter saw the Prince lay the corner stone of a new post-office in Edinburgh in a severe storm, in which he caught the cold that led to his death.

I leant my back again an aik,
I thocht it was a trusty tree;
But first it ben, and swne it brak,
Sin' my true love's forsaken me!
Old Song.

Be ready wi' yer bannet, but slow wi' yer purse!

Gardeners law! "Eat yer fill, but pouch nane!"
Bow to the bush that builds ye.

Never ask for mair than ye can mak gude use o'.

"For fashion's sake"—as dowgs gang to market.

Freends are like fiddle-strings, they burdena be screwed ower ticht!

Gude judgment has he wha disna lippen till his ain!

Sup wi' a cutty, rather than want a spune!

Wha strikes my dog wad strike me gin he daur!

Antiquitus.

Roger Gale, a distinguished English Antiquarian of two centuries ago, visiting Sir John Clerk of Perricuik, the latter took him to a property of his in Dumfriesshire, where were some Roman remains. An aged shepherd, who was acting as guide, heard the Antiquarian holding forth learnedly, but could not understand the terms by which he designated this and that, among the remains. But when a small hillock was identified by them as the remains of the Pretorium, the shepherd could stand it no longer, but broke in with——"Pretorium here, Pretorium there; I made the bourock mysel wi' a flaughter-spade!"

I had something of a like experience myself, on a visit to Scotland in 1862. A certain old freebooter on the Borders —I think it was "Jock of the side," was credited with being of gigantic proportions. His grave is seen and visited,

in one of the old border graveyards. Rather incredulously, I said to the sexton, "He must have been a very tall man; for this is an exceedingly long grave!" "Oh," said the official, "folks expect to see a vera lang grave. I pat a sod or twae till 't this spring!"

Its a cauld place! A hundred years ago, there were "drinking cores" in Paisley, among the weavers. The funds of one of these drinking "cores" were exhausted on a day in winter that Doctor M. had a dinner party; and in order to replenish the coffer, they contrived to render one of their number helplessly drunk, and after nightfall carried him in a large bag to the doctor's door, and offered him as a "subject." The doctor being engaged, could not examine his purchase at the moment, but handed them the key of an outhouse and a one-pound note to account. Some hours later, when his company had left, he took key and candle, and went to examine his bargain. He looked over the floor for the bag in vain; and was rather startled at hearing sounds in a back corner of the cellar, and cried out, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Doctor!"

"You!" bringing the candle to his face. "And what the deevil are you doin' here?"

"Faith, I'm wantin' oot! It's a cauld place," and he made for the door.

I do not know if the doctor was tipsy when he entered, but it is certain; his wife said, that he was "quite sober" when he came back! The pranks of the several drinking "cores" that were in town gave the weavers in general a bad reputation, which they did not deserve.—Paisley Weaver of Other Days.

As comes in spring the murmur of the dove,
As song of lark that cleaves the summer sky,
My heart so sings, so clings to thee, my love,
And I can give no better reason why.
"J B. Selkirk."

Temperance instruction is to be immediately introduced in the schools of Scotland, by order of the Scottish Education Department. Whiskey is supposed (in America) to be inseparately connected with Scotland; but the facts are otherwise.

In 1803, Napoleon had 100,000 men just across the Strait, ready to invade Britain. Beacons were established all along the east coast, to give the alarm. The keeper of a Scottish beacon made a mistake, and fired his beacon on the 31st January, 1804. The fact was, there was a merry-making in Northumberland—a nobleman's son had "come of age", or something of that kind; and a bonfire there had been mistaken for a war-beacon. The "volunteers" were up! My father, who was an intelligent little boy at the time, used to tell me about it, how the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men "were wringing their hands and greetin' —"They wad a' be killed by the French!" Sir Walter Scott—then plain "Mr. Scott," sheriff of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires—tore across the country, forty miles, to Edinburgh, to join his regiment; and the whole country was up! It was two or three days before it was ascertained to be a false alarm. But it showed the spirit of the country.

A "Southron," at a school examination at Aberdeen, asked a scholar, "what was the ultimate fate of Pharoah?" (he of the Exodus). The boy was non-plussed; not understanding anything so far from his own dialect. The master came to his rescue. "Jimmy, fat was the hinner end o' Pharaoh?" The boy had a ready reply. —"He was drowned i' in Reid Sea.

He cut a sappy sucker frae the muckle Rodden-tree;
He trimmed it, and he wet it, and he thumped it on his knee;
He never heard the teuchat, when the harrow brak her eggs—
He missed the craggit heron, rabbin' puddocks in the seggs—
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they strayed—
But you should have seen the whistle that the little herd made!

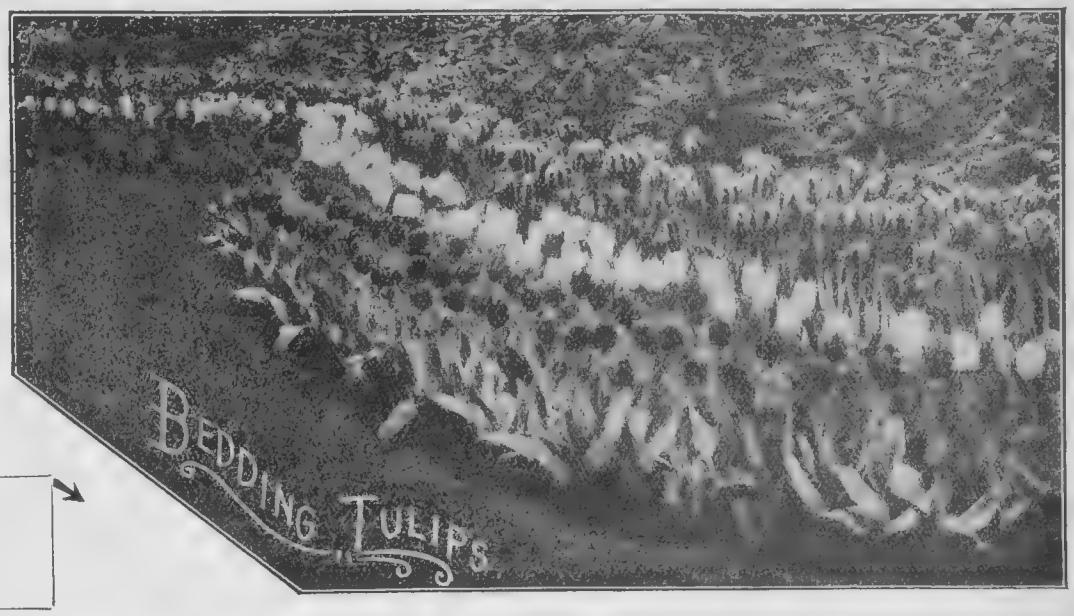
Charles Murray.

Gaun to coup: The late Robert Carter of New York, who emigrated from Earlston to New York, in 1831, in a sailing vessel, tells of a number of young men on board, who formed a debating society, and were one day assembled near the bulwark on the lee side, and busy with their debate. Suddenly there came a cry from the other side of the ship, "Richard! Richard!" and looking across, they saw an old woman clinging to a rope from the rigging. "Something is the matter with your mother, Richard!" The young man crossed to inquire into the difficulty. "What's the matter, mother?" "O, they're a' guan to coup! side o' the ship, and it's gaun to coup! and I'm just hauden doon wi' a' my micht!" It was irresistibly comic, the idea of the frail little woman, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, holding down the great ship!

Potatoes.

Although a very considerable part of the food of the people in Scotland—and still more in Ireland -potatoes are comparatively a new thing. My mother, who was born on the immediate "Border," in 1799 told me how, when she was a little girl, the old people would tell her about their first planting of potatoes. Suppose this relation to be about 1810, a hundred fifty years before—it would indicate a years ago, and the planting of the tubers date of about 1760. Lately, in reading over again that fascinating old work White's "Natural History of Selborne," I came across this statement. Under date of 1778, he says, that people in his part of England "could not think of doing without potatoes, who, twenty years before, would not have looked at them." This would indicate 1758, just about the same time.

Rennie's Fall Bulbs.



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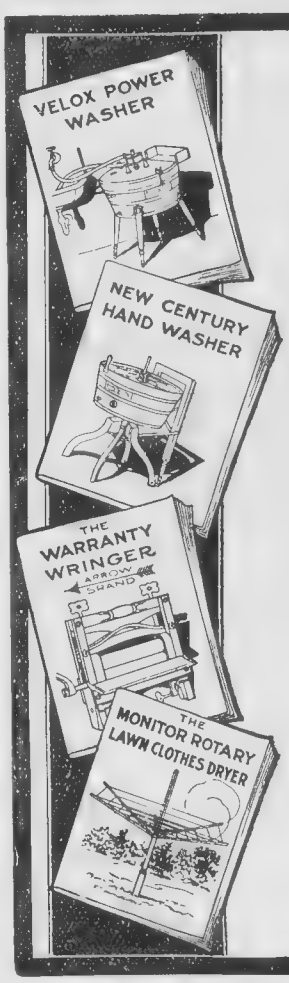

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Some Tales of the Beaver and the Muskrat.

From the Pacific Coast of British Columbia.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Photos by Fleming Bros. and the author.

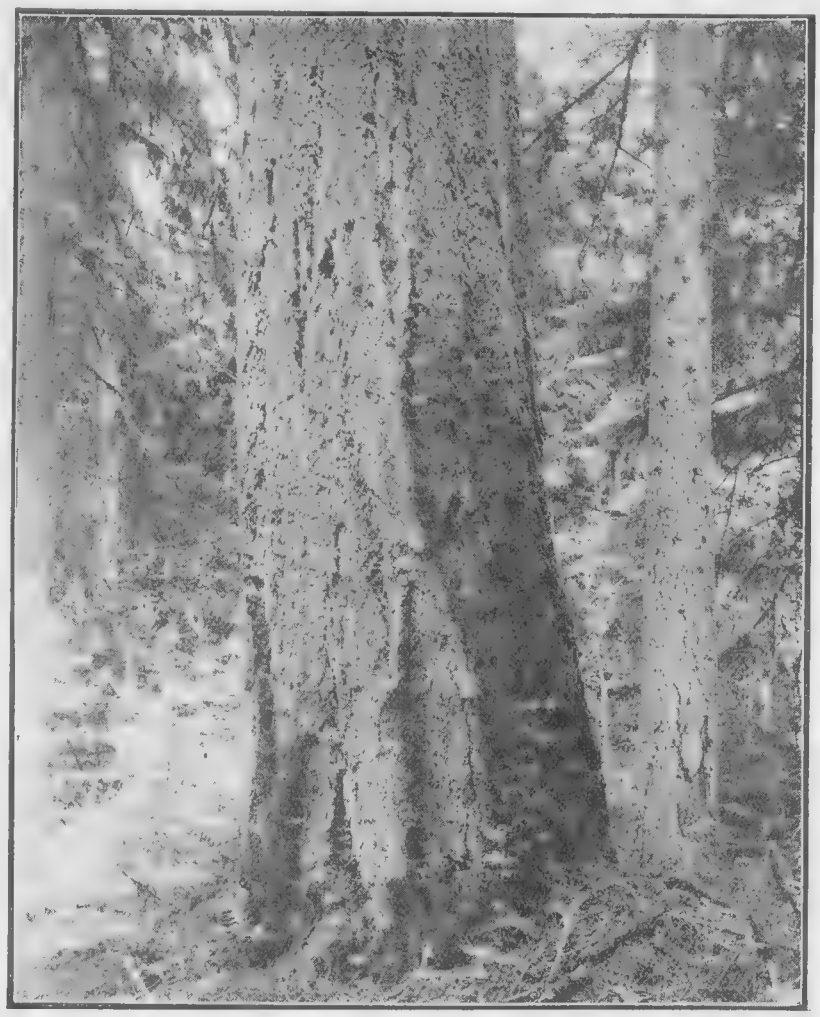
"It's all very well for you naturalists to admire them muskrats but look at my dike."

The lad Fritz and I had been admiring the sleek, busy muskrats that were running in the sloughs of the river bottom field. As the old man, the owner evidently, joined us and made the above remark we looked all about us. No dike was to be seen, save in the eastern end of the field; all the rest of the broad, level, wet field was open to the river and the sea. "It took twelve hundred dollars and three months work to make a twelve foot high, twelve foot bottom dike about this patch; why say, I could raise four tons of hay to the acre, then them pesky muskrats took to tunneling; the tide flowed in and out of the holes and the first thing you know I was flooded out, the big rise came, as did a sou'easter and between them they washed every bit of my big mud wall away, all on account of your no good muskrats." I softly assured the irate man that we had no proprietary right in the well furred rodents that peeped out here and there from the tullies and puckabrush. No doubt they too mourned the loss of their big clay hill and I venture to say we could find them all in the eastern portion of the dike yet left standing. I secured the old man's permission and Fritz and I went over to investigate.

Never were Roman catacombs more closely aligned. Hole after hole told of burrows that rose into the dike at all points. The owner gasped with amazement when we showed him the mass of workings.

"Wait you, I'll fix them," he called out as he hurried away. In a few minutes he returned with several sticks of dynamite. This stuff he tossed up and cut and handled with the utmost unconcern. (You can indistinctly see the remaining portions of the dike, just over the middle of the odd shaped (spoonbill) canoe. Well, the old man connected up his mines, lighted his fuse and slowly walked after us—we did not walk slowly. There came a dull, heavy roar, and a mass of mud leaped into the air on both sides of the dike. He had placed his explosive high and the downward forces had rent the great clay wall. How many muskrats he killed is problematical, but he certainly spoiled fifty dollars' worth of diking.

Some wildly benevolent fellow—or ass, has liberated muskrats in several places on Vancouver Island. As there is very little diking here to be done, some river flats can be reclaimed, we do not dread its greatly destructive powers. One chap I know of captured one of these clean feeding beasts. Remember if you are hungry that fried muskrat is not to be despised. I have been forced on two occasions to use this humble animal for the table, and the casters were carefully removed, the flesh was as tender as of a broiler. But about the chap that caught the rat. It seems the poor beast had got shut into a boat house by the wind closing the door. Before it had time to eat its way out the owner appeared and captured it with a sack. He had just had a quarrel with a fellow logger at the bunk house so, to get as he called "even;" he wired the legs of the savage little beast and placed it in the bunk of his enemy. Of course it simply chewed the blankets all to pieces; and by its contortions attracted the attention of the owner of the bed. His wits were not so bad as he instantly decided on who had done the trick. He therefore took the muskrat and carefully wrapped it in a flour sack, leaving the head and the mouth with the long chisel like teeth exposed. Then he turned down the blankets of the boat-house owner's bed and strapped the muskrat down at the foot, turned the blankets back into shape and started to undress. In came the original captor of the muskrat and he too, started to throw off his clothes preparatory to retiring. Very slowly he removed



The firwood forests of British Columbia through which the beaver domed streams run.

his clothes; and he watched warily the actions of his enemy who jumped into his bunk and cuddled down under the blanket. Slowly though a man may try he is undressed at last, so still watching to see his enemy leap from his bunk with fearful cries, he threw his long white legs up into the bunk and stuck them down under the blankets—right into those waiting teeth. Several savage bites he got ere he struggled off the bunk and bumped down on to the floor, dragging the squealing beast with him. His enemy, not a bad hearted chap, leaped out of his bunk and seized the rat and threw it out of the open window, then he dressed the injured chum's feet, and over a midnight pipe these two hardy loggers made up their wee bit quarrel.

To return to the use of muskrats as food. Once, while we were studying in the east, Fritz and I were invited to a trapper's shanty for Sunday evening supper. As I had Natural History reasons I accepted and, after the trapper's moccasins had ceased throwing off that curious creaking sound heard on very cold nights, we knew then he was out of hearing, Fritz and I discussed the bill of fare we would receive. The lad held it was too early for bull frogs, so these long white legs would not be on the table. Catfish were equally improbable, and as he was an Englishman new to the game, I dismissed the idea of rats with a laugh. Well, Sunday afternoon came along in due time and we left the most comfortable shack where we were studying the maskalunge—this was a study of the fish under the ice, done by following the Indians' methods, building a hoop house and chiselling a hole through the ice, then by covering the hoops with deer skins one can watch the habits of the fish as they respond to the "jigger," we crossed the river and started on the seven mile long walk. Soon the sun went down and a million glittering stars replaced it, throwing light even into the gloomy aisles of the forest. The further we went the more hungry we became. Fritz recalled all the dishes he was fond of and guessed the man must have venison at least, and perhaps a bit of bear steak. At last we crowned the summit of the hill and saw the light gleaming in the tiny cabin in the clearing. All about the tall black pines stood. Fritz started to run down the trail in his hungry eagerness and I followed him hotfoot. When we got on the flat we were assailed by a smell unlike anything we had ever smelled on this wide continent before. "Phew," said the lad. With finger on lip I stopped him, and like spies rather than welcome guests, we approached the log house. The smell was worse the nearer we got. First I detected the fresh odour of the musk from some entrails near the chopping block, then a full whiff of toasting rat, with the castors unremoved, came out of the wide fireplace. It was suffocating in its intensity and the lad and I started to carefully walk backwards away from that waiting table and up the hill we crept, and through the dark forest, and across the windswept lonely river, to the clean smelling little shack by its side.

Poor trapper, we never saw his log house again. He had a habit, a rather lazy one you will admit, of not chopping the stick to suit the stove, if it was too long as was usually the case he put the end on a bench and with the stove door open, let it burn. One stick burned only too well, for it burned off at the stove, fell off the bench, set fire to the floor, and burned the cabin down, so the risk of eating muskrat, with the castors left in, was removed from us.

That larger amphibious rodent, the beaver, is a native of all our British Columbia streams. The Indians had a few decimated when we came; the white man has decimated many more. The dams that these swift workers will build on one of these snow fed streams is almost beyond belief. As in the picture of the Skeena beaver dam, you will often see the tops of the branches of the dam waving on the surface of the high water in the spring and summer flood time. It is most remarkable to see the "cuttings" where the big flat tailed water mason has cut soft wood trees, cotton wood, or a species of beech, willows, or any handy tree for the dam. Also the food woods are most wonderfully cut. The amount of reason the beast must use so that the brush falls into the stream to be used in the dam and the food sticks lie in the shallow water, or right on the river's bank, so that it may cut them in convenient lengths and push them off into deep water in the pool above the dam for its winter consumption. Then the way it keeps winter exits open is very wonderful. It tears out all vegetation each fall that might obstruct its winter path. Alas, it is easily scared out of its house and speared by the Souat Salish on the dam. They are protected now in British Columbia, but in some places they have increased so as to become a nuisance. They impede canoe travel, flood low lying lands above their dams and do all their hydraulicing just as if not an Anglo-Saxon was in the land.

Beaver at work.

Feeding muskrats.

Numerous expedients have been tried by cultus trappers to take the fur and store it and ship it across the line. Usually a neighbor's spite gives away the cache and even though the warden does not get the culprit, he does get the pelt. With the exception of the tail, which is paddle shaped, whereas the muskrat's is rather dagger shaped, this big, fat, well furred beast closely resembles the latter in its habits. It, too, is fond of the sweet flag roots, the luscious wild potato, all the buds of the deciduous trees, some of the grasses; unlike it, it chews barks most greedily. I have never seen the muskrat do this, save where a tunnel ran through the snow past soft maple roots, then I have seen where the big incisors of the rat have peeled and chewed the bark off.

On U. S. shores I came across one little drama of the woods some time ago. We had set our camp where we might study some shore birds. A fresh water river flowed into the sea near by. Adown it paddled a white trapper. His far from snowy canvas soon loomed up beside ours. The rude camp fireplace of surf rounded stones was speedily built, then he went and gathered a whole bag full

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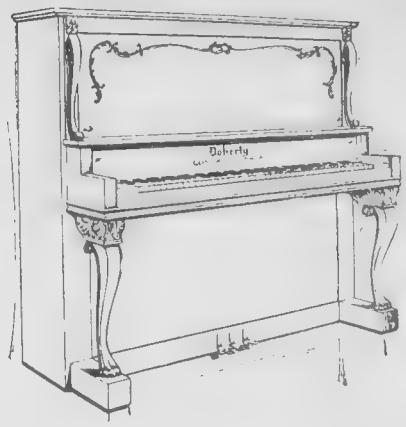

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of nettles. The fibres of these hand-stinging plants are used by the natives in their work, so I naturally supposed he was likewise deftly gifted. He wore gloves to gather the plant. He took the bag full into the tent and emerged with two bags, both having the leaves protruding from rents in the sides as well as showing at the open tops. Soon we were joined from seaward by a game warden and his native canoeman. They took a bid from the white trapper to "eat a bite with him" and, after he had prepared the meal I saw him build a pile of the two bags of nettles, cover it with a bear skin and invite the game warden to sit down and rest against it while he ate. All through the meal, for we had put our food with theirs, Fritz laughed and chuckled to himself and it was only when I remembered it some days later and asked him the cause that he told me.

"Why that trapper had two half bags of beaver skins, with nettles on the top and the game warden was resting on the stolen pelts."

Reciprocity between Canada and United States.

By J. R. Long.

The Western Canadians, particularly, hope for the adoption of a reciprocity treaty between the two countries, United States and ours. They realize the magnificent opportunity at present open to develop and foster a trade policy that will mean prosperity beyond the most sanguine expectations or hopes of the economies in political science.

Too long have the producers of wealth, through the medium of the soil, the mine, the forest, the factory, and fisheries, subjected themselves to the pernicious and greedy grasping of the advocates and benefactors of high protection.

The day has dawned when the new era of minimum tariff must be considered and eventually accepted and adopted as the policy that will upbuild and advance our trade, commerce and civilization. I mean the trade, commerce and civilization of the nations of the world. We build telegraphs, telephones and railway lines, and we applaud the extension, and the achievements in speed, in steamship lines, and other means of inter-communication with the nations of the world, to extend trade relations. In these systems we recognize a powerful instrument in destroying or reducing distances to the profit of the exchanges for city to city, and from people to people. Now, why offset, or why impose on ourselves sacrifices to increase these avenues for trade development, and on the other maintain high tariffs to interrupt them? Is it reasonable? Must we not, in wisdom, cease the construction of the agents of civilization, telegraphs, railways, and steamships, or must we not reduce our tariffs?

The abolition of high tariffs would enable every nation to trade freely with the other—and by that freedom of trade would not the commerce of the world be enormously increased?

Would not their commercial interests multiply, and by reason of that multiplicity in commerce, would not the social knowledge and intercourse become so intimate that many of the abuses, animosities and interuptions that have almost daily confronted us be reduced, so that peace on earth and good will to men would be the force that would settle international difficulties and enable all men to reap their honest reward?

If commerce is the handmaid of civilization, why then should nations build barriers against it?

The United States and Canada have too many interests at common to longer maintain the barriers that prohibit us trading freely with each other.

I grant that strong protests will go forth from Canadian manufacturers, who urge a policy of taxation that fa-

vors their interests—but our statesmen have other interests to consider—and those interests are now of such vast proportions that any political party that refuses to observe the demands of those interests will not hold power against them.

The Canadian people now demand a system of tariffs that will tax everybody equally. We have seen class interests wax wealthy by an injudicious system of high tariffs—we now demand such tariffs as are necessary to pay for good government—and that only.

To pay, by reason of high tariffs, twenty to forty dollars above the price that a low tariff would insure for a binder is an evil and a legalized robber. United States manufacturers sell binders in their own country twenty to forty dollars less than they are sold here. Canadian manufacturers charge the Canadian farmer the same figure the United States manufacturer charges plus the duty. Now, to say that the Canadian manufacturer cannot meet American competition with reduced tariffs is to misrepresent a truth, for the Canadian binder is sold in European countries for less money than the Canadian farmer pays.

Another farce that we demand removed is special tariffs for unfinished products from other countries. In many cases these come into Canada, requiring a few cents worth of labour only to "finish" and assemble, and the maker of the goods is enriched, the same as the Canadian manufacturer, to the amount of the duty on the finished product—but what about the farmer and the other producers of wealth?

Let them look over the tariff lists of Canada and consider for a moment the amount they are assessed for everything they eat, wear and use in their daily pursuits. Whether he be a farmer, a mechanic, a salesman, builder, or merchant, he will find that there are no special tariffs or favored provisions there for him.

Therefore, in order that all men may be equal and all may share in the fruits of their toil, that a great impetus be given our development, through trade, commerce, enlightenment, social intercourses and every other avenue that hath behind it the advancement of peace on earth, good will to men, let us have a reciprocity treaty, at least between the two countries that for three thousand miles touch each other, and whose interests and aspirations are such as will make both nations greater and grander by reason of the adoption of the new policy.

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Being an excerpt from an article by Mr. Hugh Chalmers, President of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Car Co., a concern that has just declared a dividend of 30 per cent. in cash and 1,000 per cent. in stock.

Queen Alexandra of England as a Housekeeper.

By Addie Farrar

Someway or other one never thinks of a queen as a housekeeper, or as having any responsibility in regard to a house; perhaps, because the distance between ermine robes and gingham for women aprons seems so great, yet, there are few women in the world who really have greater responsibitities in the care of their homes than does the queen of England with her several palaces, and probably there is no other queen in the world who is as capable for this work, as is Queen Alexandra.

The mother of the queen was a noted housewife nerself, and brought her little girl up in the rambling old palace at Copenhagen, Denmark, where she was born in the simplest sort of a way. She was taught to cook, to make delicious cheese and butter, to care for the china and glass, to serve the dinner, to make out menus for state affairs as well as for the home dinners and to care for the rooms. In fact, she worked like a young girl of any middle class family in the land. Later on she was taught to make her own gowns, to trim her own hats and to spin and to make the fine embroidery and tapestry work peculiar to the Danish people.

As a seamstress the queen became very clever, and it is a curious fact that even now she often puts the finishing touches on her gowns and hats. The late queen Victoria depended upon her taste and never decided upon a gown or hat until she approved it, and many of the late queen's bonnets owed their exquisite little touches to the present queen's clever fingers.

When King Edward, then prince of Wales, fell in love with the queen and demanded her in marriage she was only a young girl of sixteen, simple and unaffected, but unafraid. She came from her unpretentious Copenhagen home to England to take up the duties as the wife of the Prince of Wales and future King of England, a life of responsibility which became more arduous after the death of queen Victoria. The queen's characteristics are intensely feminine—the love of home, of the needle, of her children, and the homely duties which make up every good woman's life.

There are four households of which Queen Alexandra has charge—Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Sandringham and the floating home, the Victoria and Alberta. In Windsor Castle there are several hundred apartments, with all of which the queen has familiarized herself. There is, of course, an army of servants in this great castle, and although, she as queen, does not come in contact with more than fifteen or sixteen of them they act under her orders. With these sixteen head servants she holds periodical consultations as to the needs of the castle, and she has the chef and the housekeeper come to her every day she is there for daily instructions. She has a favorite chef, M. Gaston Nournier, by name, who she takes with her when she moves from one of her homes to another.

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Of all her homes the queen really enjoys Windsor Castle the least, for here life is always most formal, many state dinners are given and the housekeeping responsibilities are great for though the queen takes no active part in the work she must direct and oversee, besides attending to the social part. For herself she avoids the great dining rooms, except on state dinners, and has the meals for the family and few friends served in a small breakfast room of the castle.

The palace at Buckingham is conducted on much the same plan as is the Windsor Castle home—the only difference being that it is neither as large or as attractive as the latter. The queen's private apartments here are an index to her character. The rooms are bright and many and are filled with growing things, with flowering plants and dwarf rose bushes for the queen does not care for cut flowers. She has birds all about —not in cakes—but flying about in an aviary connected with the rooms. Doves cararies, bullfinches, and cockatoos, play at hide and seek and make the room seem like a veritable woodland. Then, too, there are dogs in every room, the queen's greatest pet being a small Japanese spaniel. All of the massive furniture one sees in the other parts of this palace are wanting here, for the queen has had it removed for a lighter, dainter sort that suits her feminine taste more. Mementoes of her husband, parents, and children, are everywhere and in one corner of her bouduir is a great rag doll, the one used by the dead Duke of Clarence when he was a baby and later by his brother and sisters. There is a cabinet with her children's first copy books, their baby shoes, toys, etc., and it is a peculiarity of the queen's that wherever she goes many of her treasures go also. Her toilet silver her particular china, her best loved bric a brac, favorite books, canaries, sketch books, etc., all must be boxed and sent along when she goes from one home to another, particularly in her changes from Buckingham to Sandringham where she passes most of her time.

While the formal entertainments at Buckingham must needs take much of the queen's time, yet as the parties here are smaller and in a degree less formal than the affairs given at Windsor Castle, the housekeeping is somewhat easier and the queen has more time for her private affairs.

It is at Sandringham, however, the fine Yorkshire estate of the King, that the queen really passes her happiest days and becomes a real housewife. The place is really unpretentious, more like the estate of an English gentleman than a king's home and here the tedium of royalty is relaxed and she lives the simple, homely life of her early childhood. The place is a red brick building faced with white and painted in Elizabethian style, and not only is it on the sea, a thing the queen delights in but the surrounding houses with their red tiled roofs are suggestive of Denmark and the queen is a loyal Dane.

The queen is really the monarch at Sandringham, and she never allows the cares of state to bother her there. She has planned every inch of the ten-acre flower garden and has herself planted many of the plants and woe to the gardener who dares disturb one of her posies. This home is the only place the queen really works with her hands, and she cooks and churns and makes butter and cheese and sews and quite disports herself like a housekeeper at play, so great is her joy in the work.

A little way from the palace is a building that looks like a Swiss chalet —this is the queen's model dairy, her particular hobby. This dairy is fitted up with solid silver pans, lined with pale pink porcelain and the churns are of marble with silver trimmings. It was in this place that her children were taught, like herself, to cook and churn and always when at Sandringham the queen goes to her dairy and turns out delicious little tea cakes, which she serves later in the tea room in the dairy, she herself making the tea, and serving at the tea table. The most charming parties she gives are these little teas in her dairy. In this tea room are exquisite souvenirs of her travels and many mementoes of her favorite horses and dogs—now dead.

In the house itself, the queen has followed her own taste and the palace is homelike, cosy, charming and artistic. Every room is designed for family use; she allows no state apartments here, and pictures, bric a brac, souvenirs of the king's hunts, of their travels, of their children, and of her old home fill the house. One room is fitted up entirely with furniture from the Serapis, the vessel which carried the king to India in his trip. As for the room which was occupied by the late Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the king and queen, it has never been touched since his death and nobody has been allowed to occupy it. In fact, no one but the queen is permitted to enter it.

The queen's room, like her apartments in Buckingham, is all bright and beautiful; Japanese dogs sleep on silken cushions, birds hop about in the adjoining aviary, all sort of mementoes fill the room, and flowers are everywhere. Her spinning wheel and handloom are here and evidences of her fad for photography is apparent. Near the house there is ten acres of ground devoted by the queen's command to a kitchen garden, and not only does Sandringham find a supply here of fresh vegetables, but many of the queen's pensioners are made glad too. There is a school for boys and girls maintained near the palace gates by the king and queen, and the queen sees that the kitchen garden provides them with fresh vegatables. The former tennis garden is now a rose garden blooming with ten hundred varieties of roses. There is a croquet ground for the queen likes this game best of all, and plays daily with her granddaughters when they are visiting her.

A not unimportant part considering the queen's love of animals is the kennels for her dogs and the stables where her horses are kept. She likes best of all her horses her brown riding mare "Violet," and Fluffy and Mite, are two horses the queen drives in harness. The traps and harnesses are of tan leather with gilt trimmings, simple and unadorned with insignia. The kennels for her canine pets are of carved oak with brass trimmings. It is the delight of the queen to don a huge white apron and assist the housekeeper to cut the bread for the dogs and then to herself feed her pets.

Once a week, sometimes oftener, the queen and her granddaughters if they are there, or some of her intimates, visit all the pets, the horses, dogs, chickens, doves and birds, and woe to the attendants if the queen discovers the slightest neglect of her pets or their quarters.

It is at Sandringham that the queen is at her best, for here she is more than a queen, she is a sympathizing friend and neighbor, knowing all the people of her neighborhood, and sharing their sorrows and joys, with utter disregard to conventionalities that are supposed to hedge royalty. She may be often seen walking across the park with a maid who follows carrying a basket of flowers, fruit or vegetables, intended for some sick person or poor neighbor if her time permits she will stop and sit with them. Then, again, one may see her along the road or down by the sea with her sketch book or camera and always there is a word of kindly greeting for her humble neighbor folks. If she had her way the queen would prefer to live at Sandringham all the year round, and allow the Princess of Wales to take her place in state functions. As it is she must leave her loved home for her others at intervals, although as she grows older it is noted that the stays at Sandringham are prolonged as much as possible and grow longer each year.

Her fourth home, the floating one, is perhaps the least care of any and takes less of her time, but even then this must be looked after, especially when it is to be fitted out to take a party. Then, the chef and the purser must consult with the queen in regard to supplies, the menus, and the number of expected guests, entertainments, etc. Altogether, the life of the queen as regarding housekeeping is not without the perplexities that fall to the lot of other housekeepers all over the world for even she has at times been so embarrassed over the carelessness of a servant that like humbler women she has been obliged to call them to account, perhaps to dismiss them on the spot.

At the two larger homes, Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace the queen is assisted in her entertainments by her four maids of honor, and by her secretary and friend Miss Knollys. The maids of honor are selected from young women who know several languages, who have ability as musicians or reader or who can converse well. They must be good sportswomen, ride, drive, swim, etc., must be good embroiderers and must be able at a moments notice to take part in any card, games festivities, or sports, the guests may decide on. They must be the queen's right hand in the formal part of her life, assisting on all sides. These maids of honor are usually the daughters of peers and are only on duty a few months or possibly weeks during the year, namely, during the time of the court functions.

The maids of honor are supposed to attend the queen on all her travels, to make purchases for her, to arrange details of her trips, etc, but queen Alexandra with her simplicity will have little of this and it is only on court affairs, drawing room entertainments at Buckingham, and great dinners at Windsor, that she demands their attendance. Miss Knollys, on the other hand keeps with her always, for she is more than maid of honor and secretary, she is the queen's trust, most beloved friend, and on her she relies for sympathy and love, as well as help. After all it isn't so far from ermine to gingham as one might imagine.

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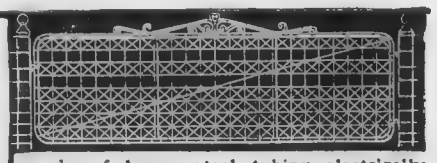

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Adaptations.

Origin of Adaptation.

The strife for place in the crowd of animals makes it necessary for each one to adjust itself to the place it holds. As the individual becomes fitted to its condition, so must the species as a whole. The species is therefore made up of individuals that are fitted or may become fitted for the conditions of life. As the stress of existence becomes more severe, the individuals fit to continue the species are chosen more closely. This choice is the automatic work of the conditions of life, but it is none the less effective in its operations, and in the course of centuries it becomes unerring. When conditions change, the perfection of adaptation in a species may be the cause of its extinction. If the need of a special fitness can not be met immediately, the species will disappear. For example, the native sheep of England have developed a long wool fitted to protect them in a cool, damp climate. Such sheep transferred to Cuba died in a short time, leaving no descendants. The warm fleece, so useful in England, rendered them unfit for survival in the tropics. It is one advantage of man, as compared with other forms of life, that so many of his adaptations are external to his structure, and can be cast aside when necessity arises.

Adaptations for Securing Food.

For the purpose of capture of their prey, some carnivorous animals are provided with strong claws, sharp teeth, hooked beaks, and other structures familiar to us in the lion, tiger, dog, cat, owl and eagle. Insect eating mammals

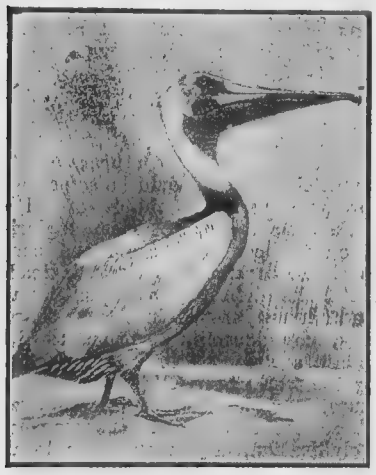

Fig. 55.—The brown pelican, showing gular sac, which it uses in catching and holding fishes that form its food.

have contrivances especially adapted for the catching of insects. The ant-eater, for example, has a curious, long, sticky tongue which it thrusts forth from its cylindrical snout deep into the recesses

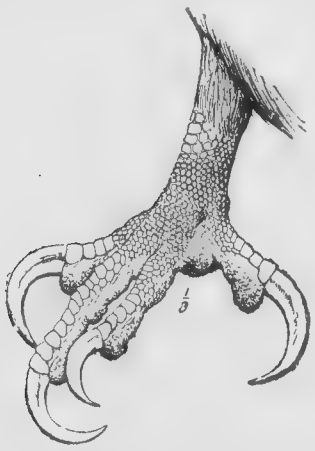

Fig. 56.—Foot of the bald eagle, showing claw for seizing its prey. Chapman.

of the ant-hill, bringing it out with its sticky surface covered with ants. Animals which feed on nuts are fitted with strong teeth or beaks for cracking them. Similar teeth are found in those fishes which feed on crabs, snails or sea-urchins. Those mammals like the horse and cow, that feed on plants, have usually broad chisel-like incisor teeth for cutting off the foliage, and teeth of very similar form are developed in the different groups of plant-eating fishes. Molar teeth are found when it is necessary that the food should be crushed or chewed, and the sharp canine teeth go with a flesh diet. The long neck of

Fig. 59.—Head of mosquito, female, showing the piercing needle-like mouth parts which compose the "bill."

the giraffe enables it to browse on the foliage of trees.

Insects like the leaf-bettles and the grasshoppers, that feed on the foliage of plants, have a pair of jaws, broad but sharply edged, for cutting off bits of leaves and stems. Those which take only liquid food, as the butterflies and sucking-bugs, have their mouth parts modified to form a slender, hollow sucking beak or proboscis, which can be thrust into a flower nectary, or into the green tissue of plants or the flesh of animals, to suck up nectar or plant sap or blood, depending on the special food habits of the insect. The honey-bee has a very complicated equipment of mouth parts fitted for taking either solid food like pollen, or liquid food like the nectar of flowers. The mosquito has a "bill" (Fig. 3) composed of six sharp, slender needles for piercing and lacerating the flesh, and a long tubular under lip through which the blood can flow into the mouth. Some predaceous insects, as the praying-horse have their fore legs developed into formidable grasping organs for seizing and holding their prey.

Adaptation for Self-Defense.

For self-protection, carnivorous animals use the same weapons to defend themselves which serve to secure their prey; but these as well as other ani-

Fig. 63.—Centiped. The foremost pair of legs is modified to be a pair of seizing and stinging organs. An adaptation for self-defence and for for securing food.

mals may protect themselves in other fashions. Most of the hoofed animals are provided with horns, structures useless in procuring food but often of great effectiveness as weapons of defense. To the category of structures useful for self-defense belong the many peculiarities of coloration known as "recognition marks." These are marks, not otherwise useful, which are supposed to enable members of any one species to recognize their own kind among the mass of animal life. To this category belongs the black tip of the weasel's tail, which remains the same whatever the changes in the outer fur. Another example is seen in the white outer feathers of the tail of the meadow-lark as well as in certain sparrows and warblers. The white on the skunk's back and tail serves the same purpose and also as a warning. It is to the skunk's advantage not to be hidden, for to be seen in the crowd of animals is to be avoided by them. The song birds and the calls of various creatures serve also as recognition marks. Each species knows and heeds its own characteristic song or cry, and it is a source of mutual protection. The fur-seal pup knows its mother's call, even though ten thousand other mothers are calling on the rookery.

The ways in which animals make themselves disagreeable or dangerous to their captors are almost as varied as the animals themselves. Besides the teeth, claws, and horns or ordinary attack and defence, we find among the mammals many special structures or contrivances which serve for defense through making their possession unpleasant. The scent glands of the skunk and its relatives are noticed above. The porcupine has the bristles in its fur specialized as quills, barbed and detachable. These quills fill the mouth of an attacking fox or wolf, and serve well the purpose of defense. The hedghog of Europe, an animal of different nature, being related rather to the mole than to the squirrel, has a similar armature of quills. The armadillo of the tropics has movable shields, and when it withdraws its head (which is also defended by a bony shield) it is as well protected as a turtle.

Special organs for defense of this nature are rare among birds, but numerous among reptiles. The turtles are all protected by bony shields, and some of them, the box-turtles, may close their shields almost hermetically. The snakes broaden their heads, swell their necks, or show their forked tongues to frighten their enemies. Some of them are further armed with fangs connected with a venom gland, so that to most animals their bite is deadly. Besides its fangs the rattlesnake has a rattle on the tail made up of a succession of bony clappers, modified vertebrae, and scales, by which intruders are warned of their presence. This sharp and insistent buzz is a warning to animals of other species and a recognition signal to those of its own kind.

Fig. 64.—Flying fishes. The upper-one a species of *Gypselurus*, the lower of *Exocoetus*. These fishes escape from their enemies by leaping into the air and sailing or "flying" long distances.

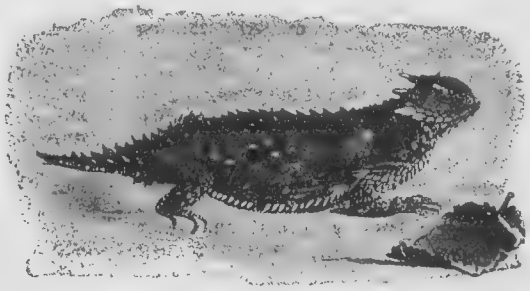

Fig. 65.—The horned toad *Phrynosoma blainville*. The spiny covering repels many enemies.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

WHEAT CROPS OF THE FUTURE.

The Halifax Herald, which is a Conservative paper, compares Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reported prediction of a production of a thousand million bushels wheat crop in this country with Sir Charles Tupper's prediction of a five hundred million bushels crop—a prediction made twenty-five years ago. The Herald, not wholly without reason, suggests that something in the nature of an apology should be forthcoming from the liberal papers which ridiculed Sir Charles Tupper's prediction as a ludicrous exaggeration. The fact is that both predictions will unquestionably be realized in time; but it can hardly be in the immediate future. The present annual production of wheat in the United States stands about midway between the Tupper estimate and the Laurier estimate; and while there is every ground for the utmost optimism in regard to the progress of this country, it is a safe prediction that a good many crops will be sown and harvested and the infants of to-day will be grey-headed before the wheat crop of Western Canada, having passed the seven hundred and fifty millions bushels mark, goes on to climb close to the thousand millions bushels mark.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN LAW PROCEDURE.

Three months of investigation in Great Britain has convinced a committee of eminent United States jurists that their country is decidedly behind Great Britain in criminal procedure. The committee will submit the results of their enquiry in a report to President Taft, the Bar Association of the United States, and the American Institute of Law and Criminology. In general, their conclusions are that the British superiority is due to the absence of the technicalities that clog the workings of justice in the United States. "Although they (the courts in Great Britain) have outward evidences of form, in the way of wigs, sheriffs and the like," says the preliminary report of the committee, "they are really less formal than ours. The most striking differences in the systems are the quick manner in England of selecting jurors and the short time between sentences and the final judgment on appeal. We think one reason for the American conditions is that the prosecuting officers are swayed by public opinion and are forced to take up new things, while the old ones are pigeon-holed." A new trial is granted in the United States on technicalities of form; there must be more substantial ground for the granting of a new trial in Great Britain. On the basis of the recommendations to be made by these investigators a movement is to be inaugurated in the United States for the reform of criminal procedure. It is one of the strongest reasons for satisfaction with the institutions of our country that our Canadian administration of justice is sure and without delay. In no land under the sun are life and property and the rights of the individual more secure, or is justice enforced more surely.

KING GEORGE'S INCOME TAX.

The question whether King George shall pay income tax is being discussed in the British press, and will probably come up in the House of Commons when it assembles again in November. Income taxation in Great Britain dated back to 1798, when Pitt first levied such taxation in order to meet the expenses of the French war. At the conclusion of the peace of 1801 that first income tax was done away with, to be reimposed, however, in 1803 and continued since, with the exception of the twenty-six years succeeding the battle of Waterloo, namely, from 1816 to 1842. The tax applies to all incomes greater than $750 a year, and is graduated according to the size of the income. When, in Queen Victoria's reign, the income of the royal family was readjusted, Parliament increased considerably the yearly grant to the Queen's privy purse, in consideration of taking over some Crown properties from which the sovereign had drawn the revenues. This increased grant was supposed to cover household expenses, and the Queen never made any question about paying her income tax. When King Edward came to the throne, there were some further readjustments made in the privy purse allowance, but the King went on paying the income tax, as Queen Victoria had done. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, considers that King George should be relieved of the income tax payment, because of the increased expenses of royalty, which are much greater than they were in Queen Victoria's time, and because, in Mr. George's view, the appropriation made by Parliament for the sovereign should not be considered as a salary but as an allowance made towards keeping up the dignity of the Crown, and, further, because for the British people to exact payment of the income tax by the sovereign is like giving with one hand and taking away with the other. The argument urged on the other hand is, that while the sovereign should be generously provided for, it is desirable that the allowance made should be regarded as a salary and that the principle involved is one of sufficient importance to justify the continuance by the British people of giving with one hand and taking away with the other.

THE NEED OF CONSERVATION WORK.

In his address to the convention of the Western Canada Irrigation Association at Kamloops a couple of weeks ago, the various fields of work which clamor for the attention of the Conservation Commission were sketched out strikingly by the energetic secretary of that body, Mr. James White. The oysters, the lobsters, the whitefish and the sockeye salmon of this fair Dominion he pictured as calling in pathetically dwindling figures for conservation and replenishment. Concerning timber Mr. White was particularly alarming. The pine of the Ontario reserves would at the present rate of cutting be exterminated in ten or twelve years. The assumption that high-grade timber extended into the far north had been exploded. The losses by forest fires were enormous and irrevocable, and better patrolling of railway lines and more effective prevention of the scattering of sparks from locomotives were absolute necessities. Land fertilization and crop rotation also came in for attention. Nor did Mr. White fail to lay stress upon the loss of lives from tuberculosis. It is a very good thing for the Canadian people to hear this sort of talk from men who know what they are talking about, and it would be greatly to the public advantage to have Mr. White and other competent apostles of conservation make an educational tour of the Dominion. This is a matter in regard to which governments are not apt to get very much in advance of the feeling of the country.

A GRAND OLD MAN.

Lord Strathcona, whose ninetieth birthday was one of the most notable events of the past month, is the foremost of the famous young-old men of the Anglo-Saxon world. His vitality is wonderful. Physically, he carries lightly the burden of his great age; and mentally, his powers are undimmed. His mind is as clear and active as ever. On the day that marked his arrival at the four-score and tenth milestone on his life's journey he was at his office in London as usual, attending to his duties as Canada's High Commissioner. The best wishes of the Canadian people go out to him for his continued health and activity.

GUARDING MEN IN HIGH AUTHORITY.

In connection with the decision that hereafter the Mayor of New York will go about with an armed guard, it is recalled that Mr. Roosevelt, upon his sudden elevation from the Vice-Presidency, as the result of the assassination of President McKinley, objected vigorously to the military guard which had been detailed to attend him and said he would not consent of being guarded like an Eastern potentate; and when the captain of the guard protested that he had to obey orders, Mr. Roosevelt, reminding him that the President was by virtue of his office commander-in-chief of the United States army, ordered him to return with his command to the local military headquarters and there await further orders. Lincoln was threatened many times before he was shot, and his friends were for surrounding him with soldiers and detectives; but he said that to go about in such a fashion would be almost as bad as to be in jail under sentence of death, and he would rather live a free man while he was permitted to live at all. Of course, it is represented to men in these lofty positions that to guard their lives is to guard the public interest which is wrapped up in those lives, and that it is their duty to the public to accept protection. Yet the British system answers these arguments and solves this question. The King, and the Prime Minister, move about like ordinary private citizens. The way to guard a man in a high and responsible post is not to encase him in armor or surround him with armed protectors, but to so adapt the governmental system to the genius of the people, and so improve public morals, that the rights of every man, including the man at the head, shall be regarded as sacred. The opposite plan is seen in Russia, where undressed grievances and badly administered laws arouse discontent, while the system is such as to give every man to understand that all things in the State, good or bad, are simply as the Czar wills. No matter how many Czars are kept in splendid imprisonment until they die in the course of nature, the guarding of the ruler will never be anything else than a makeshift of incompetent or vicious government. Men fit to be Czars, or Mayors, or Kings, or Prime Ministers, are ready to face the perils of the job; if such a man falls under the shot of a thug or a homicidal lunatic, he meets a fate to which any man is subject. If he be assassinated by one whose act is in any sense the effect of a wrong government system, that which the public interest calls for is not that his successor shall be locked up in steel or surrounded by armed guards, but that the governmental system shall be reformed and the people trained to righteous thinking.

AS TO HANDSHAKING.

According to an item in the newspapers, a movement has been started in Paris to abolish the shaking of hands. A more sensible movement, according to our view of the matter, would be one for the abolition of the custom in continental Europe of men kissing each other when they meet. In this country and the United States, and throughout the entire English-speaking world, the hand-shake is too closely associated with friendship to be abandoned. At the same time there are certain abuses of the hand-shake, a movement for the abolition of which would be warmly approved of by all sane people. There is, for example, the cold, fishy proffer of a hand which feels like a buckskin glove filled with water; and, at the opposite extreme, there is the strenuously over-genial grasp and squeeze which treats your hand as if it were a strength-test machine. Between these two extremes there are many objectionable forms of hand-shaking, which could be abolished and the handshaking, in regard to which it is to be said that the world would be the better for their abolition.

TALK OF PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

There are several proposed peace celebrations under discussion in the world. One is that of the hundredth year of peace between the British Empire and the United States in 1914. Another proposal is that there shall be a celebration of the thousand years of peace between the British and the Teutonic peoples. Since the beginning of the middle ages Britons and Germans have never met in a national battle. If good sense reigns in both Empires, no cause for war between them will be found for generations to come, for though they are both strong, aggressive and dominating, they represent in the main the same ideals of civilization, and the world is large enough for them both. In connection with peace celebrations, it is desirable that there should be some means devised of impressing upon the minds of all the world's peoples that peace does not mean inglorious inactivity, but, on the contrary, force and energy devoted strenuously to constructive work, instead of to destruction. All the highest human qualities that war calls into action are needed in peace—courage, patriotism, unity, comradeship, devotion to duty, self-sacrifice. They are needed in carrying on the work of making the world better. In war they are, in a huge measure, wasted. Men who, if they were working together, could advance the cause of humanity and civilization, slay each other in war. Milton's words, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," carry a weight of meaning. What war means in mangled human bodies, in the sorrows and deprivations of widows and orphans, in ravage and destruction, in vast burdens of debt carried by generation after generation—money that could be put to use for the world's betterment, if it had not to be paid as the price of war—should be impressed upon the minds of the rising generation. History shows that it is the easiest thing in the world for a country to be dragged into war—too often the country needs no dragging, but is off at a wild gallop, at the first call of the drum; but it is the hardest thing for a war to be brought to an end until one, and often both, of the contending countries have been bled disastrously in men and money.

MOVING LESSONS IN CRIME.

The controversy over the prize-fight pictures will have resulted in great good, if it leads to action against improper moving pictures shown in general. Moving pictures depicting pocket-picking, burglary, murderous assault and other crimes and acts of violence are unquestionably sources of evil. Man is an imitative being, and in his younger years and lower stages of development his imitative proclivities are the greater. When some piece of mischievousness or lawlessness is portrayed before the eyes of impressible children, the temptation to try the same tricks themselves is strong. When some more serious vice or crimes is thus depicted to persons of perverted or criminal inclinations, its suggestion is likely to be followed. Truly, it is not a creditable thing to our civilization that in this enlightened era an enormous business should be developed in the artificial enactment of all sorts of victims and criminal practices for purpose of reproducing them in public exhibitions.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

JUST ONE RAY.

"The glory of the day is the sun. The glory of the night is the starry heavens. The glory of a cathedral is its light-giving dome. The glory of a room is its window opening outward toward God and nature. The glory of life is in one life-giving ray of light. Look for one ray of light, oh downcast soul and—"Follow The Gleam" what a beautiful paragraph is this from my morning paper:—

"In one of Byron's poems, "The Prisoner of Chillon," a pathetic story is told of a man immured in a dungeon, who, on the death of his sole companion, was left disconsolate beyond all words. At length, however, he saw that the stones of his dungeon had parted at a certain place and left a rift in the wall. He climbed upward wearily dragging his chain after him, and looked through. Oh, joy unspeakable! He saw again the green fields and the blue sky. And as he clung there, gazing through his tears, a bird began to sing beneath the wall.

A love bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all to me."

DIE LIKE A MAN.

Actors who can't act without a sip of wine; editors who can't write without a glass of beer; students who can't study without the assistance of an old pipe and preachers who can't preach without a concoction of strong tea or coffee—are all a poor set. The foregoing cogitation has been suggested by the following paragraph:

"A man came to Sir Andrew Clark complaining of depression, inability to do his work, and that he was tempted to rely on stimulants. Sir Andrew saw the perilous state and forbade resort to stimulants, and when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and would sink, he replied, "Then sink like a man."

YOUR EXAMPLE.

You are being watched. There is no hour of the day when somebody is not looking at you. Looking to analyze. Looking to criticise. Looking to learn. Looking to profit. Looking it may be to sneer, to laugh and to jeer. Your example is the most powerful expression of your personality. Men are prone to imitate. Great generals have been quick to recognize this fact:—The book which I am reading provides me with a suggestive illustration of the power of a living example:—

"The night before Jena an artillery column got stuck fast in a ravine. 'Napoleon,' we read, 'assembling the weary gunners, provided them with tools fetched from the park in the rear. Himself holding a lantern, he urged on the work. Tired as they were, the men labored under the eyes of the Emperor without a murmur, and at last the obstacle was removed, and the long column began to move slowly on.'"

STRENGTH.

Strength is a hidden quality. It is always found on the inside. Because it is an inward possession no enemy can reach it. So long as you are true at the heart you need have no fear of an ungodly newspaper or of an unrighteous gossip. National life and individual life pivot on the hidden qualities of heart and soul. Listen to the words of Abraham Lincoln:

"At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasures of earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio river or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point then, is this approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us it must spring up among us. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time or die by suicide."

WORK AND CHARACTER.

Work is the best expression of character. In the last analysis, the contractor is known by the house which he builds, the minister is known by the sermon which he preaches, the merchant is known by the goods which he delivers, the mother is known by the children whom she sends forth into the world and the statesman is known by the progressive legislation which he writes upon the page of history. The London Chronicle illustrates the supremacy of work and achievement over unfavoring circumstances in the following:—

"Bjornson, the poet, was once asked on what occasion he got the greatest pleasure from his fame as a poet. His answer was: 'It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiana and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again, they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing, 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They could do nothing else! They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked.'"

DON'T PLAY WITH IT.

Religion is the finest thing in the world—don't play with it. Formalism, can't and hypocrisy can't exist because men play with and play at religion. Be a downright, upright and outright Christian, or make no profession of religion at all. Dr. J. H. Jowett was driving at this point when he used the following illustration concerning Henry Drummond:

"For four years during my university course, it was my privilege to listen to Henry Drummond every Sunday night; sixteen hundred students each Sabbath evening crowded into the church to hear him, and I can still remember how, at the close of nearly every address, he would close his Bible, stand straight with his arms on his hips, search us with those eagle eyes, and say: 'Men, do you mean business? Is your religion to be a business or a toy? If you are going to play with it. I pray you, drop it. If you mean business, put out your hand and grasp God's, and then mean business all your life.' Young men, I ask you on this, your Commencement day, do you, too, mean business?"

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Popularity is a heart quality. It comes from the heart and it goes to the heart. A heartless man never captured the hearts of men. Popularity is the crown of humanity's sincere and heart-felt approval. The man who is tender, sincere, sympathetic and genuine possesses the foundation upon which he can build a lasting popularity. Hypocrites sometimes weep, but the world knows the quality of such tears. The popular man is the man who follows his heart in all the transactions of life; he ever leans toward charity and is quick to confess a fault of his own. An editorial in one of our religious exchanges reads as follows:—

"The quick recognition that one has been guilty of a mistake or a fault is a characteristic of a noble spirit. That most unconventional, most impetuous, and most beloved of Scotch professors, John Stuart Blackie, once curtly called to order a student because he was reading with his book in his left hand, and bade him to hold it in the other. The youth colored, but made no change. The annoyed professor then reprimanded him sharply, whereupon the class hissed, and the student held up the stump which was all that remained of his right arm. Blackie instantly stepped down from his desk, took the lad in his arms, and begged his pardon, and turning to the rest of the class said, "I am glad that I have gentlemen to teach," then went back to his desk while the boys cheered him. No wonder that his students and everybody else loved him."

GENERAL BULLER.

There are two kinds of opportunities, namely, the opportunities which we long for and for which we seek, and the opportunities which seek us and present themselves to us, saying:—"Here I am, use me!" The opportunity which you seek, you may never find but the man who is ready for the opportunity which is looking for him is the man who enters into history as the successful man. It was just here that General Buller failed, to quote an English divine:—

"General Buller's Kadesh-barnea came when he was given command of the British forces in South Africa; he had the opportunity then to be the greatest general in the world's history, certainly in the British history; but he was unequal to the occasion, and when the news was flashed abroad that he had been superceded by Roberts and Kitchener I remember that our minds fairly appalled at the magnitude of the prize he had striven for and lost."

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

I pray after a fashion of my own. I own no prayer book and I have no "closet," and I seldom kneel but I pray. I believe in prayer. I pray because I am in the dark. I pray because the way of each day is new to me. I pray because I never know what I may find at the next turn of the road. I pray because I don't know what is going to happen "next." I pray because my next act may involve the greatest decision of my life. For these reasons I try and breathe an atmosphere of prayer. The last reason which I gave is illustrated by the following comment on a sermon by that famous divine Dr. Jowett:

"Mr. Jowett told how, when he was recently travelling in America, through the Yellowstone area, the coach road climbed up a long gradient to a height of 9,000 feet. This range of hills is known as the Great Divide. It stretches north and south like the raised backbone of some gigantic beast. "Two signposts are placed on the top of the ridge, pointing in opposite directions. On the one is written 'To the Pacific,' and on the other 'To the Atlantic.' Near us were two small lakes like millponds; one emptied its waters into the stormy Atlantic, the other found its destiny in the calmer waters of the Pacific."

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

If all men were well we would need no doctors. If all men were strong the school for physical culture would be at a discount. If all men were scholars academies and universities would be a thing of the past. If all men were perfect and sinless we preachers would be "out of a job." I imagine that a perfect world would be a world at a standstill. Your task is your life preserver and your thorn in the flesh is sign of your frailty and the seal of your humanity. A recent writer in an American journal furnishes us with a paragraph well worth a place in the scrap book of your memory:—

"The thorn is a different thing in different individuals. In Byron it was his club foot. In Dante his worship of Beatrice. In Coleridge and DeQuincy it was a great vice. In David it was a great sin. In Peter it was a memory, the memory of a false and disappointing night. In Carlyle it was a poor digestion which affected at times his disposition. In Luther it was mental worries. In Wesley it was domestic trials. Paul bore his trial in man-fashion. Then he took it to the throne of God. He laid it before the supreme court of the world. What was the answer? Listen. The same answer will come to you if you take your trials where Paul took his—'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

VALUE OF CRITICISM.

To a thoughtful man, who is not over sensitive, criticism is invaluable. It affords the wise man an opportunity to revise, reconsider, reconstruct and reproduce. Criticism kills a weak man but affords an opportunity for self-improvement to a strong man. Dr. Van Dyke has said concerning the sweet singer of England:—

"Tennyson's first volume of poems was criticised most unmercifully. It was called 'drivel, and more dismal drivel,' and the critic of the song, 'The Owl,' said: 'Alfred himself is the greatest owl; all he wants is to be shot, stuffed, and stuck in a glass case, to be made immortal in a museum.' Tennyson kept silent for ten years after this. He listened to the criticisms, and used them to good purpose; he revised and improved some of the poems in his first book, his genius unforded, his style developed; he grew larger and deeper in those ten silent years. Then he came out with a volume which placed him in the forefront of the princes of poetry, 'a singer whose music has brightened and blessed thousands of homes wherever the English tongue is spoken, and led the feet of young men and maidens, by some Orphean enchantment, into royal mansions and gardens, full of all things pure and lovely and of good report.'"

THE SUPREME JOY.

The supreme joy in life is to be found in a parent's heart. There is no joy comparable to the joy of a father who has discovered that his faith in his son is well founded and not to be shaken by the tests and trials of the changing circumstances of life. There is no joy which will approach the joy of the mother who has discovered that in the mind and thoughts of her daughter she has found a mirror reflecting the best moods and highest emotions of her own soul. This thought is illustrated by the following experience of an observing pastor:—

"Calling upon one of his parishioners a certain pastor inquired concerning the daughter who was away at college, and the mother said, 'I was just reading a letter from her as you came in; part of it will interest you. And she read a part of it where the daughter was telling her mother of a dance that was to be given by her class; all her friends were going and she wanted to go herself very much indeed, but she knew her mother did not approve of it and for her sake she was going to stay away. 'Well,' remarked the pastor, 'that's very beautiful of her indeed; you must love her very much.' 'Love her!' replied the mother, as a tear came into her eye, 'I wish she was here now, that I might put my arms around her and tell her how much I love her.'"

What the World is Saying.

WESTERN CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

The Premier says the people of the West have reason to be proud. Well, we have a pretty good chest development all right.—Calgary Herald.

CANADA ATTRACTS CHINAMEN.

Canada has attractions for natives of China when six hundred of them in one party pay $72,500 for the privilege of landing, as happened at Victoria, B.C., this week.—Fort William Herald.

NOT A SPIRITUAL ADVANCE.

There was an increase last year in the consumption of spirits amongst Canadians. It was only a slight one, but it can scarcely be said to be a sign of spiritual advance.—Guelph, Ont., Herald.

WHOA, JOHN!

John D. Rockfeller, aged 71, said the other day that he felt like a colt. Cleveland people are requested not to throw newspapers on the street, lest John might shy at one and run away.—Toronto News.

CHEERFUL RAINY RIVER.

The music of the hammer still continues. Building operations are going on at a rate that is simply astonishing. As we predicted in the spring, real estate has advanced all over town. Invest in Rainy River.—Rainy River Gazette.

IT WOULD BE AS REASONABLE.

There is some little talk now of the United States settling up a claim to Hudson's Bay. Why does not Canada's Government get some snap about it and set up a claim for the State of Maine?—Lethbridge Herald.

SIR WILFRID AND THE LITTLE YORKTON MISS.

When Sir Wilfrid undertook to kiss the little lady who gave him a bouquet at Yorkton the child burst into tears and could not be quieted for a considerable time. It is not right that a politician should alarm children in that way.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

TRADE WITH THE ANTIPODES.

The increase in the trade between Canada and Australia is not very large, but it is an increase. The total volume of trade between the two countries last year was in round numbers $4,000,000. The gain over the previous year was about $900,000.—Monetary Times.

RAPID TRANSIT ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

You can go from Toronto to Edmonton now in fifty hours, by taking the Canadian Pacific to Winnipeg and the Grand Trunk Pacific for the remainder of the distance. The advent of a three-day trip from Toronto or Montreal to Victoria is in sight.—Victoria Times.

ON ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

In order that justice should be served that Ontario magistrate near Windsor who imposed on a drunkard who stole his wife's earnings and lived off his children's wages, a "light sentence on account of his family," should be put in the next cell.—Montreal Herald.

GOOD ADVICE FOR ALL.

It was good advice that Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave the American settlers at Yellow Grass: "Take part in the public life of your new homeland." There is no way in which they may be more quickly and more closely knit into the fabric of Canadianism.—Calgary News.

JOINT SUPERVISION OF RAILWAYS.

Joint supervision of railways by the Dominion Railway commission and the American Inter-State Commerce commission is an inevitable development of separate supervision by these two useful boards. Railway systems which extend into both countries cannot be efficiently regulated by two boards each acting independently of the other.—Hamilton Times.

A PREDICTION ABOUT A SOCIALIST.

Jimmy Simpson, of Toronto, the Socialist agitator and politician, being now a member of the Dominion technical educational commission, traveled from Toronto to Ottawa yesterday in a private car. We venture to predict that when James returns from his travels his Socialism will be of a less radical and uncompromising type than it has been.—Brantford Expositor.

STYLES IN EAST AFRICA.

In parts of East Africa the native ladies steal telegraph wire for head-dress, and put empty marmalade jars in their ear-lobes. No doubt they would laugh at the hobble skirts and the big hats of their white sisters.—Ottawa Citizen.

GOING BACK TO BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY.

"Disgusted with the country and coming back to God's country?" queried the American newspaper man to a former American, crossing the line. "Not on your life! I'm coming back to bring over the rest of the folk. Canada is the country for the whole family," was the reply.—Moose Jaw Times.

THE IMPATIENCE OF YOUTH.

In youth two years seem an interminable period. A young man has been arrested in an Ontario city for marrying a maiden under sixteen and stating her age as eighteen. His aged critics and judges will wonder why he could not wait the short intervening time.—Toronto Star.

BROTHERS IN CRIME.

An incident that should furnish the student of criminology subject for study occurred in the Toronto police court last week, when five brothers appeared before the magistrate charged with felonous offences. Three were sentenced to terms in prison and two were remanded.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

THE CONSUMPTION OF CIGARETTES.

Despite restrictive legislation the consumption of cigarettes in Canada has largely increased during the past fiscal year. The moral of this is—no,—on second thoughts there isn't anything moral about the insidious cigarroot. It is the badge of villainy—on the stage, and all the world's a stage.—Brockville Times.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

American settlers were attracted to Canada in the first place by printer's ink. Advertising will tempt a man to try a good thing; but our neighboring contemporaries are mistaken if they think that advertising will tempt the Americans in Canada to leave a good thing and go back.—London Advertiser.

WHY POLITICAL PATRONAGE SURVIVES.

There is no doubt that the patronage system as we have it in this country is a source of weakness and a danger. The fact that it has been tolerated for so long seems to indicate either that the people are not sufficiently concerned about the management of their affairs, or that they are more interested in the success of the party than in the success of popular government.—Woodstock, Ont., Sentinel-Review.

THE PROGRESS OF PRINCE RUPERT.

The Prince Rupert Optimist hazards the opinion that nothing better shows the increase of that city than the growing number of steamships arriving at the port, and adds the following list of twelve steamers for a two-day interval: City of Seattle, Princess Beatrice, Amur, Prince Albert, Camosun, Cottage City, Humboldt, St. Denis, Port Simpson, Hazelton, Princess Royal, and Henriette.—Toronto Globe.

THE GROWTH OF THE POWER OF THE WEST.

The new feature in the situation to-day is the growth of the West. Coupled with the fact that the West is apparently far more inclined toward free trade than the East, the West must continue to grow much faster than the East, and its political ideas must therefore have a continually increasing weight at Ottawa, no matter which party is in power. It seems, therefore, probable that we have come to the end of tariff increases in Canada, and that future revisions must be downward.—Halifax Chronicle.

DRUG HABITS AND CRIMINALITY.

Nearly one-half of the criminals in the United States are addicted to the use of drugs. This is the statement of Dr. Hamilton Wright to the International Opium conference. Opium leads. About 400,000 pounds of the drug are imported annually, of which fully seventy-five per cent. is used illegally. Since 1860 the population of the country has increased 133 per cent. The increase in the amount of opium during the same period has been 351 per cent. About 15,000 ounces of cocaine would supply the legitimate demand for the drug in the United States. Ten times that amount is used. And there is no drug known, perhaps, which so inevitably conduces to crimes of the worst description.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WAS HE CANADA'S OLDEST RESIDENT?

John McCurdy, of Elderslie, who departed this life on Monday, had reached the advanced age of 104 years, and was, therefore, not only the oldest inhabitant of this locality, but one of the oldest in the Dominion of Canada. Deceased was a native of Ireland, having been born within sight of the Giant's Causeway, and was a pioneer settler of the Tp. of Elderslie.—Chesley, Ont., Enterprise.

MONEY IN FARMING.

The fortunate Maryland farmer who turned up an air-tight tomb containing a skeleton and $32,000 in gold coin while plowing will not have to work any more this season. In addition to having a snug bank account the neighbors from all directions are digging all around where the treasure trove was unearthed and his farm will be the best cultivated in the state.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Lord Islington says the next ten years would be the crucial time in the Empire's destiny. Possibly so. But probably there has hardly been a generation in the Empire's centuries of history in which dark problems loomed ahead sufficient to justify, at the time, a similar declaration. For instance, one hundred years ago to-day, how much more critical did the outlook of the ten years then ahead, seem than at present.—Montreal Gazette.

THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO RAILWAY.

Another large section of the Cape to Cairo Railway has been opened to traffic. Before the younger generation of to-day are entirely grey it will be possible to travel from Paris to Capetown by rail. And dipping into the realm of fancy, should that Northern Alaska road ever be built connecting across Behring Straits and through Siberia with the Trans-Siberian Road, a trip from New York to Capetown, by rail entirely, would then be possible. But the progress of the air conquest will probably ensure that this latter road will never be built.—Manchester Guardian.

SUSPENDERS AND GARTERS IN CHINA.

In answer to an inquiry, Consul-General Amos P. Wilder, of Shanghai, reports that there is no demand for suspenders and garters in China, save among foreigners. Suspenders do not interest the native, his trousers being so constructed as to render the use of such articles unnecessary; neither is there any need for garters, as the trousers, when properly adjusted, are tied over the sock at the ankle with a neat band of ribbon or cotton. Occasionally a native is seen with a well-known make of American garters, which are worn outside the trousers as ornaments.—New York Herald.

AN HONEST MAN.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, of England, is one of three expert engineers appointed by the Dominion Government to supervise the planning of the Quebec Bridge at $1,000 per month each. For six months he has found it necessary to be on the Mediterranean, so that he could not watch the bridge. Following the usual course of procedure, the Department of Railways forwarded him six cheques for $1,000 each to cover the period of his absence. Whereupon this Englishman staggered the Department by returning all six cheques—for $6,000 in all. He could not accept pay for the work that he had not done, for the time that he had not been on the job. Such a course of action is unusual on this continent. It is indicative of that high sense of honor and ideal probity which to a very remarkable extent distinguishes men of mark in Great Britain.—Toronto Telegram.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION.

There is a curious blending of history and politics in the cabled announcement that Premier Botha of the new South African Union is likely to have to pass through a fierce election campaign, the first in the new Federal State made up of Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony. Ten years ago the South African war was in full tide. General Botha's army, the last to fight as such, was defeated by General Buller at Bergendal in August, 1900; after that, until the Treaty of Pretoria in May, 1902, the contest was a succession of guerillas. This means that the marvellous change connoted by the pending general election has come about in eight years. It is needless to point out how it has been effected. The granting of full Parliamentary autonomy by Great Britain to South Africa is an act unprecedented even in British history and unparalleled in the history of human civilization. Under no auspices could it ever have occurred except that of the modern British Empire.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

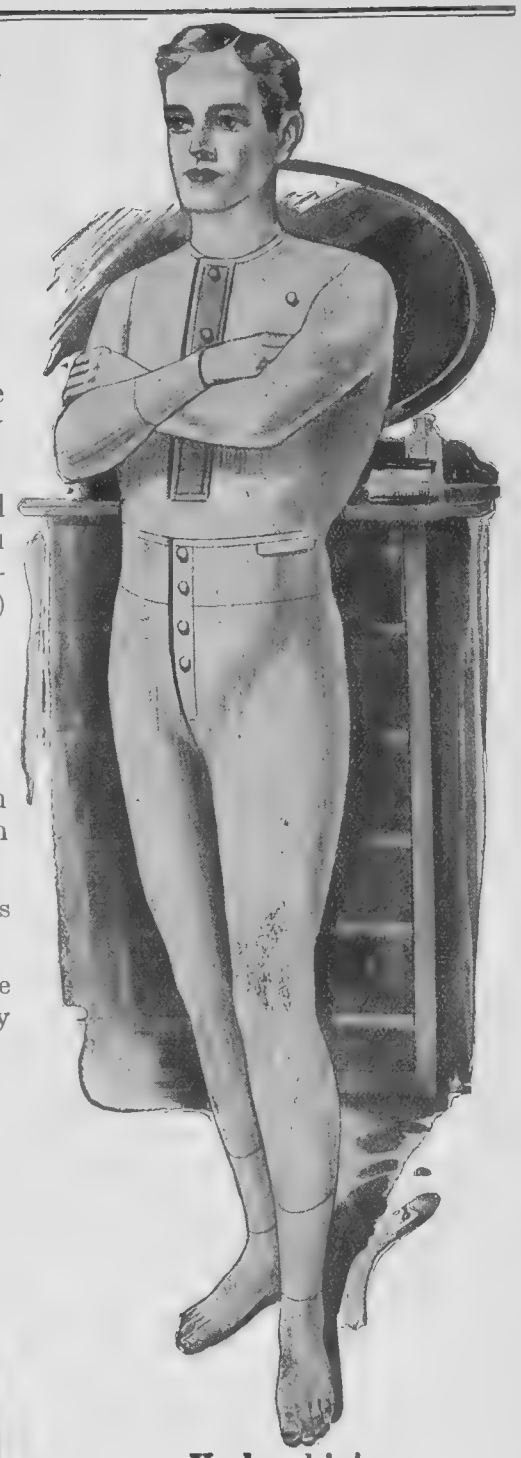
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

WINNIPEG - - CANADA

The "Pure Wool" Underwear Store of Canada

MEN can always depend on what they buy from us in the clothing line, as we consider it far more important to maintain our reputation for supreme quality than to lower our standard even for greatly increased sales.

We carry a complete line of all requirements for men, all splendidly illustrated and described in our new Fall and Winter Catalogue. Write to-day for free copy, if you have not received it. Here, to the right, we illustrate our record value Men's Underwear; $1.00 per garment, $2.00 per suit, shirt and drawers. (See description below cut.)



Three Hudson's Bay Suits

"Renown System" clothes for men receives the unqualified approval of all men because it more fully meets the demand. Our suits shown here are all "Renown System," the most superior offered at moderate prices.

The Materials used in these suits cannot be bettered—the range contains the smartest new fabrics of the season, and the wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

Our Styles, while most conservative, embody the many newtouches that make a man feel he is fashionably dressed—not over-dressed or with the slightest trace of the freakish—but absolutely correct and in perfect taste.

Illustration shows inside Inter-lining

Fit and Styles leaves nothing to be desired as our cutters and workmen are most experienced, capable tailors. A garment to pass the hands of our very strict censorship must indeed first be perfect in every respect.

On this page we show three Hudson Bay lines, made in the same style as illustration to the left.

We have special lines for the young man, the most careful dresser, also for men of all ages in all the walks of life.

Men's Suit, W14—Single breasted three-piece Suit. Made exactly as illustration on this page from a reliable Indigo Dye Navy Blue Clay Worsted. Guaranteed all wool fast color,

W14-Suit is well tailored with perfect fitting, wool serge coat lining, vest and sleeve of coat is lined with sateen finished twill. The lapels and shoulders are hand modelled, hand fitted collars; canvas and haircloth well-shrunken, giving a perfect shape-keeping garment; pants have belt loops, side buckles and five pockets. Sizes 34 to 46. Price per suit. If preferred, double breasted will be supplied **$9.50**

Men's Suit, W16—Single breast three-piece suit. Made exactly as per illustration on this page. This represents splendid value and will give great satisfaction in wear. The material is of Wool English Tweed, with special Vicuna finish. Extra well lined and stayed. Sizes 34 to 46. Price per suit..... **$9.50**

Our $15 Suit Leader

Suit W17—Made exactly as per illustration, in various popular weaves all pure worsteds. Correct weight for fall and winter wear. New smart patterns, fashionable shades of the season in greys, olive, medium and dark browns with fine shadow stripe of silk making smart patterns of conservative style. These stylish "Renown" suits are made lined in body of coat with fine mohair and in sleeves with English sateen of silk finish, splendid wearing qualities. The interior interlinings consist of all wool felt, pure French Hair Cloth, and imported Scotch Canvas. "The finish," style and appearance of these garments are unsurpassed. The tailoring is of the highest possible grade and entirely in keeping with the quality of these suits. Only the most skilled cutters are employed. Sizes 34 to 44. Price... **$15.00**

Overcoat W10 **$9.65**

Undershirts

W14010. Undershirts. Made of high grade one and one ribbed pure scoured wool, which gives garment, although heavy and warm, a soft and smooth finish. The undershirt is double breasted, Beinge trimmed and buttoned with pearl buttons. Full fashioned style and with ribbed cuffs. Elastic and perfect fitting. Unequalled lines for splendid wear. This is one of Stanfield's great specials and is a most reliable garment. Guaranteed unshrinkable. Sizes 34 to 44. Price per garment..... **$1.00**

Underdrawers

W14010A. Underdrawers to Match Above Undershirt (W14010). The drawers are made perfect fitting, soft flannel waist band, buttoned with pearl buttons, ribbed ankles. Sizes 32 to 42. Price per garment **$1.00**

Note—Drawers are usually worn one size smaller than undershirt except when corpulent.

Men's Overcoats

"Renown System" Clothing has gained a name for itself in the good opinion of the man who dresses carefully and with an eye to good wear, quality, value and smart appearance in the very latest styles. Our Overcoats are distinctively new, but toned with conservative good taste. To be properly and carefully dressed, it is only necessary to wear the fashionably cut "Renown System" Overcoat.

W10. Fall Weight Overcoat, Lined Throughout with Pure Black Silk. The enormous business which we have done already with this special overcoat is conclusive evidence that we give, without doubt, the best value in Canada. Not a cheap coat, but a good coat for little money and with each coat goes our binding guarantee of perfect satisfaction or money back.

Our W10 High Grade Coat is made from fine all wool imported black vicuna cloth. This coat is cut on the popular New York 1910 and Chesterfield style—has broad shoulders, giving a fine athletic appearance, snug fitting collar with good shape lapels, silk faced, 42 inches long, lined throughout with pure black silk serge. It has no rival in the world for the man that wants a smart, dressy coat of good quality. Interlinings of splendid quality, will not sag. Worth $15. Special price **$9.65**

DO NOT HESITATE TO ORDER A GARMENT BY MAIL. We guarantee that the outcome will be perfectly satisfactory to you. The latest correct style, the smartest new fabrics noted for wear, as perfect a fit as it is possible to obtain. We guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction both as to style, quality, wear and perfect fit, and if for any reason garment when received does not meet with your approval we will exchange free, paying all necessary transportation charges. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG

Through "Glorious Kootenay" B.C.

By C. W. Esmond, B.S.A., Vancouver, B. C.,

Though a citizen of British Columbia, I had been a stranger to the Kootenay—had heard much, but had never seen it. You may have noted that Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in his address at the last annual meeting, said: "Few parts of the northern world will give so generous a response to the labour applied to the land as British Columbia." I shall not attempt to discuss his observation, but shall merely tell what I saw, and you may judge of the application of this statement to the Kootenay.

You go into the Kootenay either from Revelstoke on the C.P.R. main line at the north, or by way of the Crow's Nest branch of the C.P.R. from the south. If entering from the States, you can come in from Spokane over either the C.P.R. or Great Northern. I enjoyed the unsurpassed scenic trip from Revelstoke by rail down the Columbia River Valley to Arrowhead, and thence by steamer down the Arrow Lakes. The Arrow Lakes are merely an expansion of the great Columbia, which, at a little expense, can be made navigable from Arrowhead to the Pacific Ocean. In fact, the United States Government have the matter under consideration, and appear to wish to co-operate with the Dominion Government to accomplish the project. The Kootenay people believe that when the Columbia is made navigable to the sea, a large proportion of the Western Canada grain crop, as well as other products, will be transhipped from the railway at Kootenay points and be carried down the river to tide-water.

In the rich and resourceful Kootenay there is as much of poetry as there is of business opportunity, and to the traveller the poetry is at first most evident.

On leaving Arrowhead the quaint stern-wheeler draws out into the lake from the shadow of the beetling mountain that overhangs the town—a cluster of houses and humming sawmills. The sun from a cloudless sky floods the valley and is reflected back from the glassy waters of the lake. The passing suggestion of a breeze tempers the heat, and you settle yourself to enjoy the situation. The lake varies from one to a little over two miles in width. The mountains range on either side like a setting of emerald encasing opal or pearl. Sometimes they dip abruptly into the water. Again they show a narrow footstool of rich, level soil at their base, or they cleave asunder and disclose long inviting valleys that the hand of industry is transforming into a second garden of Eden.

The steamer puts in to shore here and there, wherever a flag indicates would be passengers or a consignment of freight. As previously mentioned, the boat is propelled by a large stern water-wheel. She is of the flat bottom type, of course, and draws only about four feet of water, so she can run her nose up on the bank any place, throw out a gang plank, take on passengers or freight, and back off again without difficulty. These steamers are comfortably fitted up with staterooms; they serve excellent meals, and make the trip of 130 miles from Arrowhead to West Robson at the lower end of the lake in about ten hours. Good transportation facilities are one of the pleasant features of the trip.

We sweep on past snowy peaks and green mantled hills. The snowy cloudbanks that flit across the sky on a summer day are reflected from the mirror below, till it seems that we are sailing over the blue dome of heaven. The sun wheels his course onward to the right; the shadows of the mountains lengthen and deepen; he drops behind a peak, and we pursue our course in the purple twilight, through a land that is beginning to bloom with happy homes.

It is not being appreciated as fast as its charms warrant. Few know of the beauty of the region; its quiet sequestered valleys, its beneficent hot springs; its stretches of fine sandy beach; its perfect safety for boating and canoeing; its harvests of fresh water fish and game that gladdens the sportsman's heart. It is secluded, and yet is within a day's journey of several large cities. It has a compelling charm for the tourist and holiday seeker, and within a few short years will be one of the most popular tourist routes on the continent.

The climate is delightful. The valleys are warm in summer, but snow-capped peaks are always in sight, and ice-cold streams trickling down the mountain side constantly refresh the receptive soil. The winters, bright and clear, are never extremely cold. Government meteorological statistics (I quote from a booklet issued by the Nelson Board of Trade) show that for a period of three years the highest temperature recorded was 94 degrees Fah., and the lowest 6 degrees below zero. These were respectively for the months of July and February, but the average temperature of these months for the period dealt with are, for the month of July, 69.03 degrees Fah., and for the month of February 29.39 degrees Fah.

Kootenains attribute this mildness of climate to the warm, moisture-laden breezes that flow up the Columbia Valley from the Pacific Ocean. To the same cause is attributed the rainfall of 27.91 inches, of which the greatest amount falls in the month of June. Whatever be the cause, we cannot avoid the fact that the Kootenay has both a milder climate and greater rainfall than some other sections of the Pacific Slope that are nearer to the coast.

It is these climatic conditions, together with the suitability of the soil, that has given the great impetus to fruit growing of late. The story goes that a prospector riding along a trail years ago eating an apple threw the core by the wayside. A tree sprang therefrom, and brought forth a hundred and a thousand-fold. Within the last half dozen years Kootenains have realized that their fruit land is a mine more rich and a thousand times more permanent than all the veins of treasure in this marvellously rich mineral country.

It was my opportunity to visit a number of the fruit ranches. Mr. John Bangs, a sturdy old pioneer in Fire Valley, has been growing fruit of all kinds for a dozen years, getting $1.00 per box, and sometimes as high as $2.00, for apples. He located here eighteen years ago, and as he has a large ranch, his fruit is only one feature of his operations. He told the writer that he would not take less than $100.00 per acre for his farm, cleared and uncleared land together, and that if he were a young man he would not take $200.00 per acre. There he is, in a beautiful sheltered valley, two miles from the lake and the daily steamboat. A brook of pure snow water ripples through his yard; a fine trout stream winds through his farm; game is abundant in the hills. His land yields him two to three tons of hay to the acre, worth upwards of $20.00 per ton. Potatoes give him 8 tons to the acre, and sell for from $20 to $60 per ton. His orchard, formerly in meadow now receives careful cultivation, and is developing into a splendid revenue-producer. He has never lost from frost or hail or drought—he is always sure of a crop, and his several neighbors have the same happy tale to tell.

Across the lake at the Needles, I visited the large ranch of Mr. G. Fauquier, who has been here for about ten years, and who contracts to supply certain quantities of fruit each year to Calgary wholesalers at certain fixed prices. The boat calls each day during the fruit season, and takes away the consignment for that day. Large areas are given over to small fruits, and Mr. Fauquier stated that he clears about $350 per acre from strawberries, after deducting all expenses, and from raspberries he has cleared as high as $600 per acre.

Those who are not familiar with the Pacific Slope do not appreciate the rapid, vigorous growth of the trees, nor the early age at which they bear. Mr. Fauquier's young orchard of about 1400 trees, or approximately 20 acres, is just coming nicely into bearing, and he pointed out one young Spy tree that had yielded 8 boxes, nearly three barrels, at

An apple orchard developing while small fruits and vegetables yield a revenue. On the ranch of John Bangs, in Fire Valley.

Strawberries are large revenue producers right from the first.

five years of age. Let those who are familiar with the Spy in the East note this fact.

The laden branches of the young trees trail the ground, heavy with fruit. Exceeding care must be exercised to see that the trees do not break down. Most of the fruit growers practise thinning the fruit after it forms on the tree, leaving only the most perfect specimens. Some accomplish this by careful picking; others by shaking the trees. It is this kind of care, as well as the splendid soil and climate, that is largely responsible for the exquisite specimens of fruit that come from British Columbia.

No fruit pests have yet invaded this region. The government maintains a careful inspection of all fruit trees brought in, and also of any fruit that may be imported from other districts. The growers all spray as a precaution, and infection is prevented. This, of course, places an immense advantage with this section as a producer of superior fruit. As compared with districts where irrigation is used, it is claimed that the quality here is much superior. The necessity of irrigation in the Kootenay is obviated by the fact that the annual rainfall is nearly 28 inches, and the fruit land for the most part lies in strips along hills that send down streams which seep through the soil and provide what is known as "sub-irrigation." These streams, however, can be diverted and carried over the land at very little expense if this is desired. Mr. Fauquier had a wooden leader carrying water from a stream down across his ranch to the berry patch. One can have a private irrigation system any place if he wants it, but few find use for it, and these only for berries or for very young trees.

If there is one fruit more than another that reaches perfection in the Kootenay, it is the cherry. By Mr. Gibbet, along the Arrow Lake, we were invited to help ourselves at a particularly fine, well loaded Royal Anne cherry tree. The fruit seemed to be about the size of crab apples as I have known them, and the flavor could not be improved. The little boy's idea of heaven as being a place where he could camp beneath a cherry tree and indulge without stint struck us as being pretty nearly correct.

Here is an example that shows Kootenay cherries in the light of revenue producers. Mr. J. T. Bealby, near Nelson, whose ranch I visited, told me that from one tree this year he had taken $75.00 worth of fruit, and from a third of an acre of cherry trees he had taken over $500.00 worth of fruit.

Mr. Bealby, a graduate of, and formerly a teacher at Oxford University, came to Kootenay with his family some three or four years ago, drawn by the lure of Nature and Fruit. He has written a book, 'Fruit Growing in British Columbia," which ably discusses the problems and the possibilities of fruit growing, and gives illuminating hints on the viewpoint of people coming here from England, with whom the whole province is in great favor. There is much humor in the experiences of many newcomers, which furnishes general amusement to the whole community.

The well-known successes of British Columbia and of the Kootenay at the apple shows of Great Britain, and also at the National Apple Show at Spokane, need not be remarked. We may simply remember that Kootenay has been coming more and more strongly to the front in these contests, and that this is a district in which fruit growing is a recent development.

Clean culti ation, thriving young trees and producing vegetables on F. F. Fanquier's ranch at the Needles, Arrow Lake.

This is the way the laden apple branches look in the Kootenay.

The financial successes of a large number of individuals outside of those whom the writer was privileged to visit, seem quite as brilliant as those at the apple shows. A few examples will suffice. Mr. Jas. Johnston, of Nelson, has made a net profit of $500 to $600 per acre from apples alone, the trees being 7 years old. Mr. John Hyslop, of Nelson, has obtained $900 per acre from 12 year old trees. For a young orchard, in which both potatoes and apples were grown, Messrs. Mawdsley and Eskrigge, of Kaslo report a return of $320 per acre. The above mentioned Mr. Hyslop has received $900 per acre from raspberries, and Mr. Johnston's average gross return from cherries is at the rate of $1050 per acre.

We have noticed that fruit growing in the Kootenay is only in its pioneer stages, and if we would foresee the future we must look to similar districts where the industry has been longer established. In the State of Washington to the south where the orchards have reached a good bearing age, the returns per acre continuously run from $800 to $1000 per acre and upward, and the value of the improved land per acre is upward of $1000.

There are some fruit ranches near Nelson for which $1000 per acre has been refused, but sufficient time has not elapsed for many plantations to reach this stage of value. The prevailing price for unimproved land suitable for fruit is $100 per acre. The land costs $50 to $100 per acre to clear. Land that is cleared and set to young trees costs $300 per acre and upward.

It is quite usual for the fruit rancher to clear his land gradually and make his living off the portions first cleared by raising berries, potatoes and other vegtables, and by keeping poultry. Prices for poultry and eggs are particularly high, and the conditions for poultry raising are exceptionally favorable. The soil will make money for the owner all the time that the trees are coming into bearing.

The Kootenay seems to be favored with a good home market. The large number of mines operating throughout the region pay their employees well, and these employees live off the fat of the land. More than 75 per cent. of the mineral production of the province comes from south-eastern British Columbia. In this region, too, are more than 50 sawmills, with an annual cut of something like 400,000,000 feet. As all the export lumber goes to the prairè market, it can readily be appreciated how fast this industry must expand, and what an important local market it provides for the rancher.

The fruit preserving industry is also being developed. Well established at Nelson is the Kootenay Jam Co., whose product is to be found on the C.P.R. boats and trains, and whose sales are only limited by the amount of raw fruit they can get. With this excellent local demand; with the strong demand from the coast, and with the rapidly developing prairie market, the fruit growers have no anxiety as to where they shall find buyers for their future crops.

As the commercial and social centre of this rich territory, the city of Nelson is of more than usual interest. Beginning more than 20 years ago as a mining town, it has developed as the distributing centre for the whole territory, and has been given additional impetus by the development of the fruit industry. It is the key to the railway and lake transportation systems of the Kootenay.

It is supplied with light and power from its own hydro-electric plant at Bonnington Falls, from which its street car system is also operated. It is well named the "Electric City," for the lights remain on day and night, because it is too much trouble to turn them off. Good hotels make the visit a pleasure, to which the joys of boating, fishing and mountain climbing contribute. The substantial stone and brick business and public buildings speak of permanence, and the prevailing prosperity of the citizens pays a just tribute to the richness of the region.

And so, forward into the future goes the Glorious Kootenay, rejoicing in its heritage of stately trees; of glittering gold; of luscious, ruddy fruit, and joyous pastimes.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE AFTER HOURS.

Young women who work for their living often become discouraged. I think every girl should have a "hobby," because the interest a hobby develops enables improvement in the performance of work besides creating intellectual enthusiasm.

We may live "after hours." During the working hours we work to exist, but "after hours" we may accomplish our highest aims. It is the after hours that make or ruin young women. In these hours womanhood has a chance to grow and develop. After hours are the spare hours of life. What one makes of her spare moments determines the success or failure of her life.

One hour a day would enable a girl to become proficient in music, art or literature in ten years' time.

Some women climb the ladder to fame and fortune out of the time that other women idle away. Another advantage of a hobby is that it leads one away from self-thoughts. It is a cure for selfishness and loneliness.

It is possible to make one's hobby so successful that she may in time give up her other work and enjoy a far better income from the hobby. I know a teacher who spent her after hours with brush and paint. She is now an artist of marked ability, and her income is many times the amount she earned while teaching. Another teacher spent her after hours in the study of medicine. She is now a skilful doctor.

Our royal women have their hobbies. The Queen of Holland is an expert at dairy farming, and whenever she is at Het Loo she spends all the time she can among her milk pails and cream pans.

Concentration of the mind on a special line of work leads to careful speech, true thoughts, pure lives, and kindly care of friends. The influence of what we are doing is greater than the words from our lips.

Some girls spend their after hours worrying over the trifles of the day's work. A year from now they cannot remember the problem which worried them nearly into fidgets to-day. There are thousands of girls who think themselves to death by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

If, on the other hand, the time spent in worry were spent on a hobby, these girls would become stronger physically, mentally, and morally.

The instinct for accomplishment is a God-given one, and is a blessing if cultivated and a curse if neglected. One young business woman in the West writes me asking advice as to the kind of hobby she might take up.

There are music, art, and literature for those whose talents tend these ways. Hours spent communing with the great authors will make ignorant women well informed. There is charitable work, such as visiting the sick, writing beautiful letters to the sad, caring for the poor, and helping children.

The young woman in the West might make a hobby of the study of Western Canadian history. The time is ripe for much research in this country. A study of the resources, explorations, discoveries, political conditions and possibilities would furnish material of intense interest for any ambitious young woman.

Every girl needs a hobby to occupy her after hours, because it is during these hours that she weaves the pattern of her life. What do you do with your "after hours?"

LOYALLY BRITISH.

I hear girls say they are proud of their British birth, yet they are not pure patriots, since they covet and wear clothing made in foreign countries. Indeed, many resort to all sorts of means to deceive officers of the customs.

I sometimes wonder if they realize that they are not loyal to their flag when they do this.

Our new queen is remarkable in this respect. She is most loyally British—when she planned her wedding trousseau she would have nothing in it that was not of British production. This is a lesson for our young women. Thought, action and habit more than words reveal true patriotism.

THE ART OF WRITING LETTERS.

Girls cannot be too cautious in the kind of letters they write. Many a girl's sore heart would be healed if she could call back to her certain letters she has written—letters she has written in moments of emotion, when she puts down in black and white thoughts she would gladly recall in time of sober reflection.

Girls, never write letters that you would not be willing for your mother to read. If you do you will see a day of regret.

I once heard a young mother say that she wanted to keep all of the love letters she had written before her marriage, also the letters her husband had written her—that she wanted to give them to her own daughter at the period in life when she would write love letters. What a splendid idea for a young mother to entertain—to know that the letters she wrote during her girlhood days would be examples for her own daughter to follow. Let every young woman write letters so free from questionable expression that they may be read twenty years hence with no possible chance for criticism.

Even queens have made mistakes in this way. A few letters in a valuable casket caused years of bitter sorrow in the life of the son of a queen who wrote the letters in a fit of emotion.

On the other hand, the splendid letters that Queen Victoria wrote reveal more beauty in the study of her character than all of the biographies that have been written of her. I wish every girl reader of this page might read the "Letters of Queen Victoria." They are full of inspiration, instruction, and interest for everyone who loves all that is good and strong and womanly.

Are we, in our day, neglecting the art of letter writing? If every girl, when she writes a letter, would keep in mind that other eyes than those to whom the letter is sent may read it, she would be cautious.

Girls have a weakness for writing their thoughts in the height of emotional feeling. If girls must write, then let them keep the letter three days, then read it, and they will not send it. This is a good rule to follow. In dining halls, on the street, and in public places, I have seen young men laugh among themselves over letters that girls have very innocently written with the idea that only one pair of eyes would read them.

Ah, letters like these result in heart-aches and heart-breaks for the writer.

Letters reveal the character of the writer. Queen Victoria has left us a valuable collection, the influence of which will be a fine lesson for all young women.

RICH IN REALIZED GOOD.

The girl of sixteen does not look as she will at twenty. At twenty-four she is even more changed. The coming of "character" into the face makes the change.

Any girl has it in her power to modify her face. Every noble thought, every aspiration, every little act of self-sacrifice leaves its trace in the tissues. One good deed helps to create beauty, one hour of fretting leaves a tract of ugliness. Ugly thoughts result in ugly wrinkles. On the other hand, high, intellectual aims and the spirit of living for others make the ugliest face beautiful.

Many girls say that it is so hard to get along with others in the family that they simply cannot be kind because of their environment. They do not realize that the trouble lies within themselves. I have seen girls go about the home with a nagging spirit—they felt that their home and surroundings were not big enough for them. They were in a good place if they only knew it, to develop womanly greatness, but they lost the opportunity. So many of us go on day after day wanting other people to correct their faults instead of trying to correct

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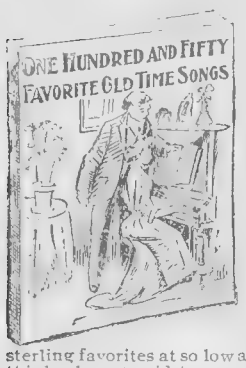

This is a splendid collection of favorite old-time songs and ballads—songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years, and just as dearly loved to-day as when they were written. Each song is published in this book *with both words and music* complete and we question if there has ever been issued a book containing so large a collection of sterling favorites at so low a price. We will send this book post-paid to any address on receipt of **15 cents.**

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No. 6 Wingold Separator, capacity 500 to 550 lbs. per hour	60	39.75

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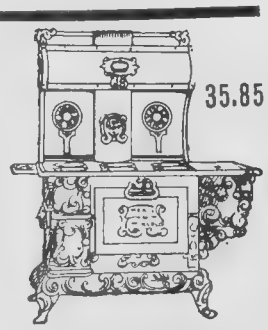
181-6 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg.

BE SURE IT'S A WINGOLD

Then you won't be sorry. You take no chance, no risk in buying a Wingold Stove or Range. Satisfaction is as certain as the sun rises and sets. Tens of thousands of users have nothing but praise for the Wingold, but we don't ask you to depend on their and our statements, but ask you to prove to yourself in your own home, by actual test, how much more satisfactory the Wingold is than any other stove you have ever used or can obtain elsewhere at any price.

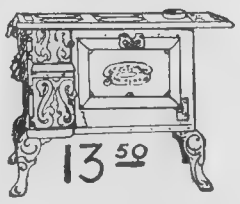
IDEAL HOUSEHOLD STEEL RANGE

Double refined blue steel body, asbestos interlined, Colonial trimmings, silver nickeled, heavy Duplex grates, sectional firebacks, ventilated; encased copper reservoir, capacity 9½ gallons; oven 16x20 x13, also larger sizes; blue steel high closet, elaborately trimmed; oven thermometer, pouch feed, front screw draft; handsomest, best built, most economical fuel consuming range made.



MERIT WINGOLD

Blue Steel body, cast leg base, encased copper reservoir, handsome high closet, Duplex grates, double shaker bars, full nickeled trimmings, 4 9 in. lids, oven 20x16x13 in. Most wonderful value.



COSEY COOK

Blue steel body, sectional fireback, Duplex grates, full nickeled trimmings, pouch feed, drop oven door; 18x16x 12 in. oven. Write for full description.

Catalog, it tells you how Wingold Stoves and Ranges are made, why we sell them for ⅓ to ½ less than the local merchant would charge you for the ordinary kind of stoves. Remember, when you couple Satisfaction and Low Prices together, you have everything. We guarantee satisfaction, and will prove conclusively that Wingold Stoves and Ranges are better made, better finished, that better and heavier materials are used in their construction, that our prices are much lower, quality considered, than any obtainable elsewhere, and if you are not convinced of this fact after using a Wingold Range for 30 days, return it to us and receive your money back.

Write to-day for our

our own shortcomings. If we try every day to do a little better we shall think more of everyone else and learn that they are not hard to get along with.

A good plan is to become interested in the very member of the family who causes us the most trouble. Develop this interest and we shall feel our own character grow in goodness.

There are many women of English nobility who are rich in realized good. Young women whose hearts are withering under the poisoning weakness of selfish aspirations might profit from the examples of women in high places.

The third sister of our late King Edward is the life and inspiration of charitable work for suffering humanity.

Queen Alexandra for many years has taken a generous interest in many organizations that seek to uplift the unfortunate of our nation. Indeed, she is at the head of many substantial gifts for the poor, though the identity of their patron is not known.

Our British nurses are famous all over the world for their courage and bravery; recently in the Essex County Hospital at Colchester fire broke out, and thinking of the many helpless patients under their care, the nurses themselves carried water and hose, and extinguished the flames. They exhibited rare presence of mind. It was the result of previous training. Besides being able to smooth a sufferer's pillow with tenderness, they were capable of protecting them from harm in other directions.

Often young women who are interested in more serious matters in reforms and movements of various kinds, have their minds so fixed on things which seem to them of more importance that they overlook the necessity of being practical and pleasing in their own home.

D. R. Dingwall, Limited, in a New Home.

D. R. Dingwall, Limited, the well-known Winnipeg jewellers, have taken possession of their new home, which occupies the entire ground floor of the McArthur Block, corner of Portage Avenue and Main Street. It would be hard indeed to select a more appropriate situation or a better arranged store. The location is easily the most central in the city, all car lines passing its doors. The store itself is commodious and fitted up in the most modern manner, giving an artistic appearance that compares favorably with any of the leading jewellery establishments of the continent. All valuables known to the jeweller's art are displayed, and it is safe to say that a visit to Dingwall's will make a visit to Winnipeg more interesting.

As far back as 1882, Mr. D. R. Dingwall established his business in Winnipeg. It was in a small way and a venture at first. The outlook of the day was, to the ordinary vision, none too promising; he, however, had faith in the West, and sufficient Scotch grit to stick to his task. From the small one-story frame shack of 1882, with a staff of two people, to the magnificent structure of today is evidence that the business was built and conducted on right and progressive principles. It has splendidly kept pace with the march of Western progress and is one of the business institutions of which every Winnipegger is proud. A large manufacturing establishment has been added to the business, and its production, together with the best that the art and jewellery centres of Europe can supply, make a stock that for completeness and value is unequalled in the Dominion.

A staff of 75 people is busily occupied in keeping up with the requirements of the business, and with the great facilities afforded by the new premises there is hardly a limit to what the firm can handle.

Mr. Dingwall, the founder, is still at the head of affairs, and associated with him in its management are his son, Mr. W. Dingwall, and Mr. Miller, who is secretary treasurer.

Readers of the Western Home Monthly will be cordially welcomed at Dingwall's when in Winnipeg—and if the distance prevents a visit, a postal card will bring anyone the firm's handsome catalogue, containing much valuable information and a fine illustration of the new premises, the highest building in Western Canada.

No. 1703. A LADY'S LARGE GAINSBORO DRESS HAT of smooth pressed felt. Trimmed with full drape of silk velvet and satin duchess and two jet ornaments; black only.—$4.25.

No. 1710. A MEDIUM SIZE LADY'S HAT of finest quality camel's hair felt, beautifully trimmed with silk velvet, natural wings and two fancy ornaments; colors black, navy, toupe, olive brown.—$4.50.

SEND EXPRESS OR P.O. MONEY ORDER

HENRY B. ORKIN, 259 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

When was the Tooth Brush Invented.

A friend of the Western Home Monthly found an interesting newspaper clipping inside a valued old book which has been in his family for six or seven generations. Further information on the matter would, we are sure, be of interest to our readers, and we will be pleased to hear from anyone in the connection. The clipping consists of the following teeth cleaning recipe:—

Take of good soft water, one quart; juice of lemon, two ounces; burnt alum, six grains. Mix; boil them a minute in a cup, then strain and bottle for use. Rub the teeth with a small piece of sponge, tied to a stick, once a week.

Two Men.

A learned man with a hoe, whom I know
  Has orchards with hundreds of trees in a row,
And they yield such fruit so delicious and rare
  To this man who has planted with skill and care
That not a home on a city street
  Can boast of appointments more complete
And around and about him everywhere
  Are meadows, with cattle feeding there.
And his sons are stalwart, cultured men,
  But this man with a hoe keeps pace with them.
Not an easy task, but the secret I know,
  He thinks and reads, as he works with his hoe.
And another man with a hoe, whom I know
  Has hair that is white and a step that is slow;
But as soon as the March winds cease to blow,
  And the robins sing—"There'll be no more snow."
And the crocuses peep from their snug brown bed
  And the buds on the maples begin to grow red,
This dear old man marches forth with his hoe—
  And spades the brown earth, and pats many a row.
And sometimes voices from long ago
  Are singing to him as he works with his hoe,
With his boyish hopes he is back again
  In the clover fields, with the golden grain.
And if when he rests, you chance to be near,
  The words you are more than likely to hear
Are thoughts that are rare from Longfellow's pen
  Or a word about Caesar's being greatest of men
And this white-haired man as he leans on his hoe
  Is one of the cleverest men I know.

Mothers.

Mothers are the queerest things!
  'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
  When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
  Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled;
  Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again
  On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
  And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about.
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
  Cried and cried like all git out.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Every Thrifty Housewife
uses the
CANCHESTER INCANDESCENT COAL OIL LIGHT BURNERS
Instal these in your home and your light will cost you next to nothing as 95% air and only 5% coal oil is burned.
Price only $3.00 complete
Full particulars sent on receipt of a post card. Agents wanted everywhere.
Incandescent Kerosene Light Company
50 Princess Street - Winnipeg

SEND $7.75

Receive this latest style Fall and Winter suit direct from the manufacturers at the factory price. This suit is sold in the regular way from $12 to $15. The skirt is cut 9 gore, with a double tuck down each side of front gore The coat is cut with a semi-fitting back. Front tailored just as pictured. Lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, canvased and padded with the best materials. Its a suit you will be proud to wear. The cloth is heavy serge in black or navy, also heavy vicuna cloth, which has a smooth finish like broadcloth, or all wool French Panama, the two last cloths are in black, navy, dark red, dark green and dark brown. We make the low price on this suit as we have an enormous quantity of the materials and because we sell direct to you from our factory at factory price, only $7.75. Order one to-day. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, and smallest part of waist, length of sleeve (measure under seam) and length of skirt to desired length. Give these measures correctly and we guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Order suit No. 56. **Standard Garment Co. 10 Coote Block, London, Canada**

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Grain Market Report.

Donald Morrison & Co., 711 Grain Exchange.

Winnipeg, Aug. 26, 1910.

As we aproach the time for marketing the new crop the farmer is naturally interested in the price that he is likely to get, and he is not the only one as everybody in the West here is interested in a more or less degree in the same question.

There were times on this last crop when our prices were very high and people were led to believe that they were going to go much higher. After all it is not always advisable to wait for the last fraction that is expected, for it happens that people sometimes wait too long, and we have no doubt but that some of our people have been holding wheat that they would better have sold earlier in the season.

The world's supply is, after all, the basis for a permanent measure of value. It is very true that there are times when the market may have quite an advance that is not at all warranted by the world's conditions, and there are also other times when it declines too much, but after all, prices have to come down to normal in due season. It seems to us that the only way to arrive at any idea of what the value is likely to be is to take statistics, and compare them with former years. Dollar wheat is something that we have not had with us very often, to stay any length of time, and we have always been of the opinion that when wheat can be sold at the terminal points at a figure exceeding $1.00 that the farmer was perhaps getting a fairly good price, barring, of course, exceptional years. Mr. Beerbohm, one of the world's great authorities on crop conditions, estimates the world's crop for this year at 3,479,340,000 bushels against 3,633,528,000 bushels last year. Now while the prospects this year are for a much less supply than last year, yet, it is away ahead of any previous year within the last ten years, excepting only last year, the average in fact for the ten years being only 3,207,000,000 bushels which you will notice is a great deal less than the world's crop estimate for this year.

The European crop estimate for this year is 1,910,000,000 bushels against 1,992,000,000 bushels last year. The estimate for the United States and Canada for this year are 778,000,000 bushels against 904,000,000 bushels last year. You will notice that the estimated crop in Europe, United States and Canada this year are much less than they were last year; on the other hand, one must not forget that Russia had an enormous crop last year and that they are still exporting something like 4,000,000 bushels of wheat per week. Our great competitors are Russia, Hungary, Argentine Republic and Australia. We find that the United States this year are supposed to yield about 656,000,000 bushels as against 736,000,000 bushels last year. Russia and Hungary are estimated to yield this year 832,000,000 bushels against 864,000,000 bushels last year. The Argentine Republic are estimated to yield 192,000,000 bushels against 132,000,000 bushels, and Australia practically the same as last year. While the United States crop is considerably less than it was last year the movement of winter wheat up to this time has been much freer than it was last year, and that, of course, is going to have a natural effect on the market. Then, again, it seems to us that Russia has a large enough crop to enable them to continue shipping heavily while navigation is open, and if the estimate for the Argentine Republic is at all reliable it means 60,000,000 bushels more there than they had last year.

Each of us can figure for himself what the probable result in the way of prices is likely to be, but to us anything from $1.05 up might be a reasonably good price to accept, at least on a share of the crop. Of course, very much is going to depend on the movement to sea board from the various countries, and the European buyer is going to buy undoubtedly according to the supplies that he believes to be in the invisible, as well as those that are in the visible.

At the present time we have in sight in Canada 2,710,000 bushels against 823,000 bushels last year. The visible supply in the United States at present is 22,362,000 bushels against 8,583,000 last year. While the world's visible is estimated as 136,576,000 bushels against 75,635,000 bushels last year.

From all we can learn our crop of wheat in the North West has turned out better than was expected. The oat crop, however, seems to be a disappointment and we are not inclined to look for low prices on that grain. The flax crop evidently is short and is going to command a good figure. The barley crop is poor and there should be fairly good demand for what we have for sale.

Shooting Outfit No. 19W.

PRICE **$13.50**

With Express Charges Prepaid to any Railway point in Canada.

This outfit consists of a fine double barrel breech loading gun, 12 gauge, with good quality barrels, left barrel choked. It has rebounding bar locks, patent fore end and pistol grip. With this gun goes a complete re-loading outfit consisting of a rimmer, loader, de-capper, re-capper, powder and shot measure and a shell extractor, also 25 12 gauge loaded shells with any size of shot desired. We guarantee every article in this outfit, and will pay express charges on it to your nearest express office.

Club your orders for loaded shells and write for our special "quantity price."

THE HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO.'Y LIMITED,
Firearms and Sporting Goods. WINNIPEG.

$1000 Per Acre

Net profit is being made annually from bearing orchards in the West Kootenay district, B C. Crop every year—no failures. Unlimited market. Mild climate. Good boating, fishing, hunting; good social conditions; good transportation.

Edgewood Orchards

in Fire Valley, along Lower Arrow Lake. First class orchard land in the finest of Kootenay valleys—one that connects the Kootenay and the Okanagan. Ample rainfall — no irrigation necessary. Don't need to invest a fortune here.

Write to-day for Special Introductory Offer, which we shall be able to make about Sept. 15. Very easy terms.

Investor's Trust and Mortage Corporation, Limited
Temporary Office:
543 Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.

The Young Housekeeper
Who Selects
Five Roses Flour
Makes success certain on BAKING DAY.
"Unbleached yet White as Snow"

James Richardson & Sons
Grain Exporters *Limited*

Wire us for net track offers when you have your grain loaded. We are always in the market for every kind of grain at top prices. We have a separate commission department for handling consignments to be sold highest bidder. Careful attention given to grading at every car. Large advances and prompt adjustments. Do not overlook writing for further particulars before shipping. All enquiries have our prompt attention.

Western Offices:
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg *Grain Exchange, Calgary*

Ship Your Grain

To a strictly commission firm and have it handled to your advantage. We handle strictly on commission; look carefully after grading; obtain best prices and furnish prompt settlements.

Write for market prospects and shipping directions.

Thompson, Sons & Company
Grain Commission Merchants
703D Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Man.

DONALD MORRISON & CO.
Grain Commission—Wheat, Oats, Flax, Barley
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We solicit your Grain Shipments. Over 25 years' experience in this line. Prompt, reliable work. Write us for information.

References—Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies.

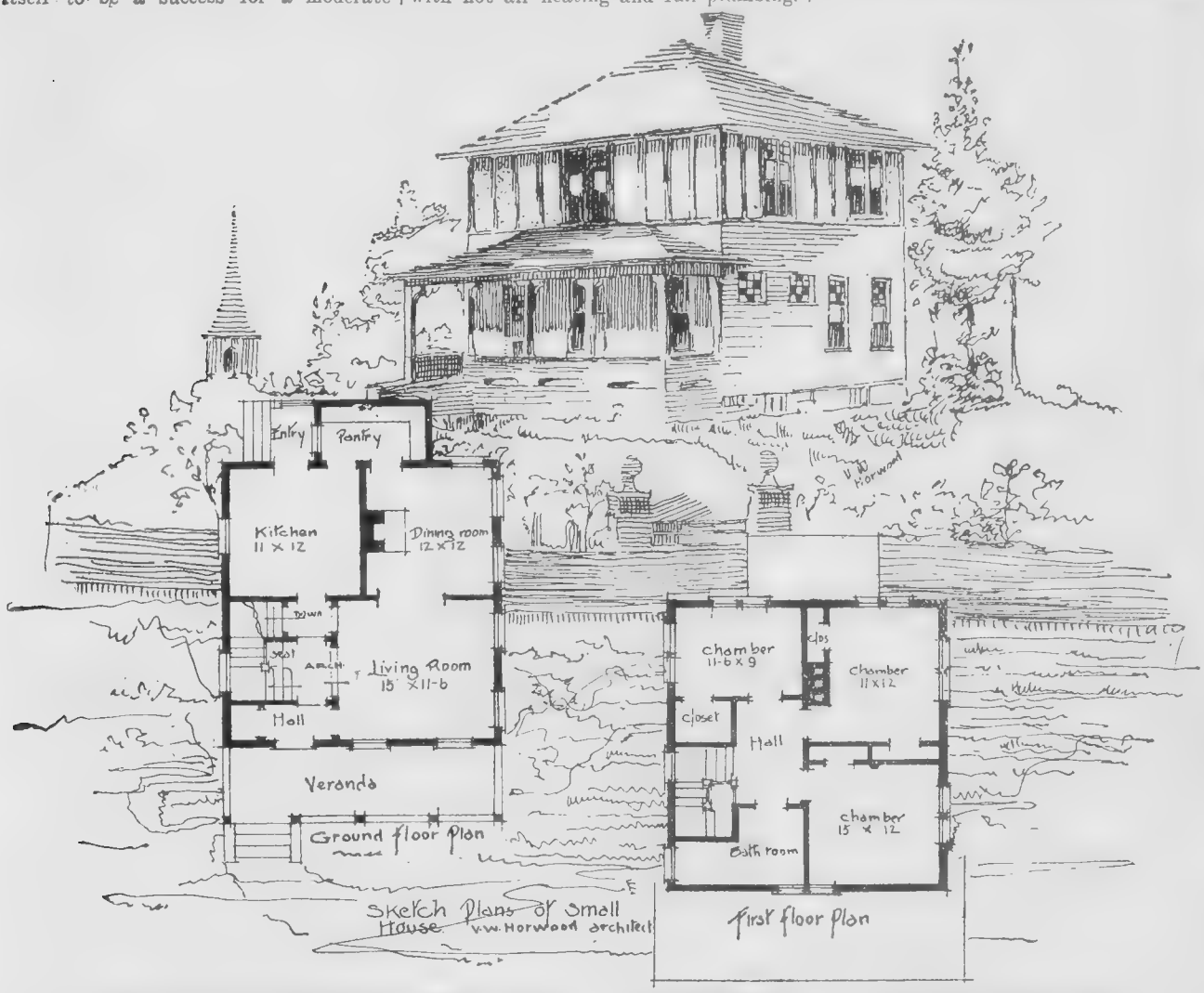
Original Plans.

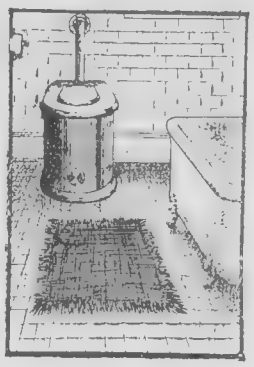
Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

In selecting the plan of a house there are many factors which should be given consideration. The size of the lot, the situation in which the house will be placed, and the surrounding buildings have everything to do with the choice of a design. The house must be in harmony with its surroundings, and full consideration be given as to the future requirements of the owner, and whether the location will repay the sum invested at any time outside of sentimental reasons. This residence has proven itself to be a success for a moderate sized and priced house. It appeals to the home lover on account of the artistic possibilities of the plan. The stairway and living room are very well arranged, and the planning of the vestibule, with is private connection to the kitchen, is very good.

The kitchen and dining-room are conveniently located, and the chambers are of good size, with large closets.

The outside is plaster, with mock timber above clapboards. The roof is shingled, and the basement is stone, with hot air heating and full plumbing.





"PARKYTE"
(Trade Mark, Registered)
Sanitary Chemical Closets

No water, no plumbing, no excavating, no burning. Specified by architects and endorsed by leading health inspectors throughout the Dominion.

All rural districts can now have modern conveniences without sewage.

Write for catalogue.

Parker & Whyte
Inventors and Sole Manufacturers
505 Builders' Exchange, Winnipeg
LIVE AGENTS WANTED

METALLIC CEILINGS

are everything that plaster, wood and wall paper are not.

Metallic Ceilings are fireproof, absolutely.

Metallic Ceilings don't crack or crumble—don't get damp or mouldy—don't need repairs.

Metallic Ceilings are far-and-away the most economical building material you can put in a house.

You don't believe it? We can prove it. Write us for the facts.

The Metallic Roofing Co.
Limited
Manufacturers
Toronto & Winnipeg
Western Canada Factory:
797 Notre Dame Ave., - Winnipeg
(50)

FALL TERM
OPENS AUGUST 29th, 1910
SUCCESS
Business College
Cor. Portage Ave. and Edmonton Street, Winnipeg
COURSES:
Commercial, Shorthand and Typewriting, Civil Service and English.
Write Today for Handsome Free Catalogue, W.
SUCCESS BUSINESS COLLEGE
Winnipeg
G. E. Wiggins, Principal.
F. G. Garbutt, President.

Destruction of Life by Explosives.

In three Canadian provinces within the past month, magazines containing explosives have accidentally blown up, killing almost a score of people and injuring many others. Hardly a day passes but what the press contains reports of the deaths of workmen engaged in mining or in railway construction from the careless or ignorant use of explosives. These scattered cases, however, attract but little attention; it is only when a catastrophe occurs in which many lives are lost that the public is aroused to the need of adopting more effective measures for the protection of human life from this danger.

It is interesting to note what other countries have done in dealing with the problem. In all European coal-mining countries regulations have been made against the use in coal mines of such explosives as are known to be dangerous. The United States have an Explosives Testing Plant under the direction of the Geological Survey, where explosives are tested as to their fitness for particular uses. The names of all explosives that have successfully stood these tests are published in a Permissible Explosives List which is available to the public. An explosives primer outlining the action and uses of the various explosives is also published in order to lessen the number of accidents due to ignorance.

The great industrial development which Canada is experiencing has greatly increased the use of explosives and the number of deaths from the careless use and storage of them has correspondingly increased. Other countries have investigated the subject at considerable expense. The results of their investigations are available to Canada and it is incumbent upon us to make use of them if we are to show proper regard for the conservation of human life. The establishment of a plant for testing explosives and the more rigid enforcement of law regarding their storage are two things which are most urgently necessary.

The Better Way.

A little more of kindness, a little less severe,
A little more of sweetness, a little less austere,
A little more of honor and less of business greed,
See, brother, see how little it is we really need!
A little more of silence and less of nasty speech,
A little more of practice and less desire to preach;
A little more of smiling, with fewer drooping chins,
A little more of virtues and fewer petty sins,
A little more of praising, a little less of blame,
More thought for all our loved ones and less for future fame;
A little more of doing than talking of the deed,
See, brother, see how little it is we really need.

FORTUNE IN COAL

Put a few dollars in a Coal Company that has coal enough to last for four hundred years if they mined 10,000 tons every day.

The investment of a few dollars will give a return of a hundred-fold in a short time, and provide for you a source of income that will last as long as you live, and increase in value from year to year.

If you wish to get in on the ground floor, act quickly and write to me for full information and the latest report on the properties.

JOHN A. HERRON
308 McIntyre Block
WINNIPEG - CANADA

AVALLONE & CO., BARGAIN

45 cents' worth of merchandise, for 10 cents. **BIG BARGAIN OFFER** to the readers of the Western Home Monthly; good for a limited time only.

SEND 10 CENTS

For a beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick, or Violet design, and we will include **FREE OF CHARGE,** one year's subscription to "Art Needlework" Magazine.

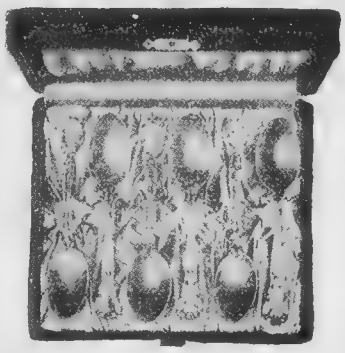
The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 20 cents, thus making a total cash value of 45 cents. This special offer will introduce our new fancy work magazine, teaching al the popular embroideries and showing the newest 1910 designs in shirtwaists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc.

The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day, before this offer is withdrawn. Address

AVALLONE & CO., Inc.,
2057-E Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

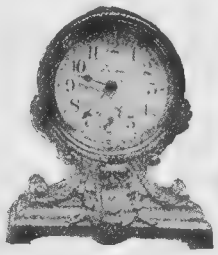
Buy These for Good Values

We prepay the express to your nearest express office.



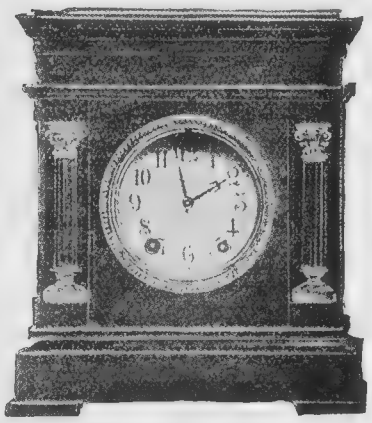
62131—Half-a-dozen Sterling Silver Tea Spoons, "Chantilly" pattern, in leather-covered silk-lined case, $6.50.

62132—One dozen Spoons as above, in case, $12.00

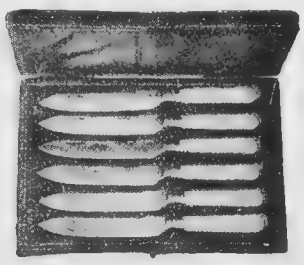


51089 — One-day Bedroom Clock, ormolu gold finish, height 4 inches, $2.00.

80921—Breakfast Cruet, salt, pepper and mustard; decorated china, silver plated mounts, $2.25.



51084—Fine Mahogany Clock, having gilt mounted pillars, 8-day movement, striking hours and half-hours on cathedral gong; height 10½ inches, $12.00



80849—Fruit Set, comprising 6 pearl handle fruit knives, with fine silver plated blades, in leather case, length of knives 6½ inches, $5.

We refund the purchase price in full if you return any article as unsatisfactory after you see it.

Our Catalogue free if you will write—but write to-day

Henry Birks & Sons
LIMITED
Mail Order Department
Winnipeg Man.

Women's Quiet Hour.

The Lady of the Lamp. The passing of Florence Nightingale robs the world of one of the most helpful and beneficial influences it has ever known. There is not much new to say of either her life or her work, as both have been the subject of many articles, not only in our own but in foreign languages, in the long period which has elapsed since, with her little band of nurses she sailed for the hospitals of the Crimean war and changed, what previously had been nothing short of a hell into hospitals that at least were not a disgrace to Christianity.

It is hardly possible for those of us who have been brought up in a day and generation when nursing is regarded as one of the most honorable professions demanding the most rigorous training and the best in brains and health to realize that in the time of our grandfathers is was a profession, or rather an occupation regarded with the greatest contempt, undertaken by the most vulgar and ignorant without any attempt at training.

Great as was the work done by Florence Nightingale in connection with the nursing of the sick and wounded at the Crimea, it was as nothing compared with the greater work of changing the whole attitude of the world towards the care of the sick under all conditions and that is really what she did.

The saving of life and of suffering by the care of the sick, of which she was the originator, is something so vast as to be beyond our human comprehension.

All people and all nations hastened to do her homage, and throughout the long period of her old age, when active work had become impossible to her, she was never for a moment forgotten every birthday, every anniversary that afforded an opportunity was eagerly seized upon by her friends throughout the world, to do her honor. Yet with all this worship, for it was nothing short of worship, poured out before her, she remained the gentle gracious retiring woman she had always been. A woman who hated to appear in public, and yet, who in the glory of her young womanhood, had laid aside that shrinking, and championed an unpopular cause and carried a great reform to victory.

It is not too much to say that no other woman, or man, of either ancient or modern times has done more for the direct benefit of humanity than Florence Nightingale.

In writing of Florence Nightingale I am reminded of a reference to her, which I came across in a most unexpected quarter a little over a year ago. I was turning out a box of old family letters and among them found a bundle addressed to my paternal grandfather by his brother, then resident in Derbyshire, England. These letters bore the date of 1853 and 1854 and at the head of one of them was a very pretty pen and ink drawing of the home of Florence Nightingale. This great uncle dilated at length on the beauty of the spot, which, being an artist, had appealed to him strongly, and then gave a glowing description of the work done by "the lady of the lamp" and concluded "Even in the remote fastnesses of the wilderness to which you have gone (my grandfather was then resident in Toronto) you must have heard some echoes of the glorious work done by this gifted woman." On the back of the letter was endorsed in my grandfather's writing "remote fastnesses indeed."

Women's Institutes. It is with very great pleasure that I announce that the first woman's institute for the prairie provinces has been organized during the past month, in the town of Morris, Manitoba.

The organization came about in this wise. Mrs. E. G. Graham, of Brampton, Ontario, was in Morris visiting her sisters. She is president of the Women's Institutes for the county of Peel, Ontario, and finding there was no such organization in Manitoba immediately set about interesting the women of that district in such an organization. She found a fruitful soil to work upon, as, in common with so many of their sisters of the West, the women of Morris and vicinity had felt the need of some organization which would broaden and brighten their lives, make them better homemakers and help them to rear better citizens.

The Women's Institutes of Ontario have only been formed for 13 years and there is now a membership of fourteen thousand women, and never an institute is convened that women do not rise up and bless the day that induced them to become members.

At Morris 40 women from town and country gathered together on August 13 in the County Court Hall and listened attentively while Mrs. Graham described the working of the institutes in Ontario and the scope of the idea. At the conclusion of her address 30 of the 40 women present volunteered as charter members and the Institute was at once organized. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. Jas. Lewis; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. F. McKenzie; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Geo. Clubb; Secy.-Treas., Mrs. A. Chisholm; Directors, Mrs. J. Wilton, Mrs. Jas. Clubb, Mrs. H. J. McTavish, Mrs. J. Earle, Mrs. R. Taylor, Mrs. E. G. Gilmore, Miss L Kastner. I have given the list in full because in the days to

Miss A. B. Juniper,
Professor Household Science, Manitoba Agricultural College.

come I am sure there will be many who will like to remember the women who had charge of the first Women's Institute in the Canadian West. They are pioneers in a good cause. The directorate is well balanced in its representation of both town and country homes. The Manitoba institu e decided to adopt the same motto as Ontario, namely "For Home and Country," that is surely a motto to embrace all nationalities and all creeds. In Ontario these institutes receive a membership grant from the Provincial Government and the Department of Institutes and Fairs also contribute lecturers and demonstrators whose expenses are paid by the Government. The newly organized institute at Morris has received assurance that the Manitoba Government will do something along the same line. The actual membership fee is only 25c. yearly so that it should be within the reach of every woman.

There is no hard and fast rule as to what an Institute shall or shall not do, its primary object is to gather the women together and establish a closer bond between town and country. Its main object is to make women happier and better homemakers and it may take up any line of work leading to that end.

I believe that the Board of Directors of the Manitoba Agricultural College hope during the coming winter to do something along the line of organizing these Institutes and that Miss A. B. Juniper, who has been in charge of the Household Science class recently concluded at the Agricultural College will deliver a series of addresses at different points in the Province looking to that end. I am glad to present my readers this month with a portrait of Miss Juniper. Those who have worked with her will realize that it does not do her justice, but it gives a fair idea of the charm of the woman and I am sure everyone of my readers will be glad to meet her in the flesh during the coming winter, should the opportunity offer.

Favorite Poems. This month I am publishing the very last of the favorite poems sent in to me and this reminds me that it is a long time since I have received any letters from my readers. The year started out so well in this way that I was quite encouraged, and I hope you have not all grown weary in well doing. I have published or acknowledged every letter received, so far, and now as days are shortening and nights are longer will not some of my readers spare time to send me a line and tell me how things are with them.

Stains.

The three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."

Theodosia Garrison.

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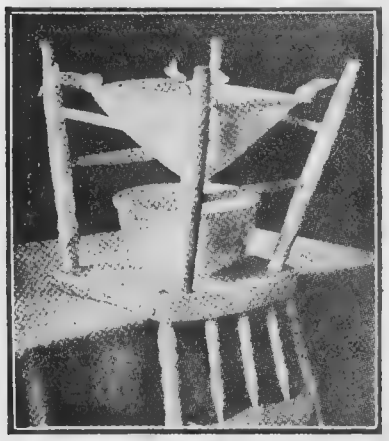
Household Suggestions.

Smell for Every Day.

On Monday there's a sudsey smell
Like soap and boiling clo'es.
On Tuesday there's a scorchy smell,
From ironing, I suppose.
On Wednesday there's the smell of bread,
With little loaves for me;
On Thursday it smells very good
When Mother gets the tea.
On Friday there's a smell of dust
And polish on the floor;
Besides the stuff they use to shine
The handle of the door.
On Saturday the smells are fine,
For that's the day we bake
All sorts of bread and pie and things
And gingerbread and cake.
But Sunday has the strangest smells;
Sometimes it's like the pews,
And sometimes like the blackening
On brother Harold's shoes.
It makes you feel so very still, the Sunday smell, and good;
You wouldn't run or climb a tree, not even if you could.
So every day has got a smell,
Some good ones, and some not;
The world is full of funny things, and you can learn a lot.

Jelly Making Hints.

Jelly is made from fruit juices and as "a pint's a pound, the world around," the same proportion of sugar applies as for most preserves, save when the fruit is sweet, then three-quarters of a pound to a pint of juice is sufficient. One of the secrets of having fruit "jell" quickly is to have the sugar spread on a platter and heated in the oven before it is added to the boiling juice. Then, if currants or other fruit are at the right stage of ripeness, a few minute's boiling will produce a firm, clear jelly. Under-ripe and over-ripe fruit will not make good jelly because they do not contain a gelatin-making material found in ripe fruit. The ripeness of a pineapple may be tested by pulling its leaves. If they do not pluck readily the pineapple is not fit to use.



Grandmother's reliable way to strain jelly.

Jelly should not be stirred more than is necessary to have it clear and prevent granulation of the sugar, but marmalade and preserves, on account of their tendency to settle and burn, must be stirred frequently.

One of the simplest and easiest ways of straining jelly, handed down from a great-grandmother's custom is shown in the illustration. Take a square of unbleached muslin or double cheesecloth, tie a hard knot in each corner. Turn a kitchen chair upside down on the table and with heavy twine tie a knot of your jelly bag to each of the four legs. Beneath this place a bowl, and pour the boiling fruit into the bag to drip slowly through. It can be left to drain over night if necessary. In making quince, apple and some other jellies, if cores and skins are first removed, the clear juice can be used for jelly, and the pulp, if not too closely strained made into a plain marmalade which the children will like to eat on their bread and butter or with pancakes.

Rhubarb.

When planning to refill the preserve closet, add rhubarb, put up in a number of ways to the list.

Canned Rhubarb.

The easiest way to can rhubarb is to cut it in inch lengths, fill jars with it, cover with cold water and seal. This keeps nicely for months, and is excellent for pies in December and January.

Rhubarb Jelly.

Cut cleaned stalks in short pieces, put into preserving kettle, allowing a cup of water to two pounds of rhubarb. Boil till it is a soft pulp, put into jelly bag and dip without pressing. Return the juice to kettle, allowing one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, stir till the sugar dissolves, and boil rapidly until it jellies when tried on a cold saucer; skim when necessary. While hot turn into tumblers; when firm and cold cover with paper or paraffin.

Rhubarb Marmalade.

Boil for twenty minutes four pounds of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, leaving the skin on. Add the juice of five lemons and the rind, which has been sliced off thinly, boiled in a little water for about twenty minutes, or until soft, then chopped fine. To this add six pounds of granulated sugar, one pound of blanched almonds, chopped or cut, and one wineglass of Jamaica ginger. Boil all together until thick. The almonds may be omitted, if desired and still leave a delicious marmalade.

Some Good Pickles.

Pickled Onions.—Take small onions, peel them, scald them in strong salt water for a few minutes, then lift out with a skimmer. Strew over the onions whole pepper and white mustard seeds, then take enough good vinegar, boiling hot, to cover them, and pour over; let stand until cold, pack in wide-mouthed bottles when cold and cork closely. Before corking, pour on the top of each bottleful a tablespoonful of olive oil.

Sweet Pickle for plums, peaches, tomatoes, or other suitable fruits or vegetables: Four quarts of vinegar, five pounds of sugar, one-fourth pound of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves, to seven pounds of fruit. Scald vinegar and sugar together and skim, add spices (usually in small bags), boil up once and pour over the prepared fruit. Pour off and scald vinegar twice more at intervals of two or three days, then cover closely. A less expensive way: Take four pounds of sugar to eight pounds of fruit, two ounces cinnamon and one ounce of cloves, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of allspice.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve large tomatoes (ripe), 2 large onions, 4 long green peppers, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and a half teaspoonful of cloves. Chop the onions fine and put all together in a preserving kettle; simmer about three hours, and seal in glass fruit jars.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.—Wipe clean, ripe cucumbers and lay them in good brine over night, then peel a thin rind from them and chop coarsely. Put over the fire in vinegar to cover; add spices to suit (any good pickle proportion of spices will do), and, if liked, one cupful of sugar to four quarts of vinegar; let boil until the pickles are tender, then seal boiling hot in glass fruit jars. Quite ripe cucumbers may be used.

Tomato Pickles with Mustard.—Slice one peck of solid tomatoes and let lie in salted water over night, then drain well through a colander and steam until tender. To vinegar enough to cover, add two tablespoonfuls of mustard, blending with a little cold vinegar, add spices to taste, a teacupful of sugar, and pour over the pickles; let stand two days, drain the vinegar, bring it to a boil and put in the tomatoes, and can boiling hot in sealing jars.

Cold Relish.—Chop fine one peck of ripe tomatoes and let stand over night; then add four green peppers, seeded and chopped, five chopped onions, two cupfuls of chopped celery, five ounces of white mustard seeds, half a cupful of salt, four cupfuls of brown sugar and five cupfuls of cold vinegar. Stir thoroughly, at intervals, several times, then put up cold in earthen jars and cover closely.

Ripe Tomato Catsup.—Chop fine 9 large peeled tomatoes, 3 large peeled onions, and 3 large peppers, and add 3 cups vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls each salt, cloves and cinnamon, and 2 teaspoonfuls ginger. Boil 1 hour. Strain through a colander, bottle, cork and seal. Keep in a cool, dark and dry place. A little allspice can be added if desired, or ground pepper can be used, when the red peppers are not on hand.

Green Tomato Catsup.—To 4 quarts cabbage add 2 quarts green tomatoes, 3 large onions, 3 large red peppers, and 2 quarts celery, all chopped fine, 2 ounces whole mixed spices, half pound white mustard seed, 2 cups brown sugar, scant half cup salt, and 2 quarts good vinegar. Boil 15 minutes and put up hot in sealed cans. The whole spices should be put in a cheesecloth bag.

Spiced Tomatoes.—To seven pounds of prepared ripe fruit, allow 3 pounds of sugar, 1 ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of ground cloves, and 1 pint of vinegar. Put the spices in a bag and boil the mixture all together for three hours. This need not be sealed.

Quick Chili Sauce.—Chop fine, 12 ripe, peeled tomatoes, 1 large pepper, seeds removed, and 2 onions. Put this in a granite or porcelain kettle over the fire, and add 2 cups vinegar, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful salt, and 1 teaspoonful each of nutmeg, allspice, cloves and ginger. Boil 1 hour, stirring often. This sauce can be canned and keeps very well.

Plain Chili Sauce (no spice).—Peel and cut up 20 ripe tomatoes, 5 onions, 5 red peppers, and add 10 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls salt and 4 small cups vinegar. Boil 1½ to 2 hours. Bottle and seal.

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The Home Doctor.

Infancy and Childhood.

By Frances Fisher Wood.

After a child is a year old the measures to be adopted for the prevention of disease and the preservation of uniformly good health can no longer be given in simple and universal rules. A young infant is an unreasoning animal, and with it the physical conditions alone need to be considered. Its food is simple and simply administered; and beyond the general desire for physical comfort and satisfaction, it expresses no preferences and conveys no criticism of our methods.

But after it is a year old a child begins the differentiation towards a more complicated existence. After that age a child is no longer simply an animated stomach. It has already found its hands and learned that they can clutch and grasp; it has discovered its feet, and is fast learning the art of locomotion; it has become an apt pupil in the lesson of language, that instrument of all intellectual progress. It has formulated the ego; and after the knowledge that "I am" is once defined, it soon conceives the second lesson of "I want." Within a short time the "I want" is followed by an "I ought," and with the last conception the triple development of the physical, mental, and moral natures progresses. Nor in any consideration of childhood, from whatever stand-point, can these three simultaneous and interdependent lines of development be separately considered. If we discuss intellectual education, we find its success ever dependent upon the physical condition, and incapable of the highest attainment except in the presence of a normal moral sense. If we consider moral development, we find it inextricably complicated with that of the intellectual and physical natures.

So in considering, as we at present aim to do, the measures that must be taken during childhood for the preservation of the best health and the practical elimination of infantile diseases, we find it impossible to consider the physical alone, but, even at the risk of seeming superficial, must touch, at least in many points upon the mental and moral training of the child. Its physical health is always dependent upon proper mental and moral training. Every physician, for instance, encounters in his practice among children cases of illness which terminate fatally simply because the child is so wilful and undisciplined that his struggles against the prescribed and necessary course of treatment turn to the fatal issue the evenly balanced scales in which are weighed the alternatives of life and death. So the chronic habit of disobedience or deceit on the part of the child may neutralize the parents' best efforts for its physical improvement. And fretfulness, generally a result of disease, is not infrequently, when it becomes a fixed habit, also one of the causes of illness, or at least of chronic ill health. And any discussion, therefore, which deals solely with the physical precautions for the prevention of disease must be absolutely inadequate. To obtain the desired result it is necessary to touch upon mental education and moral training, at least as far as they are involved in home discipline and upon amusements.

It is also important that parents who would comprehend and enforce the necessary measures for the preservation of their children's health should be familiar with the standard scientific authorities, which form the basis for any valuable educational discussion. Every mother who aims intelligently to train her child should be familiar with those works of Spencer, Preyer, and Perez which treat Spencer, Preyer, Perez, and Taimer, which treat of child nature and child needs. Without some such preliminary reading, it is difficult for a mother intelligently to follow any rules that may be laid down. Every child must, in many points, prove itself an exception to the general rule by failing to conform to the average standard; and in order to appreciate to what degree this divergency is fatal, and in what sense it is unimportant, one needs to comprehend what the average standard reall is, and to be familiar with the scientific laws underlying any special rules for education. If a more prefect knowledge is desired, and if the parent would be competent to make rather than to follow rules, to go back to the first principles underlying all development either of individual or of race society, this knowledge can be obtained in no way so well as by a general study of the fundamental theory of evolution.

It is well understood among scientists, and now generally accepted by all intelligent people, that a child closely approximates, in many of its attributes, to the lower animals. Children are neither angels spoiled in the making nor are they to be counted as illustrations of natural depravity. They are at first simply animals of a lower order in the scale of development, in whom the mental and moral qualities are nascent, and of whose present needs and future possibilities we can obtain no adequate conception, except by an intelligent study of the lower species which they resemble. Each individual child follows step by step, in its personal growth, the path by which the race has progressed to its higher destiny. It begins life, prenatally, as an aquatic animal. Its first attempts at locomotion are, like those of its brute ancestors, made on all-fours, while it possesses naturally during the first year of life prehensile powers greater than it can ever afterward attain without the training of an athlete, and equalled only by those of its cousin the ape.

A Few General Hints on Colds.

After the cold has started.—To relieve soreness in the muscles from a cold, rub with sassafras oil. If this does not give the desired relief wet a piece of flannel in water, pour some of the oil on the wet flannel and apply to the part. The counter-irritation equals that of a mustard plaster. The oil is very cheap.

For stiff neck.—Heat, rubbing and rest are the best remedies for this trouble. A good cathartic is in order at the beginning of the attack. Rubbing with sassafras oil and lying on a hot-water-bag will generally afford relief.

Lumbago.—Rubbing with stimulating liniment or sassafras oil or other counter-irritant gives relief. The patient may lie on a hot-water-bag. Sometimes a hot flaxseed poultice applied to the sore parts and renewed as often as it cools off will lessen the pain. A plaster helps to keep the part quiet and affords great relief. But a good old-fashioned ironing with a hot flatiron seems to lead these simple remedies, for it often acts like magic. Several thicknesses of flannel are laid on the back in preparation for this treatment.

If the Nose is stuffed up inhale camphor, poured on a wet handkerchief, or aromatic ammonia, not too strong. This will clear the nose quickly and give great comfort to the sufferer.

For thick and abundant nasal discharge a spray consisting of four ounces of albolene and thirty grains each of camphor and menthol may be used every half-hour. The bottle containing the albolene mixture should be placed in hot water, as all solutions applied to the nostrils should be warm.

Another spray consists of a saturated solution of hot boracic acid. Or a solution made of a pint of hot water, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of baking soda is excellent.

Plain warm albolene dropped in the nose from a medicine-dropper is soothing.

When a discharge from the nose continues a physician should be consulted.

Advice to the Sleepers.

If you fear a sleepless night, undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the activities. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness. Put some chopped ice in a rubber bag and place it at the lower extremity of the spine. This is particularly quieting to the nerves. Do not use anything but a rubber bag, or you will merely have a damp cloth and rheumatism by morning. Do not use a pillow. Relax every muscle so far as it is possible. Sprawl over the bed with arms and legs stretched out. Take a sponge bath with tepid water just before going to bed. Lie on your face instead of on your back. That is the way babies sleep, and their methods are scarcely to be improved upon in this particular. All pressure is removed from the spine by this means, and a delicious feeling of restfulness ensues. You will drop asleep immediately.—American Analyst.

A Sick Baby.

A baby two years old is very ill. For a week he has had five or six movements a day. These contain a great deal of mucus and are pale greenish. The mother has given a diarrhoea mixture and encouraged the child to eat the regular household diet.

What to do for the baby.—The first thing to do is to give this child a dessertspoonful of castor oil and to put him on a strict diet. He should have nothing that contains milk and none of the ordinary table food that the family have. He may have mutton and chicken broth from which all fat has been skimmed, barley, wheat, rice or granum gruels or jellies, and once a day a piece of zwieback, and plenty of pure water to drink. There will no doubt be a struggle at first when the child finds he cannot have his usual food, but if the mother wishes her child to get well promptly she will remain firm.

To make oat, wheat or rice jelly from the grains take six tablespoonfuls of the grain and soak overnight. In the morning place this in two quarts of fresh, cold water, add a pinch of salt, and cook in a double boiler for four hours down to one quart, adding a little water from time to time. When done strain this through muslin, and it may be given to the child when cold in the form of jelly. If the flours of these grains can be obtained it will be necessary to use only one-third as much and to cook them only ten or fifteen minutes. Sometimes the child will prefer to drink a rather thin gruel; if so use less of the grain or flour and more water.

When making chicken broth for a child carefully cut off all the meat from one fowl; cut this up into very small pieces, and remove every particle of the fat; to each pound of the meat add one pint of cold water and a pinch of salt. Allow this to simmer on the stove for four or five hours; then strain it through muslin, and when cold remove any fat.

Mutton broth is made in the same way and is even better than chicken broth where there is much diarrhoea. It is sometimes well to add an equal amount of barley-water to these broths before they are given to a child. They may be taken either cold in the form of jelly or else warm as broths.

This diet should be continued for several days until the child's movements grow more natural; then little by little milk may be added to the jellies or gruels, and other articles of diet suitable for a child of this age may be given.

This child should not be allowed to run about while he is so miserable; he should be kept outdoors in a large baby carriage or carried by some one into the parks or to a recreation pier, or his

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mother may take him for a short trip as she is unable to go out of the city permanently for the summer. In the very hottest parts of the day he will be more comfortable if he stays in the house. Several times a day he should be given a sponge bath with tepid water in which is a little alcohol or bicarbonate of soda.

If he has fever and continues to have movements containing mucus it will be well to wash out the bowels with lukewarm salt solution, using a fountain syringe and a long, soft rubber catheter for the purpose. A doctor or a trained nurse should show the mother how to do this the first time.

Medicine Cabinet.

A medicine cabinet for twenty-five cents is not an extravagance, is it? That was the cost of the pretty little cabinet shown in the pictures on this page.

The chief thing purchased was the mirror, which can be duplicated at any store where such things are sold, for seventeen cents. The rest of the medicine cabinet is home made, and with the exception of the little shelf, was all easy sailing.

I rather pride myself on that little shelf. You see it is made to slide into place just like a real expert's shelf. A shelf supported by a piece of wood nailed at each end, underneath the cross board, will do just as well.

The price of the hinges for the door added a few cents to the cost of the mirror.

I first picked out from among the household collection of discarded boxes one that I thought was about the right size and shape for the purpose and then purchased a mirror to fit the box. If one fancies a larger medicine cabinet than the one I made, then it is only a matter of selecting a larger box and fitting a bigger mirror to it.

Let Mothers Beware.

Advertisements designed to scare mothers into buying pasteurizing machines, and pasteurized milk are becoming numerous, and parents should beware of them. Statistics show that children fed on the milk thus treated are especially liable to scurvy and rickets, which have caused many deaths.

Pasteurization and sterilization serve the same purpose as chemicals in preserving foods. Formaldehyde used to be a favorite chemical among the dairymen, but since the national, state and city laws have prohibited its use, dairymen are now resorting to sterilization and pasteurization, as a means of pre- either selling machines, or of saving the dairymen expense of producing and venting the milk from souring—nature's only way of showing when it is becoming harmful. Both these methods are advocated solely for the purpose of marketing wholesome fresh milk, as nature in her wisdom provides it.

Different Abodes of Man.

Far off in the Frigid Zone, the Esquimaux builds his house or igloo from blocks of snow. When the short Arctic summer arrives and the sun's rays melt the roofs, the Esquimaux abandons his home.

In the Soth Sea Islands the natives thatch their mud huts with reeds and cane brake. This affords protection from the intense heat of the tropic sun, but when the heavy rains set in it is frequently necessary to build several new roofs in a season.

Among civilized people where permanent and substantial homes are estaolished, it was necessary to get a roof for the home that would withstand the changes of temperature and weather and fury of the elements.

Various materials have been tried for this purpose but none seemed to meet the demands until the discovery of the famous Genasco Ready Roofing.

This roofing is made from natural asphalt taken from Trinidad Lake on Trinidad Island, off the coast of South America. The fact that this asphalt for hundreds of years has withstood the ravages of time and the elements proves its absolute durability.

It was only after years of careful study and experiment that the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, Philadelphia, finally placed Genasco Ready Roofing before the public and its success was so remarkable that it is now found in almost every quarter of the globe.

But strange to say, despite the advance of modern progress and the perfection of Genasco Ready Roofing, there are many otherwise progressive and up-to-date farmers who, every year, are doing much as the savage in the South Sea Islands—going out mending leaks and repairing the damage done by faulty and defective roofs.

It is estimated that half the waste and expense caused by defective roofs would cover the cost of a good, sound, permanent roof of Genasco.

Census of Forest Products.

The census of the forest products of Canada, to be taken on 1st June, 1911, will embrace square, waney or flat timber, logs for lumber and miscellaneous products.

In the first class are included ash, birch, elm, maple, oak, pine and all other timber cut as square, waney or flat, and in the enumeration will be reported for cubic feet and value.

Logs for lumber, which are included in the second class, are in such woods as elm, hickory, hemlock, oak, pine and spruce. They will be enumerated in the census in quantities of 1,000 feet board measure, with value in the same unit.

Miscellaneous products of the forest include bark for tanning, fence posts, firewood, hoop and hop poles, masts and spars, piling, pot and pearl ashes, railroad ties, staves, stave-bolts and heading, telegraph poles (including telephone and other poles for electric wires), wood for pulp, and the furs and skins of forest animals undressed, and they will be enumerated by number or quantity and value.

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Graceful Autumn Gowns.

Graceful Autumn Gowns.

All sorts of thin and filmy materials are being worn for early autumn and these gowns illustrate two favorites. The one to the left is made of white mull, combined with eyelet embroidery, while the one to the right is made of flowered muslin. The white gown includes one of the very latest skirts, the lower portion of which is a circular flounce, while the upper is five gored, laid in tucks over the hips are gathered at the lower edge. The over blouse is one of the very pretty new ones that is cut in one with the sleeves and is tucked over the shoulders to provide becoming fullness. A great many different materials could be used for such a model. It is just as appropriate for foulard and other thin silks as it is for the mull illustrated and for other fine muslins, but eyelet embroidery makes a feature of the late summer and the gown as illustrated is exceedingly smart.

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse, 2⅝ yards of material, 24; 2⅜ yards, 32; or 2⅛ yards. 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of banding; for the upper portion of the skirt, 4 yards, 24 or 32; 2½ yards, 44 inches wide; for the flounce, 3⅜ yards, 18; 2¾ yards, 24; 2¼ yards, 32; 1½ yards, 44 inches wide. The over blouse pattern, 6704, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6696, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right combines one skirt that is cut in three pieces and of the very new draped blouses with a joined to a circular flounce. There is a wide tuck at the lower edge of the skirt, and it is under this tuck that the flounce is joined. The flat puffs of the material make the trimming. The blouse in this instance is finished with a chemisette of all-over lace, but it can be made without, making the neck half low if preferred. Again, there can be undersleeves added if liked, but elbow sleeves and lace yokes are exceedingly smart this summer and render the gown available for a great many different occasions Puffs such as those illustrated make one of the newest trimmings, but the neck edge of the blouse could be finished with a band of lace if better liked. With such finish and the yoke omitted it becomes adapted to evening wear. All materials that are thin and soft, and that can be draped successfully, are appropriate. Chiffon would make an exceedingly dainty gown of the sort; the soft muslin illustrated is in every way attractive and there are numberless thin silks that can be treated in just the same way.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 3½ yards of material, 21 or 24; 2¾ yards, 32; or 2¼ yards, 44 inches wide; with ¾ yard of all-over lace; for the skirt, 8¾ yards, 24; 7¼ yards, 32; or 6 yards, 44 inches wide. To make the puffs, 2 yards of material 32 inches wide, will be needed. The waist pattern, 6700, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6527, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist measure.

Any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

For Autumn Days.

Linen is one of the most satisfactory materials for autumn wear, and here are two costumes that show it used most effectively.

The little boy's suit is made of white linen, while the edge of the collar is embroidered in a simple but satisfactory design. The blouse is one of the very new ones that gives the effect of a wide box plait at the front. All the mate-

rials that are used for boys' suits will be found appropriate, the thinner washable ones and wool as well as linen.

For the four year size will be required, 3⅞ yards of material, 24 or 27; 3⅜ yards, 32; or 2¼ yards, 44 inches wide. The pattern, 6703, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4, and 6 years of age. The embroidery pattern, 437, is cut in one size only.

The girl's dress is laid in box plaits for its entire length and is exceedingly becoming. In this case it is made of pale blue linen with embroidery in white mercerized thread, and the effect is most satisfactory. White linen is always dainty, however, and the material includes a great variety of colors. In place of the embroidery, applique trimming could be used, and this trimming could be arranged between the bow plaits to give a distinctly different effect. If liked, the dress could be made high at the neck with long sleeves.

For the eight year size will be required, 6 yards of material, 24 or 27; 3 yards, 36 or 44 inches wide. The pattern 6716 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8 and 10 years of age.

The embroidery patterns for the bands, 486, and for the scalloped edge, 387, are cut in one size only.

Any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Costumes of Voile and Batiste.

Costumes of Voile and Batiste.

A great many different materials are being worn this season but voile and batiste retain all their favor. The gowns illustrated are typical of the best that the season has to offer.

The voile costume is made of plain colored material, trimmed with striped, and it is worn in combination with a guimpe of heavy lace. The over blouse is one of the prettiest and latest to have appeared, cut in one with the sleeves, and is tucked to give an exceedingly becoming effect. The skirt is made with a gored upper portion and fits smoothly over the hips and with a straight flounce that is joined to its lower edge. Over this foundation and flounce the pointed tunic is arranged. Any guimpe that may be liked can be worn in combination, but the plain one with long close sleeves is a favorite. Any material that can be tucked successfully can be utilized for the design, and for the trimming, either contrasting material or banding or braiding or embroidery can be used with success. Foulard is exceedingly handsome as well as practical so made. Pongee would make a serviceable suit for the late season, and voile is always pretty and dainty, while there are countless other washable materials that might be mentioned.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 2⅞ yards of material, 24 or 27; 2 yards, 36; or 1¾ yards, 44 inches wide; for the skirt, 7¼ yards, 24 or 27; 6 yards, 36; or 4¼ yards, 44 inches wide; with 1 yard, 36, for the gored upper portion; 2¼ yards 27 inches wide for bands for entire gown. The blouse pattern, 6711, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6710, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made of mercerized batiste, trimmed with heavy lace. It is exceedingly dainty and summer-like and altogether charming, yet it is very simple, involving slight labor in the making. The skirt is made in three sections, each section straight at its lower edge, gathered at the upper and joined to the preceding one. The blouse is made with front and back portions that are tucked on indicated lines. In this case a lace yoke has been arranged over it, but this yoke could be cut from all-over material or plain material to match the gown, trimmed or embroidered or braided. All the thinner, lighter materials of the season are appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 3¼ yards of material, 24 or 27; 2¼ yards, 36; or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; with lace yoke and cuffs, or one yard of all-over lace to trim as illustrated; for the skirt, 10 yards, 24 or 27; 7½ yards, 36; or 6¼ yards, 44 inches wide; with 9½ yards of lace. The blouse pattern, 6719, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6658, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste, send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

THE FORMULA OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

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Everyone knows that fruit juice is healthful—but perhaps some do not understand why this is true.

Fruit juice consists of about 91% water, 8% of sweet principle, and 1% of a bitter substance. It is the quantity of bitter principle in fruit that gives the fruit value as a medicine. An eminent physician of Ottawa, after years of experimenting, found a method of increasing the bitter principle in fruit juice, thus increasing the medicinal or curative qualities.

The juices are first extracted from fresh, ripe oranges, apples, figs and prunes. By a secret process, some of the sweet atoms are replaced by the bitter principle. Then tonics and antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets, now known far and wide as "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices, and is one of the few remedies that have let their composition be known from their introduction to the public.

"Fruit-a-tives" is nature's stimulant for the liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. In cases of obstinate Constipation, Liver Trouble, Indigestion, Backache, Rheumatism, Headaches and Impure Blood, this wonderful fruit medicine cures when everything else fails.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold everywhere at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c., or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Sambo's Dream.

Darkie Logic

I'se gwine to let you brudderen;
  I'se gwine to let you soon;
But doan you take to blubberin;
  No meltin' fo' dis coon.
Yo' kin hab my wata'melons,
  Pop co'n an' pumpkins too;
And de chicks what sray'd from Genon's,
  Why eat 'em, dey's fo' you.

I dream'd I was in Hebben
  De good Lo'd he was dere
So I tol' him 'bout dose chicken
  An' I know he didn't care
Fo' he kinder smil'd an' look'd me froo
  Den chuck'd me on de chin
"Sambo," said he, "yo's black fo' shua
  But taint de black ob sin."

"No, some folk's black an' some is white
  An' dats de way, you know
Why white am right an' black am right
  I'se dune and' made 'em so.
If nigger swipe, shoo, dat's no sin
  Its natral as kin be;
But Gemon, ha, dey'd run him in,
  Taint proper white you see."

Now, dem's de wo'ds de good Lo'd said
  An' tol' me in my dream.
Just think 'em froo when Sambo's dead;
  But doan yo' mo'n fo' him.
Ho! good bye brudders I'se away!
  Keep on de good ol' track.
Go fo' dose pullets Christmas day
  An' thank de Lo'd yo's black.

'Rex Mortus; Viva Rex."

"The king is dead:—Long live the king!'—
  The sentence called thro' London streets:—
And 'round the world the echoes ring,
  As swift the message wire repeats:
Tho' short his reign, yet long his deeds,
  Which helped his kingdom's weal increase;
He wrought to fill his people's needs,
  And worshipped at the shrine of peace.

"The king is dead:—Long live the king!'—
  A proclamation often heard;—
The same dread battle-cries would ring,
  To keep the rule of Christ deferred:
But tho' Mars hammers at his arms,
  And Zion's watchmen's eyes are dim,
Yet, high above rude War's alarms,
  As good "Peacemaker" hailed we him.

"The king is dead:—Long live the king!'—
  Edward is gone, and George is here,
To press his footsteps, and to bring
  The Royal Prophet's dream more near:
We hail thee, son of honored sire.
  And honor thou his throne again,
Until shall come the "World's Desire,"
  The Prince of Peace, for aye, to reign.

John Prescott Guild.

Chinook, Alberta, Canada, May 20, 1910.

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Ask your physician or druggist all about the NA-DRU-CO line. They are men of standing in your community, worthy of your confidence, and in position to tell you, for we will furnish to any member of either profession, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO preparation.

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Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

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Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

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Act without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed.

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Relieve Baby's ills. Especially valuable during teething.

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Sunday Reading.

How Did he Live.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt;

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
Never mind how he died.

—British Weekly.

God Loves You.

Weary, tired, gloomy, glad, or cheerful, look up and smile. God is love. God loves you. Think over these things with something more than thoughts, one told me.

"God is more near to our souls than our own bodies."

"The Lord Thy God is in the midst of thee, a mighty one who will save; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing."

"A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate and blessed with all that sun and air and rain can do for it, is not so sure a way of growth to perfection, as every man may be, whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him, with half that certainty, as God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him."

"Be quiet; look up; smile back to God his love-smile. We are all of us the offspring of God, more nearly related to God than one to another, for in him we live and move and have our being."—Rev. J. T. Wilds, in New York Observer.

The Preacher's Red Rose.

How a Flower Turned the Balance.

The church at Sardis, Brynsarn, which is one of the oldest in Wales, had been for three years without a pastor. Several promising young preachers had supplied its pulpit, but not one had secured a unanimous call to the pastorate. The responsibility of arranging pulpit supplies and of selecting the most likely candidates had been entrusted to a committee of twelve church members, including the four deacons. This committee was sarcastically called by one of the members, John Pugh, the tailor, who thought himself better qualified than anybody else to be on it, "The twelve wise men of Sardis." Sardis had had for years the reputation of being the most difficult church to please in the whole country. But this was not true of all the church, only of some half a dozen conservative members, especially David Moses, the shoemaker, whose workshop was called "Sardis Chapel, House of Lords." Seeing that of the large number of students and young ministers who had supplied the pulpit during the time it had been vacant, the "wise men" had not been able to agree to recommend a single candidate for the consideration of the church, several of the members began to despair of ever getting a suitable man. However, at last a young student, called Richard Elias, came by accident to supply the pulpit, as a substitute for another, who had been taken ill. He took the people by storm.

The committee found that a large number of members were anxious that his name should be submitted to the church; and a meeting was convened for considering the matter.

Rocky Mountain Sheep, Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C.

"Now, brethren," said David Moses, who always took the lead, "what is your opinion of the candidate? Speak out your minds in plain words."

"He looks a very nice young man, and is a very good preacher," remarked Owen Morris, the grocer, "and the only thing I have against him is that he looks very young. I would rather have a man who has had some experience in the ministry; but I would not for all the world stand in the way of his coming here if all the church should be for him.

"I don't know, really, what to think of our church," said Lewis Davis, the rate collector; "everybody that comes here is too something. Several were too old; some were turning grey; some were getting bald; one wore a wig, and this one is too young! If we can give him enough to live upon, he is sure to get old in time."

All were anxious to know what David Moses thought of him.

"Well," he said, "I must say that I was very much struck by him; he looks very humble and homely, and it's a great thing to have a young man that's free from pride and vanity. And as far as I can see, he's perfectly sound in the faith."

"Yes," answered Hugh Parry, the carpenter, with a playful wink. "It's of great importance to be sound in the faith, provided that it's not the soundness of a man stuck fast in a quagmire."

After further discussion a majority were in favour of inviting the student to preach for another Sunday.

He promised to come in a month, and when the time came there was great expectation among young and old, and several of the committee called to see him at his lodgings on Saturday night, and spoke to him as their future pastor. On Sunday morning he preached with great acceptance and made a very favorable impression upon all.

In the afternoon he gave a charming address to the Sunday school children and was pointed out to the children as their future minister.

The family with whom Mr Elias stayed had taken a great liking to him. As they sat together in the cosy little parlor before the evening service, Mr. Elias was admiring some flowers that stood on the table, and Miss Morgan, the eldest daughter, picked out a red rose and suggested that he should put it in his coat; she was sure, she said, that he would preach all the better for it. The preacher of the previous Sunday, she added, had told them of a great man who used to say that he smelt God's love in the flowers.

Mr. Elias took for his subject that evening "The Burning Bush," and gave an admirable discourse. Several in the audience were deeply impressed by his remarks on the consuming fire of God's holy presence in all things; but some listened with cold indifference, especially David Moses, who sat in the corner of the big pew right under the eyes of the preacher. He groaned and sighed, and held his head down nearly all the time the young man spoke. It was quite clear to Mr. Elias that his discourse that evening contained something that was objectionable to some in the congregation, but what it was he had not the slightest idea. And, to his great surprise and disappointment, he was allowed to leave on Monday morning without hearing a single word mentioned to him about the expected invitation.

In the evening of that day, after the prayer meeting, the committee met to consider the question.

"We've met tonight, brethren," said David Moses, "to consider whether we shall recommend the young man, Richard Elias, to the church as a candidate for the pastorate. To speak plainly, I must say that I didn't enjoy his sermon last night at all; and it went like a dagger to my heart to see him in the pulpit with a flower in the breast of his coat! There's no place where pride is so hateful as in the pulpit; and I was not the only one that was shocked by it."

"I can't say that I didn't like the sermon last night," remarked Owen Morris, "but I would rather he hadn't put the flower in his coat. Margaret, my wife, and I were talking about it on our way home from the service. I asked her how she liked the preacher. 'Well, to tell you the truth, Owen,' she said, 'I didn't like him at all. As you know, I hate to see flowers in the heads of flirts in the pews, but to see flowers in the coat of a preacher in the pulpit is horrid!'"

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Hugh Parry, "I am surprised to hear that anybody has been offended by a beautiful flower in the button-hole of a preacher's coat! There was certainly nothing wrong in that, and I must say that for me it made the service much more bright and cheerful. Didn't Jesus Christ, the Prince of preachers, speak about flowers?"

"Ah, yes," answered David Moses, with a sarcastic look, "but Christ never put a flower in the breast of his coat."

"I think," said Lewis Davis, "that quite enough has been said on the subject. I am sure that the young man put the flower in his button-hole quite thoughtlessly, and it hasn't made me in the least to change my opinion of him. I believe he would be the right man in the right place, and I move that we recommend him to the church." The motion was seconded by Hugh. Parry.

"After considering everything most carefully," said David Moses, "and having made it a matter of prayer, I have come to the conclusion that Richard Elias won't do for us; and I move, as an amendment, that we shall not mention his name any more."

He was seconded by Owen Rhys, the weaver, who always went with David Moses on all questions.

"I haven't got anything against the young man," he said, "but I think it will be better for us to have one who has been a little time in harness."

Five voted for the young man and seven against him. So he was weighed and found wanting, because he had preached with a red rose in his buttonhole!

Soon afterwards, however, the rejected candidate supplied the pulpit of a large church in an adjoining county, when he made a favorable impression, got a unanimous invitation to become pastor, and commenced his ministry under most favorable circumstances.

When the news of this reached Sardis, the wisdom of its twelve wise men was counted by all as folly and vanity.—Christian World.

In God's Sight.

By Phillip Brooks.

We have not thought richly or deeply enough about any undertaking unless we have thought of it as an attempt to put into the form of action that which already has existence in the idea of God.

You start upon your profession, and your professional career in its perfect conception shines already in God's sight. Already before Him there is the picture of the good physician, the broad-minded merchant, the fair-minded lawyer, the heroic minister, which you may be.

You set yourself down to some hard struggle with temptation, and already in the fields of God's knowledge you are walking as possible victor, clothed in white and with the crown of victory upon your head.

You build your house and found your home. It is an attempt to realize the picture of purity, domestic peace, mutual inspiration and mutual comfort, which God sees already.

Your friendship, which begins to shape itself today out of your intercourse with your companion, has its pattern in the vast treasury of God's conception of what man, with perfect truthfulness and perfect devotion, may be to his brother man.

The Tear of Death.

By W. E. H. Lecky.

Whatever may lie beyond the tomb, the tomb itself is nothing to us. The narrow prison house, the gloomy pomp, the hideousness of decay, are known to the living and to the living alone. By a too common illusion of the imagination, men picture themselves as consciously dead—going through the process of corruption, and aware of it; imprisoned, with a knowledge of the fact, in the most hideous of dungeons.

Endeavor earnestly to erase this illusion from your mind; for it lies at the root of the fear of death, and it is one of the worst sides of mediaeval and of much modern teaching and art that it tends to strengthen it. Nothing, if we truly realize it, is less real than the grave. We should be no more concerned with the after fate of our discarded bodies than with that of the hair which the haircutter has cut off. The sooner they are resolved into their primitive elements the better. The imagination should never be suffered to dwell upon their decay.

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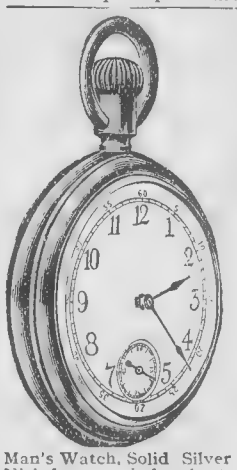
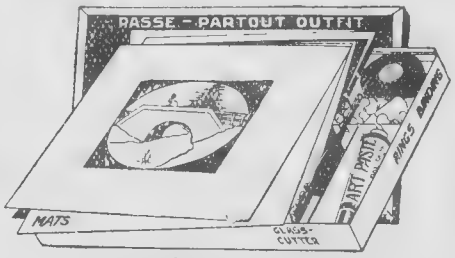

Man's Watch, Solid Silver Nickel, stem wind and set, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only **$3.00** worth.



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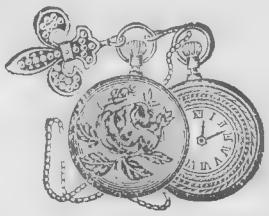
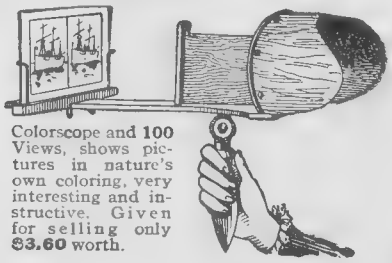
Beautifully dressed fine French Doll. She is nearly 1½ feet tall, has natural curly hair and pretty eyes, which close when she goes to sleep. Given for selling only **$2.40** worth.


Lady's Beautiful Enamelled Watch; guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.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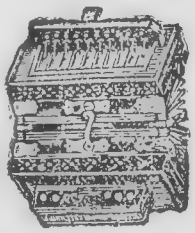
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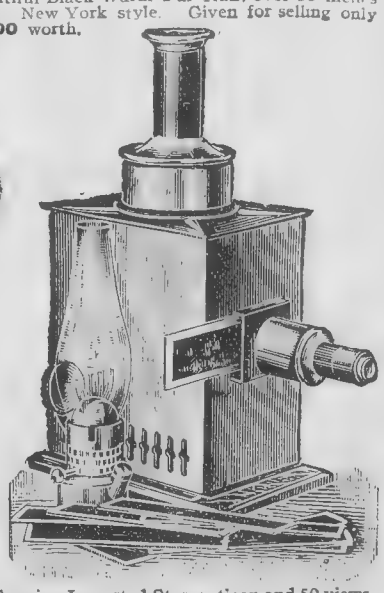
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A Few Words About Poultry.

By J. R. Cote.

At this time of the year the interest in poultry is not as strong as during the early spring, when the beginners in the poultry business have enough enthusiasm to give the hen fever to anybody who will listen to the amount of chickens they will hatch and raise, and the money they will make. Of course, some do realize their expectations, but a large portion of the beginners will build castles in the air.

It is too far advanced in the season for me to attempt to give an insight in the ways to properly hatch and raise the young chicks, but I think it is now quite seasonable to let the readers of this paper know what is being done in the large poultry plants, where they successfully handle hundreds and thousands of birds every year, and where they make a living at that.

I do not need to go very far for getting facts, as I have a friend of mine who lives on a farm next to me, who is a successful poultryman, and he earns his living with his poultry.

This man handles nothing but Leghorns, and he has the single comb white. They are known to the average farmer of this country, but not sufficiently to have gained the ground they should hold. To my experience, the breed which will repay him for his feed and his work.

You who have growing chicks hatched in April and May, if you wish to see them grow into good layers, it is up to you to furnish them with the necessary food and range so they will develop into good birds. If your pullets do not lay in December and keep it up during the winter it is your own fault, not the chickens' fault, as half the time the birds are not given any chances to show what they could do under natural condition.

I will tell you briefly what is the method in vogue on the large plant I was speaking about.

The pullets and cockerels are separated when about 8 weeks old, when each are given separate range. The feed given those chicks is as follows: In the morning about 9 o'clock a mash is fed. The mash is made of equal parts of bran, cornmeal, and ground oats. Use enough water to make the mash crumbly, but n t sticky, and feed sufficiently to allow them to clean it up.

Then at night every other day cracked corn is used, and the next evening whole wheat, fed in deep litter of straw. Now it seems funny to say so, but birds' nature demands a certain exercise. You

A Keen Contes

S. C. White Leghorns are about the best breed that one man, be he a farmer or a town resident, can handle properly.

The time has come when everything is specialized. The farmer who goes for dairying makes a specialty of a good breed, and keeps up the breed if he wants to make money. And so it is with poultry. A farmer who is not satisfied with getting a few eggs for the house, but he wants to make his poultry pay him the trouble, will confine his efforts to one single breed, and if asked for advice I will always tell to get Leghorns, and, of course, as there are browns, buffs, white and black in the same breed, there is enough variety to suit any taste, but the single comb white Leghorns of a good strain have not yet been defeated, either for exhibition purposes or for paying purposes.

Some people, perhaps you who read this article, will say that you have been raising another breed and made money. That may be the case, and if so, why, if you made money with another breed, you would have made more money with the Leghorns. Our fathers and mothers used to have candles for light, while now in several farms they have gasoline lamps and other modern lighting devices, which is simply the progress of civilization, and the time has come when the farmer of to-day who is willing to make money in poultry has to take up with a can have had good results by feeding your birds in a trough or on the ground, where they had no work whatever to do to get the feed; but you follow those same birds, and if they have the range they will scratch here and there and take the exercise you are not allowing to get at feed time. If poultry is confined where it will have very little exercise, it will cause them to get fat and then you will have no end of troubles.

In places where poultry has a good grass run, no green food is necessary some poultrymen say. My experience has been to cut a cabbage and give it to breeders that were having excellent grass run, and you should see how they relish that meal. Then, of course, it is useless for me to say that your poultry should have plenty of grit or oyster shell. I have found by actual experiments that oyster shell will give all that is necessary to form the growing chick. You see, carbonate of lime must be supplied the growing chick, and most all oyster shell contain carbonate of lime. Lime is just as necessary as food, especially for laying hens. It acts as tonic to the system, keeps the birds strong and vigorous, and if you see that your chicks have plenty of oyster shell or lime and grit, you may depend upon giving them one of the most essential part which goes a long way to build a good bird,

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Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

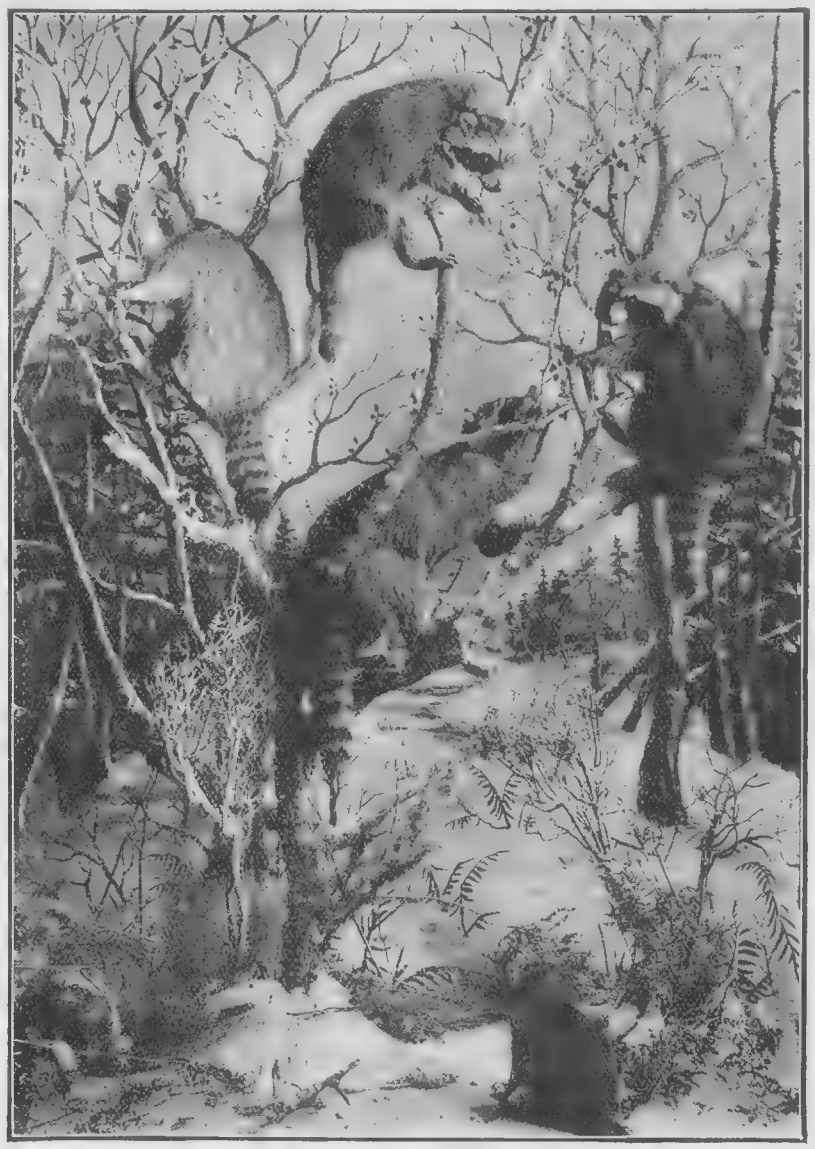
and when it comes to pullets you are building them to be good layers.

Plenty of grain and oyster shell will go a long way, and when they are used to it, if you miss a day or two, you will see how they will go for it when you give more to them.

So much for the feeding of the growing chicks, and the question of housing is one which is of importance, but it need not be expensive quarters. So long as it is rainproof it will answer the purpose, but please do not crowd your growing birds into stuffy quarters, as no matter how much care you will take in feeding them, your are sure to fail to reach the goal you aim—getting good birds.

I would not be making this complete if I was not telling you a few words about lice. Lice is on your birds, in your poultry houses, and the pests are simply eating your grain and money. Part of the grain you feed your birds goes to make blood, and part of that blood is sucked by the vermin which is called lice. You imagine going to bed at night with about 50 to 100 fleas or lice biting you. Even if you had had a good supper, how would you spend the night? Still that's what most poultry is forced to do, and if you don't believe me, simply go at night in your poultry house, and after you have been in for a few minutes you will hear them scratch, and if you are lucky enough to get out without having a few of the crawling pest on you to keep you company for the night you are certainly getting out of it easy.

I will tell you an easy way and a cheap way. I make my own lice powder. I could sell you that powder for 50 cents a box, and for 50 cents you can make pretty near a bushel, and it beats any lice powder that was ever made or will ever be made. This is the way I do it. I take 1 gallon of gasoline, and I mix with it a pint of crude carbolic acid. Then I use all the plaster of Paris it will take to make a thick paste, and let it dry, when you will find you have a pinkish powder, which smells very much carbolic. All you have to do is to dust the birds with that powder, and then the next thing to do is to paint the roosts with pure coal oil. At the end of a week or 10 days give them another dusting, and you are free from lice, or, at least, your poultry is.



Raccoon group, Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C.

The New Born Village.

Just a speck upon the prairie,
Far afield amid the farms,
Just a Village, solitary,
Void of all a city's charms.

Not a rushing, roaring trolley,
Not a bright, electric light;
Not the stir of work or folly,
Not the gaieties of night.

Knowing not the quest of learning,
Seeking not for social cheer,
Every man for money yearning,
Every man a pioneer.

Just a village, just a baby
'Mid expanding field of grain.
Growing wondrous, growing maybe
Till a town, it decks the plain.

We, its founders, still inherit
Buoyant freedom of the West,
Freedom, each to prove his merit,
Each to meet his manhood's test.

Proud of independence humble,
Free of jealousy and strife.
Proud to work and not to grumble,
Pleased to lead the simple life.

A. B. Hogg.

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Send $1 Receive 4 cloth remnants suitable for boys' knee pants up to 12 years, give age and we will cut pants free, add 25c for postage. N. Southcott Co. London, Canada.

SEND 60c. Receive postpaid child's dress of red plaid, heavy flannelette, made with waist and full skirt joined with belt trimmed with brass buttons, 4 to 8 yrs., 60c.; 10 to 12 yrs., 75c.; add 10c. for postage. **Standard Garment Co. 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.**

Embroidery.--Some New Ideas.

Embroidered pillows are now to be had suitable for every corner, and many, indeed, are needed to furnish the home. These may be as simple or elaborate in design and finish as one chooses, but they must be suitable to the rooms they are to furnish. We have selected two of the fashionable oblong cushions which are novel and most original in design. The first is a design of Wild Carrot embroidered in greenish whites on a dull blue tinted background. The flowers are worked with coarse French Knots, using Rope Silk No. 1201 white, No. 1239½, 1239x Pale Green, and Greyish Green for the stems Royal Floss Nos. 1471, 71[illegible], 71X outlined with Black No. 1203. This cushion is finished on the ends only with deep twine colored fringe, which matches the color upon which the cushion is tinted.

An oblong centre has been designed to match this cushion and is exceedingly handsome. This is to be worked in the same manner, and has a border stamped for buttonholing, which can be edged with fringe or lace as preferred.

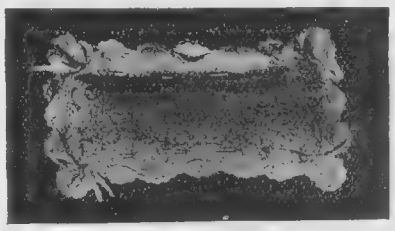
Another oblong cushion is a very attractive design in an Old English style, and has a motto suitable for a den or living room. This cushion has the lettering worked in solid, padded satin stitch, as suggested by the tinting. Blue No. 1549, Green No. 1271, and black No. 1203 Royal Floss are used for the lettering. The remainder of the design is outlined with black, and the band effect is couched with Black and Japanese Gold Thread.

The ordinary square cushion mounts can be used to fill oblong cushions. A 22 inch size packs in very nicely, or if necessary, a little of the filling can be taken out in the event of the embroidered cushion being very narrow. These oblong cushions add very much to the furnishings of a room, as they fill odd spaces attractively.

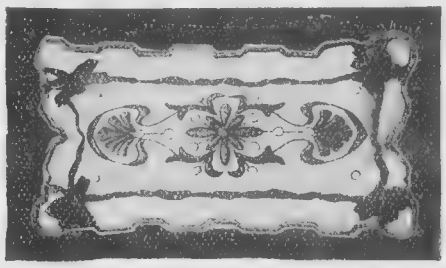
We illustrate some of the fashionable lacing pin-cushions which are so practical, and for this reason are to be found in general use. These can be supplied stamped on white or tinted on cream linen. The first three illustrated are of the latter variety, and embroidered solidly in Royal Floss in colors shown by the tinting. Ribbon laced through fastens these embroidered linens into place. Oblongs, round and heart shaped forms are all attractive.

The cushion No. 1671 is stamped on white linen worked with a pretty eyelet design, and made up over a pale pink silk covered cushion, and is embroidered with Lustered Cotton. Silk to embroider any of these designs may be supplied at 5 cents per skein, and Lustered Cotton at 3 cents per skein or 30 cents per dozen.

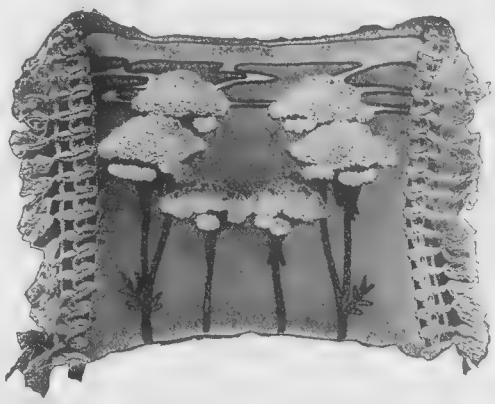
Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them carefully and promptly filled, and further information regarding the working of any of the designs illustrated in these columns will be furnished on request.



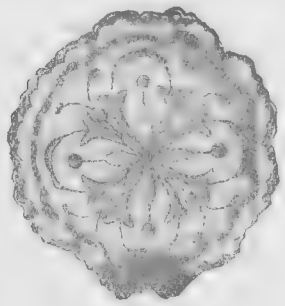
1671 Eyelet design ..... 30 cents.



1365 Oblong Pincushion .. 40 cents.

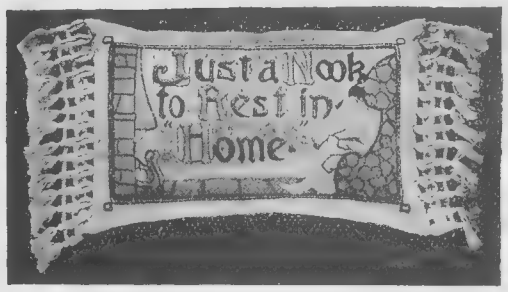


1199 Wild Carrot ..... 60 cents.



1364½ Round ... 30 cents

1364 Heart Shape 30 cents.



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to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING" giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers.

Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted. Address—

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Since She Went Home.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old, glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty room her presence blessed!
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed!
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears.
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette.

THE LADIES' MODEL

Fancy Work Manual.

This is an entirely new book, just published, and embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, crochet, knitting and embroidery. It contains designs and directions for making nearly fifty different patterns of knitted laces, many charming crochet patterns, also instruction for making many useful articles of wearing apparel and numerous articles for home decoration, among which are tidies, chair-scarfs, doylies, purses, table mats, shopping bags, lamp shades, shawls, Afghans, toilet sets, counterpanes, sofa-cushions, chair-covers, pin-cushions, dressing slippers, babies' socks, etc., etc Full and complete instructions accompany each design, together with an explanation of the terms used in knitting and crochetting, etc. It also contains full and complete instructions in the art of embroidery, with numerous beautiful designs. The whole is illustrated by 95 handsome engravings, and the whole subject of ladies' fancy work is made so clear in this book that with it as a guide one may become an adept in the art. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers.

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The Truly Brave.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy with a self-control,
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave.
The boy who can forgive,
And look as though he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word;
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who fears to sin,
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heed his comrades' taunt or jeer,
If he hath peace within.

—Exchange.

Just thinking.

The Valentines that Elizabeth Got.

Gina H. Fairlie.

Uncle Bob Denniston stopped in front of Brown's window.

Perhaps one of the things he stopped for was the same feeling that was expressed on the red and white motto that hung over all the glories of doves and cupids that lay underneath—"All the world loves a lover." But the other certainly was that he wanted to hear what the small ragged girl with her face eagerly pressed against the glass was saying to herself.

It was a queer medley. "A blue house—pink windows—white doves flying around, and a garden full of flowers, daisies, roses, forget-me-nots—'twon't be hard to remember that. It goes away, way back, and the gates open—and the doors, and boys and girls walk out—or that's what they would do, anyway, if I dast go in and ask to look at it. But my! they'd know in a minute I couldn't ever buy a valentine like that. Oh, dear! if Bobby could only see it himself 'stead of me just telling him!"

"Who's Bobby?" asked Uncle Bob Denniston out loud. He was always interested in any namesake of his.

Lizzie Ann Stubbins turned round with a start, clapping her hand over her mouth.

"My! did you hear me makin' up? I've just been saying the valentines over so I could remember them for Bobby."

"But you haven't told me yet who Bobby is," persisted Uncle Bob.

"Oh, he's only me little brother; but he's lame and can't stir off his back, so I try to remember all the nice things I see when I go out so I can tell him about them when I go back. Say," she questioned breathlessly, pointing to the gorgeous valentine that occupied the centre of attraction in Brown's window—the one with the blue house and the pink windows and the garden with the brilliant flowers— "Say, do you s'pose there's anybody in this town's got enough money to buy that?"

Uncle Bob Denniston smiled to himself under his mustache. He had a big enough roll of money in his own pocket just then to buy several hundred valentines just as nice and nicer.

"It does look pretty swell, doesn't it!" he acknowledged, regarding the dazzling show-piece with approving eyes—"just the kind I'd like myself—there's so many surprises in it." Then he looked down at Lizzie Ann's eager little face. "You're pretty fond of valentines, aren't you?"

"You bet," declared Lizzie Ann fervently. "But this kind never comes my way. The only ones I ever get's comics."

"Comics!"

Lizzie Ann dragged a heavy braid of red hair round her shoulder and held it out to him disdainfully.

"Say," she demanded, "did you ever know a girl with hair like that, and freckles, and—and—other things—that didn't have all the nasty things you ever heard of said about her?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded his head sympathetically. "I know how it goes," he said, and he unconsciously shoved his fur cap back from his forehead.

Lizzie Ann gave him a startled glance.

"Oh, say!" she cried, "you got red hair yourself—I—I didn't know! I'm awful sorry! It's worse round Valentine times and April Fool's, ain't it? I get heaps o' comics then—you know the kind?"

Uncle Bob Denniston nodded again, emphatically.

"But some o' them's not too bad, and I purtend to Bobby I don't care, and"—defiantly—"we have heaps o' fun over them. Only"—with her eyes still fixed wistfully on the blue and pink house—"I wisht just once he had a nice one for himself."

"Suppose, then, we go in there and get that one for him that you've taken such a fancy to," suggested Uncle Bob,—"and we'll send it through the mail—he'd probably like it better that way."

Lizzie Ann sprang forward with an incredulous little cry. "Oh, say! You're not meaning it! Not for Bobby—not that dandy one there in the centre!"

"Sure! Come on in," and Uncle Bob Denniston held out his hand and he and Lizzie Ann Stubbins walked together into the midst of the inside glories of Brown's store.

"Betty," said Uncle Bob that night to his favorite niece as they sat in front of the grate fire after dinner—"Is there a young lady attending your class at school called Margaret Elizabeth Anna Stubbins?"

"W—What! W—Who!" stammered Betty in amazement. Then she caught sight of the twinkle at the back of Uncle Bob's eye and burst into a shout of laughter.

Oh, Maggie Lizzie Ann, you mean—no wonder I didn't recognize her at first. Isn't it an awful name—and the poor

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Since a child I was annoyed and humiliated with a distressing growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, liquids, creams and other preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle, without getting rid of my blemish. I spent a great deal of money for various things without success, until a friend recommended a simple preparation, which quickly succeeded where all else had failed.

This method is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home without pain or blemish; it makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary, and is quite different from anything else ever offered for the purpose. In my own case, this simple remedy made the hair disappear like magic and enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and to forever end all need for my embarrassment, and I am making this announcement in order that others may do the same.

To this end, I will tell in detail, free and without charge, full particulars by which any sufferer can receive the same happy results I did. All I ask is a two-cent stamp for reply. I will answer all letters the day I receive them, and give the full information absolutely free and in confidence. If you wish to get rid of all trace of hair; if you wish to do away with the unsightly growth that mars your good looks; if you wish to forever end all embarrassment from this unwelcome blemish, simply write me a letter, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, and address to Caroline Osgood, 999 B, Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

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kid's got red hair too! But wherever did you come across her, uncle?"

Uncle Bob ignored this last question. "So have I got red hair, my dear," he reminded his niece, "and I hope you don't love me any the less, and your own full name, if I remember rightly, is Margaret Elizabeth."

Betty flushed. "W—hy, I never thought of that!"

"There are lots of things," said Uncle Bob, "that we don't think of—when we don't happen to have red hair ourselves, and a name that people don't transform into one that poor little Lizzie called 'hombly.' 'My name's a real nice one—leaving out the Stubbins,' she told me this afternoon. 'All the stylishist girls in school have the same ones, but they don't cut them down the way they do mine. Bobby and father and mother always say Betty or 'Lisbeth at home, but at school I never get anything but Lizzie Ann or Maggie Lizzie Ann. 'Tain't fair! Stubbins is bad enough without the other.'"

"Oh," breathed Betty reproachfully. "The poor little thing! And she always looked as if she didn't mind a single thing we said to her, and—and—we have been awfully nasty to her, uncle."

"So I judged," said Uncle Bob drily, "from what I heard this afternoon."

"What did you hear?" demanded Betty.

"W—Well—I think comic valentines.

The foster mother.

for one thing, figured prettly largely in the story," said Uncle Bob, gazing steadily at the fire instead of at Betty's hot face.

And then the whole tale came out.

"Uncle," said Betty, when he had finished, "if mother'll let me I'll go right out now and see all the girls I can, and—and—we'll give Lizzie Ann—Elizabeth—a different kind of valentine surprise than the ones she's been accustomed to."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Bob, "and I'll go along as a bodyguard. Only"—he whispered to himself, as he struggled into his overcoat—"it'll be something a little more substantial than valentines that Miss Elizabeth will get from me."

The Miller's Geese.

By Mary Sommerville and Martha Burr Banks.

Fair and sweet were the flowers in the morning sunshine, but no fairer nor sweeter than was Elizabeth herself, as she came down the walk in front of her grandfather's cottage, in her pretty print frock and with the roses in her cheeks, which in some sly manner had sprung up there long before any of their rivals had thought of blooming in the garden.

Down in the heart of Pennsylvania, in the first quarter of the present century, lived Elizabeth with her grandfather and her grandmother, in the small house near the woods on the bank of a brawling creek, not far from the village of Bellefonte, lying under the shadow of Bald Eagle Mountain. The name of Bellefonte had been given to the town by Elizabeth's grandmother, in honor of the magnificent spring—bright, cool, fresh, sparkling and never-failing—that bubbled up on the edge of the village.

On the opposite shore of the creek stood the old mill, with its whizzing, hurrying wheels, grinding away day by day in order to supply the good people of the town with their daily bread, and hard by was the humble home of the miller, David Crew, where he and his wife lived by themselves, with only a flock of geese for company. It was a wild, lonely spot, but Elizabeth's Quaker cousins were over in the town, within walking distance, and Elizabeth seldom sighed for other companions. Indeed, her grandmother thought that she was almost too fond of wandering round in the sole society of her own feelings and fancies, and that of the dumb creatures about her, for a young maid who was of a mind to become a thrifty, able housewife, and she did her best to lure the girl's thoughts and footsteps into more practical, domestic paths.

But, in spite of her love of outdoor life and her affection for nearly all living things, Elizabeth felt no great respect for the lively geese of the miller.

"They are but noisy birds," she would say; "always stalking round and making a fuss about nothing. There is old Tappy, now, trying to look as wise as an owl, and yet I venture to believe that she has not a single idea in her head."

"Like some silly lassies that I have seen," the grandfather would teasingly reply, "with their empty little pates in the clouds, and they themselves hardly aware where they are or what they are doing."

Then would Elizabeth blush and hang her giddy little head, for well she knew that she was sometimes more given to dreaming than to doing; but her grandfather would then laugh within himself, and relentingly pat the glowing cheek of his granddaughter, for it must be acknowledged that he was of private opinion that she was the cleverest girl in the county, even though he did liken her to the geese and twit her with being a sad romp, whose skirts grew a deal faster than her dignity

On this special morning grandfather was at the garden gate, preparing to mount old Ben, the faithful horse that carried him on many a jaunt round the country. Grandfather and Ben were now on an expedition to look after the men who were at work on the new canal, of which grandfather was the surveyor. It was a two-days' journey to this point of observation and back again, so grandmother and Elizabeth, and Woolly, the small black maid, would be left to themselves for the night. But they had no thought of danger. They had never been molested in their nook in the shelter of the forest, and women and young folk were brave and daring in those pioneer times.

"Now, grandfather," said Elizabeth, kissing her grandfather good-bye, "be sure to bring me a bonny bunch of crab-apple blossoms, as well as the hank of yarn of which I spoke to you, and if you stop at John's house tell his wife that I should be pleased to have the pattern of the pelisse that Sarah Blake lent her. And, oh, grandfather, your next trip will be to Philadelphia, and you are to take me with you, are you not? And then I shall see something of the world of which I have heard so much and know so little. And the money to convey me on my journey is even now in the house with the rest that you brought home lately, is it not, dear grandfather?"

"Yes, chatterbox," returned the grandfather, jocosely, pinching the dimpled chin so near at hand; "but see to it that your brains go not wool-gathering, and let it slip through your fingers ere you can put it to use."

With a little laugh, as Elizabeth drew herself up in dignified protest against his insinuation, the grandfather waved farewell to his wife in the doorway, and, jumping upon his saddle, the active old man rode away, muttering to himself:

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"A hank of blossoms, a yarn pelisse, and a pattern of crab-apples." Perhaps the good grandfather was slightly absent-minded himself on some occasions.

Elizabeth stood gazing after the horse and its rider until they vanished round the curve in the road by the great oak tree. Then she turned and glanced across the stream towards the mill. The miller was leaning out of the upper half of the mill-door, his arms resting on the lower half.

"The top of the morning to you, Miss Elizabeth," he called out. "Do you know, I've found the nest of the old goose I've been hunting so long. It was in the crotch of a willow at the lower end of the dam. Step over and take a look at it."

Elizabeth was about to trip lightly across the bridge that led to the mill, when she was hailed by a voice from the kitchen, reminding her that life is not all play, even on a merry May morning.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" cried the grandmother, "there is a large ironing to do, and we are late at setting about it. Come, little idler, to your task."

"But it's such a lovely day," sighed the girl, slowly entering the room, and casting many a longing glance backward, silently wishing that she were a bird or a leaf that could let the rain do its washing and leave the smoothing process to the wind and sunshine. "But if I am diligent this morning, grandmother, I suppose that I may go into town this afternoon to see Mary Anne."

"Yes, yes, child; but now we must make haste, or else noon will be here before we have finished all that we have on hand," responded the grandmother, laying generous batches of dough into the bread-baskets to rise and make ready for baking.

When the clock struck twelve the last piece of snowy linen was hung up to air on the line stretched across the kitchen, and when the traces of the midday meal were cleared away, Elizabeth tied on her sunbonnet and started for the village. Of course, she had to pause for a moment at the spring, for she could never pass it by unheeded; but a little later she was with her cousins in an old garden, sleepy with sunshine and fragrant with blossoms.

What with gossiping over Elizabeth's coming flight from the home nest and the relating of stories by Mary Anne from a delightfully fascinating book that she had come across—but which her mother had withdrawn from her ere she had fathomed half of its fascinations—the afternoon skipped by all too quickly.

Elizabeth suddenly realized the lateness of the hour, and hastened away, but it was growing dark as she pressed into the shade of the pine woods beyond the spring, and she was considerably startled when she observed in the path ahead of her the figure of an unknown man, who, when he heard the approaching footsteps, dodged behind the trunk of a tree, as though fearful of a discovery.

"Dear me," thought Elizabeth, "who is that? It must be a beggar or a tramp, unless it is a king or a lord in disguise. Anyway, it's best to avoid him. There, he has turned off to the right, so I'll hurry along as fast as I can."

In another moment she saw her grandmother coming to meet her. Elizabeth threw her arms round the old lady's neck in an ecstasy of joy and relief, and confided the story of her vision and her fright. Grandmother looked a little worried.

"I almost wish you had brought William home with you to spend the night," she said, as she latched the garden gate behind herself and Elizabeth. "Woolly says that there is a fox prowling round also. You must shut up the chickens with more than usual caution. David went away for the afternoon, too, and will not be back until late this evening. Do you run over, Elizabeth, and see that the geese are in the pen near the house, lest they be in peril, and drop a word to his wife, poor lame Susan, to charge David to keep his ears open for anyone who may be abroad tonight. However, I think that we have really little to fear. The stranger was probably a traveler going through the country on foot."

"Don't Shoot."

Elizabeth flew away to do her grandmother's bidding; but, while securing the fowls from surprise, she fell to wondering about the man that she had encountered, and to weaving romances in her customary fashion, and not once did she recall to memory the orders about the miller's geese. The moon was climbing the skies when she went upstairs to go to bed, and when she walked to the window for a parting glimpse of the world without, she fancied that she beheld a man slink across the road and hide himself in the woods beyond.

"It's just nervousness that makes me imagine that I find strange things everywhere now," she assured herself to stifle a little spasm of alarm, and, with a light laugh at her own notions, she sprang into bed, and had soon lost herself and her troubles in dreamland. But after an hour or two of sleep she was called back to real life. She awoke suddenly to descry somebody standing by her window.

"Who's there?" she demanded, in quavering tones.

"It is I," replied her grandmother, in a whisper. "I heard the sound of whistling, and I stole in here to peer out on this side of the house, and here is a man walking up and down the road. He is trying, perhaps, to find out if there is a man about, or else wishes to signal to some accomplice. There, do you hear him?"

Elizabeth was at the window in a trice, and she could plainly discern a tall figure creeping stealthily in through the gate.

"Oh, why was I so foolish as to stay here without a man," said grandmother, catching her breath. "We cannot protect ourselves, and there is one shutter in the parlor that is not closed, because the white rose-bush has grown in so far that it holds it open. There, he is at the other window now, and will soon make an attempt at the one behind the rose-bush."

Grandmother had in her hand a small calico bag, which she tucked beneath the mattress of the bed, and then she began to push some of the heavy, old-fashioned mahogany furniture against the door of the room.

"Woolly is safe enough in her corner in the attic," said grandmother, "but we must have something that the rascal is after. I will fling up the window, and we must scream for help. David must have returned by this time, and mayhap he will hear us, and come to our rescue. You spoke to Susan of this matter, did you not, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth flushed scarlet, and let her head fall upon her breast, like a rose bending on its stalk.

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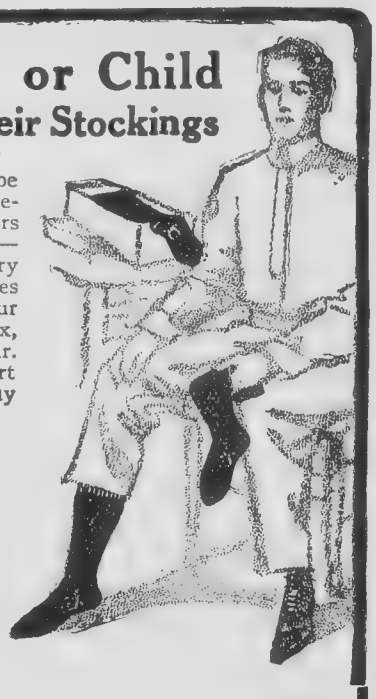

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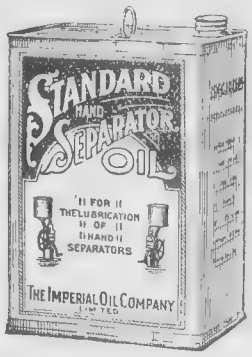

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"I did truly forget to do so, grandmother," she faltered.

"Then your heedlessness may have cost you your trip," replied the grandmother, more severely than was her wont, "and it may be we shall lose our lives. The villain may intend to murder us, for all that we can tell," finished the poor lady, in desperation. "But now for as loud a shout as we can raise."

"Help! help!" The words rang out upon the night air, but the creek went babbling on its noisy course, with no consideration for the frightened, defenseless beings who were endeavoring to drown its clatter with their own. The robber shrank back from the house at the sound of the outcry, but as no response came to the appeal, he returned the more boldly to the attack. Again arose the cries, louder and more beseeching than before. The intruder had found the unfastened shutter, and had made his way through the window into the parlor. Oh, would no aid come!

All at once, from across the water, came an answer. It was the shrill scream of the miller's geese. Elizabeth thought that she could recognize Tappy's peculiar note above the other shrieks. Something was awake. Something had heard the supplications of the besieged, even were only a flock of stupid geese. Again grandmother and Elizabeth shouted, and again came the squawk, squawk in reply. The invader had evidently not failed to note the clamor in the distance, for his footfalls could no longer be heard on the floor below. Oh, would David be aroused!

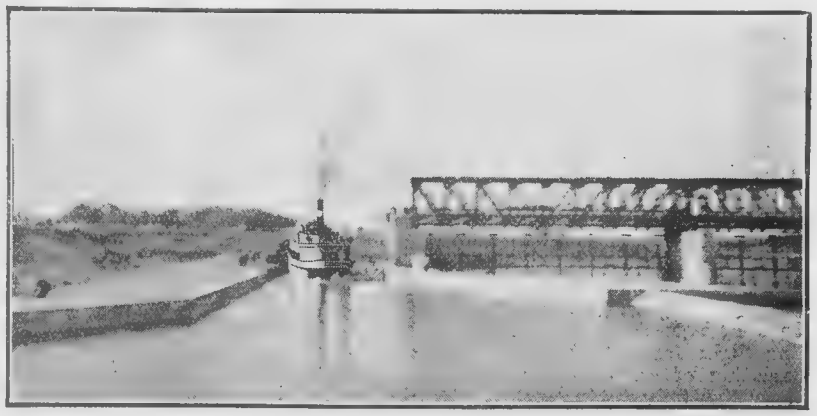
Yes, there was a halloo from the opposite shore, and once more the voices at the window pleaded for succor. Then there was the report of a shot. The man in the parlor of the disturbed household had his ears on the alert. He scuttled across the room, jumped from the open window, and tore off for the woods. An instant later David came flying up to the house, with his gun over his shoulder, and there were excited explanations, thanks and congratulations then. David had found Tappy alone by his doorstep when he reached home that night, and he had hunted up the other geese and locked them into the pen under his bedroom window. Soon afterward he had fallen into a heavy slumber, from which he had been awakened by the cackling of his geese. Thinking that a fox was among them, he had gone out to attend to him with a little powder and shot; and then, catching the sounds of distress from the other side of the creek, he had the satisfaction of chasing away a more wily and more wicked old fox from more valuable prey.

The miller stayed on guard between the two houses for the remainder of the night, but there was no further annoyance, and the following evening grandfather was again with his family, listening to a thrilling account of the midnight adventure.

"The scamp must have had some suspicion of the extra money in the house," said grandfather, shrewdly shaking his head. "But, heyday, lass, so the geese were ahead of you for once!"

Elizabeth gave her grandfather a shy, arch little glance from under her eyelashes.

"The geese had more wit than I thought," she said, "and I will never despise them again."



Steamer Mikado entering lock.
The Mikado was the first steamer to pass through the St. Andrews locks with an excursion for Selkirk. The cut shows the boat entering the lock.

Tricks with Soap Bubbles.

Dealing with soap bubbles mainly as a means of entertainment, Percy Collins, in the "Scientific American," says:—

"Good yellow soap properly combined with pure water is probably the best. Much depends, however, upon the manner of mixing. Take a bowl of slightly warm water, and rub in it a piece of good soap until a strong lather is formed. Skim off every particle of the lather with a spoon, and proceed to test the solution. First blow a bubble about six inches in diameter from the bowl of a pipe. Then dip your finger into the soap solution, and attempt to thrust the former into the centre of the bubble. If it does not collapse, the solution is ready for use. If it bursts in the ordeal, more soap must be added until satisfactory. When once made, never disturb it. Many may think that occasional stirring will render it more uniform in strength and better, but this is a great mistake; and the amateur will soon find that any disturbance of his solution will render tricks impossible that are otherwise quite easy to perform.

"For artistic blowing, a little apparatus will be necessary. A straw or two, a clay pipe, one or two funnels of different sizes, and a ring made by twisting a wire round a bottle will be needed. Moisten thoroughly with the solution each article just before it is brought into use; and for this reason it is a good plan to keep one's straws standing in a half-filled jar or tumbler of soap solution.

"In a pretty trick, attempt to form a string of bubbles—blowing one with the pipe, throwing it into the air, blowing a second, catching the first upon it, and so on until the chain collapses. With practice, a chain of five or six, or even more, bubbles may be formed. The trick has the advantage of demonstrating the quality of the solution if this be in question, and it is therefore a good one to commence with. Chain-making is by no means as simple as certain other tricks which, at first sight, appear far more elaborate. For instance, it is quite an easy matter to blow a number of bubbles one inside the other. First pour a thin film of solution upon a sheet of glass, then dip your straw and blow upon the glass a good-sized hemispherical bubble. Now dip the straw again, thrust it boldly through the side of the big bubble, and proceed to blow a somewhat smaller bubble inside. Repeat the process as often as possible, and a very pretty series of iridescent hemispheres will be the result.

"A good deal of fun at a bubble party may be secured by asking a novice to place a bubble upon a flower. He will make attempts, but without success. Then the master of the ceremonies will do it with ease, as his flower is first secretly smeared with soap solution, which provides, so to speak, a 'foothold' for the bubble. Both smoke-filled and clear bubbles may be used effectively; and a number of flowers of different kinds may be adorned. If the solution be strong and good, it is quite easy to make a dozen or more 'bubble flowers' before the first one bursts.

"The wire ring may now be brought into play with somewhat astonishing results. An ordinary hemispherical bubble may be blown upon the sheet of

Could They Be More Foolish?

The best proof that common cream separators are out-of-date is the fact that they contain 40 to 60 disks or other contraptions. They need such contraptions simply because they lack skimming force. Since they lack skimming force, they are neither modern nor properly built. In view of these facts, could any maker or agent of common cream separators be more foolish or incorrect than to claim that disks or other contraptions make, or are needed in, a modern machine?

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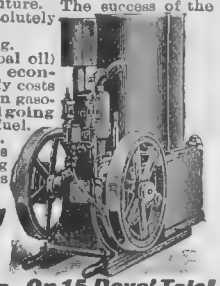

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glass, and then drawn up with the ring to form a cylinder. Of course, the ring must be first dipped in solution, when it will be found to adhere tenaciously to the outer surface of the bubble. By blowing a bubble with the pipe, throwing it into the air, and then catching it with two rings of soaped wire, the bubble may be pulled into a barrel shape.

"Another very effective trick may be described as the opening and closing flower. A five-pointed corolla should be cut out of rather thin white paper, mounted with a pin-point upon the cork of a small bottle, and well smeared with soap solution. Upon this a good-sized bubble is to be mounted. When these preparations are complete, it is an easy matter to make the flower open or close by thrusting the straw into the bubble, and either sucking out air or blowing it in."

The Little Ones.

On the Fly

Little dog Trippy peeps under the gate;
Bow, wow, wow!
So eager to bark that he scarcely can wait:
Bow, wow, wow!
As he longs for the passing of wagon or cart,
On which he can burst with a roar and a dart,
That will stir up a dust and make the folks start
Bow, wow, wow!

Little pig Curly appears on the street;
Wee, wee, wee!
He has strayed from his pen and is trying his feet;
Wee, wee, wee!
Toward him Trippy starts, on a vigilant paw,
"Go home, now," he says, "or make ready for war!
You're the worst little piggy my eyes ever saw!"
Bow, wow, wow!

But Curly shies off with a sniff and a grunt;
Uff, uff, uff!
"I don't like your looks and, I thank you I won't!"
Uff, uff, uff!
He's very polite, but decides as he feels,
And shows Master Trippy a gay pair of heals,
With sounds, from his throat, that some people call squeals;
Uff, uff, uff!

To Trip, in a moment, his duty is plain;
Bow, wow, wow!
To drive this bold piggy straight homeward again;
Bow, wow, wow!
So he draws in his breath, and he screws up his face,
And after pig Curly he dashes, full chase,
When off the two go in a furious race;
Bow, wow, wow!

Ahead is Miss Pussy, who thinks it no fun
Meow, meow, meow!
If the chase is for her so she starts on the run;
Meow, meow, meow!-
And these, as they all scamper madly away,
Come full upon three little chickens at play,
Who are scratching at ease in a handful of hay;
Peep, peep, peep!

These three little chicks overwhelmed with surprise,
Chirp, chirp, chirp!
Conclude that some lightning had dropped from the skies;
Chirp, chirp, chirp!
And, their mild little senses deserting them quite,
They shriek in their terror and all take to flight,
Not stopping to think where they'll get to by night,
Chirp, chirp, chirp!

Thus on they go until they come to a ledge—
Stop, stop, stop!
Where the chickens fly safely quite over the edge,
Hop, hop, hop!
And Pussy drops nimbly from tree-top to stone,
But Curly bolts heels over head with a groan
Whilst Trippy is left to bewail them alone
On top, top, top!

That night Trippy sits in a state of disgust;
Growl, growl, growl!
For he finds he has swallowed a mouthful of dust;
Scowl, scowl, scowl!
And his master has shown him a big pair of shears
With which he has threatened to cut off his ears,
For behaving so badly for one of his years—
Howl, howl, howl!

Poor Curly limps homeward, a little lame pig;
And Pussy prowls back with her tail very big;
Weep, weep, weep!
Creep, creep, creep;
Whilst the three travelled chickens unfold quite a tale
Of how they were caught in a wonderful gale
That blew down a great piece of sky on their tail—
Cheep, cheep, cheep!

"All for me."

"You're a Brick"

When Tom says admiringly to Harry, "You're a brick!" I wonder if he knows how the saying originated.

In the golden days of Greece an ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta, and was shown by the king over his capital. He was surprised to find no walls around the city.

"Sure," he exclaimed, "I have visited nearly all the towns in Greece, but I find no walls for their defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed," the king replied, "you cannot have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

On the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in battle array; and pointing proudly to the valiant soldiers, he said:

"There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick!"

It is always interesting to know the origin of our various common sayings, as told in this story.

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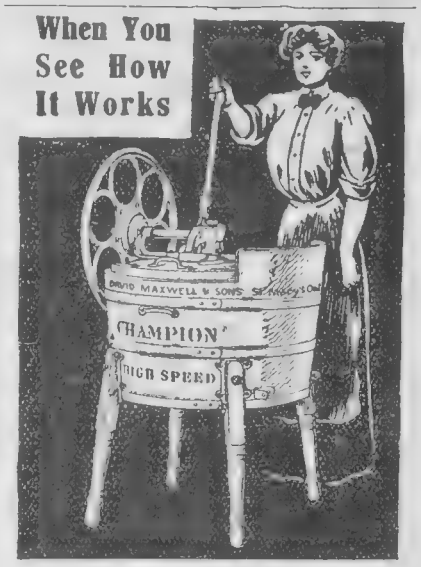

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The Lesson of Love

Once upon a time there lived a little girl whom everybody petted simply because she was beautiful! She had whole rooms full of toys, drawers and closets full of lovely clothes, servants who ran to gratify all her wishes, and so much money that she could not begin to spend it.

But little Nolita was not happy, and she made everybody around her miserable. She would slap her playmates and snatch her toys away if they did not play just as she wished, and was as rude and saucy to grown people as a child could be. No one corrected her, because she was so pretty, so daintily dressed and so rich. Every day she grew more selfish and fretful until at last the Good Fairies in pity took the case in hand.

After some consultation, one night they covered little Nolita's beautiful face with a dreadful wolf-mask which had great glaring eyes and cruel jaws.

"Now," said the Fairy Queen sadly, "little Nolita must wear this wolf-face until someone loves it away!"

In the morning when Nolita awoke she found everything changed! The servants who had humored every whim now fled from her, taking with them all her treasures and leaving only one blind deaf and dumb old woman to care for her. The friends who had petted her when she was beautiful, did not come near her. Her playmates screamed and ran whenever she came in sight.

At first Nolita was very angry and cried for hours; but no one approached to pacify her. She cried all one day and all one night; no one coming to comfort her. So it went on, until at last she began to think of the naughtiness that had brought her so much evil, and resolved to be good and gentle.

But no one believed in little Nolita now. No one gave her any credit although she tried hard to be kind. Before, no matter what naughty thing she did, people petted and praised her just the same. Now, no matter how sincerely she tried to be good, she got only cold looks and few words. She gave all her toys away to the children she had been used to play with, but they were afraid of her. No child dared to let Nolita come near to play with her.

Months and months sliped away in loneliness. At last Nolita cried out in despair:

"It is no use! I can never make people love me! but if only they would let me love them, I would be happy!"

As these words fell from the wolf-lips, a sudden brightness came into the room. It was the smile of the Fairy Queen whom Nolita could see: and a voice as soft as the south wind spoke low in her ear:

"You can love them although they do not know. Help others when they do not see you, little Nolita."

So when all was dark little Nolita began to go about softly from house to house to find if there was something she could do to "help." Many a piece of work left unfinished was found completed the next morning by the busy housewife, who smiled and said the brownies had never been so kind before. Little children found on their pillows the things they had longed for; they always thought they were gifts of the Good Fairies. When the babies cried in the dark, a gentle hand rocked the cradle and a low voice sang them to sleep again without waking the tired mothers.

And so, at last, Nolita began to be happier. One night in her rounds she found a little crying child whose father and mother were dead. It was sitting alone in the dark doorway of the silent house. Nolita took the little girl with her to her own home. All the night she tended her, but in the morning she called the blind old woman to care for her for fear the baby, too, would be afraid of her.

No one claimed the baby girl and she became Nolita's. Nolita made her clothes and prepared her food, but she had the blind old woman tend her in the day-time, and only came and stayed with her in the night. The child grew fast and learned to laugh and clap her hands when the darkness came—for she loved Nolita best.

"It is because she cannot see me," said Nolita quietly to herself. "She would never let me touch her again if she once saw my ugly face."

One dark midnight, there came a dreadful storm. The lightning blazed every second and the thunder crashed as if it would split the heavens. The poor little baby awoke frightened and sat up in bed calling and reaching out her arms. But Nolita did not dare to go near her when the lightning made the room so bright.

So Nolita ran to call the deaf old woman, but she could not awaken her.

The little girl's cry of terror sounded still more pitiful. The poor little thing was half dead with fright.

'She cannot be more afraid of me than of the storm," said Nolita, and she went softly to the little bed, calling the child's name. With a cry of rapture the baby sprang into her outstretched arms and clung to her neck, patting the hairy cheeks with one soft little hand and kissing the red wolf-mouth again and again. The thunder still crashed and the lightning scattered its awful brightness, but the child cuddled down in Nolita's arms and fell asleep to her singing.

In the early dawn, Nolita laid the little girl down and went to call the blind old woman. But as she went past the mirrow she had a wonderful glad surprise. The wolf-face was gone! The baby lips had kissed it away. Nolita was seven times as beautiful as before. The first ray of sunshine rested like a crown on her soft hair. But she did not think of her beauty. She thought only of the little girl.

"Oh baby, baby!" she cried, "now I can be with you all day and we will be so happy!"

The baby awoke as Nolita came in and stretched up her hands with a glad little laugh.

The all the joy-bells in Fairyland began to ring, and that day the Good Fairies came once more to Nolita's home, and they brought back all her wealth and all her friends; and Nolita was happy ever after, for she had learned the Lesson of Love.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst: It is only right that those who take no shame or blame to themselves for worry should realize that worry is simply the antithesis of faith, and is therefore as wrong as faith is right. If faith is a cardinal virtue, then is worry a cardinal vice, which it is the first duty of Christian faith to expel.

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Dear Sir,—I am much pleased with the complete cure which I received from the Belt I purchased of you some three years ago. I wore the Belt steady, and it worked in my case just as you recommended it, and I can recommend it to anyone suffering as I did, as I am not troubled with headache now, and have gained about thirty pounds, and feel as good as I ever did. You can take the liberty of using my name if you wish. Yours sincerely, **J. W. LUNDY, Lacombe, Alta.**

Dear Sir,—I should have written to you long ago, but neglected doing so. I got one of your Belts nearly three years ago, and used it according to your instructions for over two months, and I am well pleased with the result. My back, which was so weak and lame, is entirely cured, and has not bothered me since. I lent it to some of my neighbors, with the same result. Wishing you all success in your good work, I am, **ALLEN SHOEMAKER, Grand View, Man.**

Dear Sir,—I received the Belt from you a month ago, and I now write you with pleasure. I am pleased to say that the Belt is doing me a great deal of good. My back has not troubled me once since the first night I had it on. I have a good appetite, and I feel better than I have felt for several years. Thanking you for the Belt. I remain, yours faithfully, **J. W. BUSH, No. 317 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**

Dear Sir,—My indigestion has quite disappeared and my kidneys are free from pain. I no longer feel any weakness in my spine, and my appetite has returned, so that I can enjoy as good a meal as any man my size. I have gained five pounds in weight, yet the neighbors say that I do not look as fat as I did. I am also free from diarrhoea, which was severe during the summer months. I am most thankful to say that the Belt has about cured me of other weaknesses. I believe your Electric Belt is a genuine success.—**A. P. HICKLING, St. James, Man**

You can believe my word or not, as you like, but these men speak from experience. and if it weren't for the prejudice in the minds of people generally against treatment by an Electric Belt, I would not be able to fill all my orders.

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If you have pains in your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost vigor and courage of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a Weak Stomach, or any evidence of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get Dr. McLaughlin's Belt with free Electric Attachment.

Here is the cure for men who have begun to grow old, who have lost the vigor, the courage, the ambition and strength of early days. It is the latest improvement upon the electric body appliance which has always stood at the head. It is the quickest, surest and cheapest cure on earth for brokendown men. Just think! There are 50,000 men who proclaim that Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt cured their weakness after drugs and other remedies had failed! Why do you drug your system, when you know it never cures; when you know this grand Belt will cure you as it has cured thousands like you?

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About the Farm.

The Voice of Summer.

Have you heard the Summer talking
When the world is all alight?
Have you heard her fairy whispers
'Mong the grasses bright—
Heard her in the woodbine hedges,
Where the deep gray shadow lies,
In the crooning low of wood-doves,
In the river's sighs?

Have you heard sweet Summer talking
In the ripple of the spring
That leaps up beside the hawthorn
As a bird on wing—
Heard her talking in the light wind
Stirring all the leaves to song,
In the chirping of the insects
Dancing ferns among?

Have you heard the Summer talking
'Mong the cowslips on the lea,
In the deeper, nobler music
Of the wide blue sea,
In the ringing of the bluebells
O'er the woodland far away,
In the twitter of the young birds,
Making glad the day?

The modern way.

Have you heard the Summer talking
As she passed you on the moor,
Heard her laughing as she scattered
Roses on before—
Heard her whispers all around you
'Mong the clover and the thyme,
Heard her bird-like voice above you
Chanting songs divine?

Have you heard the Summer talking
In sweet accents, soft and deep,
When the golden airs of heaven
All about you sweep
Talking of a day hereafter
When upon a distant shore
She will crown your life with lilies
Leave you nevermore?

Hettie M. Beckingham.

Boys and the Farm.

The surest way to interest children in farming is to let them make a little real money out of it; money that they can call their own and spend in any reasonable way. You remember how it was yourself. You couldn't see any fun in farming until you began to find a little profit in the business. You became enthusiastic after a good season which gave you a chance to save money. The boy's first paying garden and the girl's nice flock of profitable chickens will anchor their owners if anything will do it. A little good advice will soon start the extremely important habit of saving money. Can he clear $50 a year? Sometimes. Fifty dollars placed in a savings bank every year will amount in twenty years at 4 per cent. to the very respectable sum of $1548.46, enough for a good start in business. But the moral and business training that goes with it should be worth more than the money. A successful boy is pretty sure to become a successful man. The farm boy who saves money every year is not likely to grow into the kind of men who fill the poorhouses or live on their creditors or drift about the country telling hard-luck stories. They will be too busy being good, substantial citizens and a credit to the parents who gave them a right start.

Roosters.

I've heard a good deal in my time about the foolishness of hens; but when it comes to right down plum foolishness give me a rooster every time. He's always strutting and stretching and crowing and bragging about things with which he had nothing to do. When the sun rises, you'd think that he was making all the light instead of all the noise; when the farmer's wife throws the scraps in the hen-yard, he crows as if he was the provider for the whole farm-yard and was asking a blessing on the food; when he meets another rooster, he crows; and, when the other rooster licks him, he crows; and so he keeps it up straight through the day. He even wakes up during the night and crows a little on general principles. But, when you hear from a hen, she's laid an egg; and she doesn't make a great deal of noise about it, either.—Selected.

Feeding Young Ducks.

Early last summer I had an inquiry from a Circle friend as to the difficulty with her young ducks, then nearly three weeks old. They had been fed a mash of corn meal and bran, with plenty of fresh water to drink. On going to feed fre-

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I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment **a complete trial**; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost** my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself**. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness **and** health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies **of** your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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quently one would be found "standing around with its crop stuffed out as though it had just eaten heartily but the crop feels as though full of wind. The next day the duck is dead."

As I stated, I assumed that the ducks were getting nothing but the mash of corn meal and bran and that was a case of indigestion, which was to be expected. A large proportion of corn meal is a poor feed for ducks (or for chicks). Ducks, both young and old, need a great deal of bulky food. I am not an old duck raiser, but have had very good success in raising the Indian Runners, rarely losing one, and having had them laying when four and one-half months old. The first thing in the morning I give them bread soaked in sweet milk. About nine o'clock I feed the ducks the same mash as I feed the chicks, composed of sweet milk, with some bread, shredded wheat waste if I have it, wheat bran, a little ground corn and oats, and about ten per cent. in weight of the whole of good beef scrap, increasing the proportion of the latter as they grow older. At noon I give another mash, mixed with milk if I have it, if not, with water, but add enough clean sand to make it quite gritty. If the mash be mixed with milk less meat will be needed. Another mash is given toward night, and the last thing before dark, if they do not seem satisfied, a little more is given. Young ducks' appetites seem almost insatiable. They are like small boys—seem never to have enough. Yet they must not be overfed—which involves quite a problem. Its solution is, never to give them more than they will eat clean. Anything left over must be removed. And clean water must be always available for drinking. When they are two or three weeks old I give a little wheat and cracked corn, feeding it in the water dish, and feed them less frequently as they grow older. When small, I feed chopped clover, cabbage, rape, or some other green food at least twice daily. When the ducks are a little older cut clover may be added to the mash.

I wrote the gist of the above to the inquirer, and a few weeks later received a reply saying that the treatment recommended had saved all the ducks that were left and that they were doing finely. I know of some duck growers who raise sweet corn for green food for their ducks sowing it very thick so that the stalks grow small, and cutting it into short lengths with a fodder cutter. Duck raisers along Great South Bay on the south shore of Long Island get the grass from the bottom of the bay and chop up to mix with the mash. After the Indian Runners get their growth they are comparatively small eaters.

Harvest Hymn.

By the Rev. Henry Pitt, Vicar of St. Mary's, Southwark.

Tune—Melita.

With thankful hearts, O Lord, we come
To sing our hymn of Harvest Home.
Within Thy Holy House once more,
We bow before Thee and adore
The Love that gives Thy children dear
The blessings of another year.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
With trembling fear we oft have said,
As through a dark and angry sky,
We failed to see Thy watchful eye
And know the workings of Thy will
Controlling all with perfect skill.

Through cold and heat, through rain and snow,
And all the stormy winds that blow;
Through darksome nights and days so drear,
That filled our hearts with faithless fear,
Thy love has wrought, with tender care,
An answer to Thy children's prayer.

Wherefore with grateful hearts we raise
Our joyful hymn of sounding praise;
Glad offerings to Thee we give,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live.
O bring us, Father, by Thy love,
To glorious Harvest Home above.
Amen.

Sturgeon Lake District—Snap Shot on Transcontinental Line.

A Woman's Pin-Money.

By Mrs E. E. Sherwood.

I am fifty years old and have helped to swell our little income for twenty-five years. It was necessary, and so, though I had no special talent, I did it. I made up my mind that the way to get dollars was by saving dimes, and the way to get dimes was just to do with all my might what my hands found to do.

I have kept hens and bees, selling all their products to private customers, whom I hunted up myself. I made aprons once for the girls of a near-by factory, and also made overalls for its men employes. I offered a girl her aprons free to advertise my work.

I bought my neighbors' cherries and quinces on the trees, picked them myself and made many a dollar from the bargain. I purchased flower seed each spring and my children, and other children, too, sold them at a large profit; for three or four weeks each spring this is a good paying business.

I often sold twenty-five cents' worth of seed for a dollar.

I took subscriptions for magazines. This pays. I asked every one who came to the house, and, when I took the children out for recreation, I combined business, by getting subscriptions at the same time. Sometimes in payment I took premiums and then sold the premiums. There is money in club raising for papers. I got up tea and soap orders; and I often made and sold candy. Candy is a good selling article; try it. Make it nice, and do it up attractively, and people will call for it. I painted and sold, especially at Christmas, scores of glasses and plates, and made and sold Easter home-made gifts. Now I am doing burnt-woodwork, and I do well at it. No one taught me either art; I taught myself.

I wrote for floral papers, and took seeds for pay, then sold the seeds. I also wrote for the household papers, taking subscriptions, and then sold the subscriptions. Twice I had boarders. Several times I took charge of pet animals, charging a fixed rate. I looked up antique furniture, mostly by letter, for dealers, and received a commission. I got out prize puzzles. I sold many dollars' worth of tried recipes to household papers. I made grape juice and sold it; I do yet. I canned fruit on shares, and sold my share. I never let a chance to earn an honest dime or dollar slip by, and I have thereby educated my children and made them better able to take a good stand in the world. I still work, I like to; I guess it has become a habit.

A disciple of Issac Walton.

The Molting of Poultry.

Success with poultry would be more certain if the general poultry keeper would acquaint himself more fully with the molting of fowls—its laws and its requirements. He is aware that hens shed their feathers once a year, or oftener, and he is sure that they take twice as much time as necessary about it. In fact, he rather sets it down as another evidence of the meanness of the hen that she wastes so much time and just when time is the most valuable, and scant is the consideration she is likely to get from him while she is "loafing."

Molting is a natural function, and not a disease, still it is a critical period for the weakened or ill-cared-for fowl. This is especially so with the strictly laying or Mediterranean breeds. A hen of this class comes to the molt after months of heavy laying, and, as a rule, casts her feathers like a garment, then slinks around, naked and ashamed, tender and sore. Few more pitiable sights are to be seen than these poor creatures among a flock of fowls, tortured by cruel beaks and harrassed by male birds, and able to snatch only an occasional morsel of food. One hardly needs to be told that such birds should be put in clean warm quarters by themselves and fed abundantly of tissue-forming feed.

The heavier breeds molt more leisurely, dropping but a few feathers at a time, and in some cases get through the molt so gradually that one is hardly aware that they have been molting. This simplifies matters for the hen, and with good care she may even lay for some time during the molt. Leghorns, too, will lay while they are dropping but a few feathers at first, but no hen will lay when she is in full molt—and no person should have the cheek to ask her to do so. A poultry writer of some note suggests "that if we could supply exactly the right elements in the hen's feed we could induce her to lay during the molt." Probably he does not take himself seriously, but just throws in the suggestion to freshen up the subject. Any person fairly well acquainted with Nature's doings knows that she does not burn her candles at both ends at one and the same time. Such a course would result in physical deterioration. The poultryman should not grudge the hen the time necessary to renew her wardrobe and her strength; rather let him assist her with proper feed and care to come through in good shape and to resume her commercial functions as quickly as may be.

Points in Molting.—Young hens or those in the first full molt, molt earlier than older hens. All hens of the same age, breed, and kept under like conditions, do not molt at the same time. Pullets hatched in the fall, winter, and very early in the spring molt the following August or September. A percentage of the pullets hatched even as late as the first of April will go into a whole or partial molt in the following December or January. Some of the flock, especially in hot climates, will molt in July, and again in November or December. All these variations will occur in the same flocks under precisely the same conditions. The fowl is usually in good condition when it casts its feathers freely, and it requires only proper protection and plenty of suitable food: but just before the feathers loosen, the run-down and constitutionally weak hens are likely to develop many ailments. The poultry keeper may expect to lose some hens at this time, as well as to have some ailing fowls, even under the best care.

Forcing the Molt.—This was heralded through the poultry press of a few years back as a great discovery which left Mother Nature quite to the rear, but it has gone the way of all such efforts to get ahead of that good dame. It was worked on the principle that a

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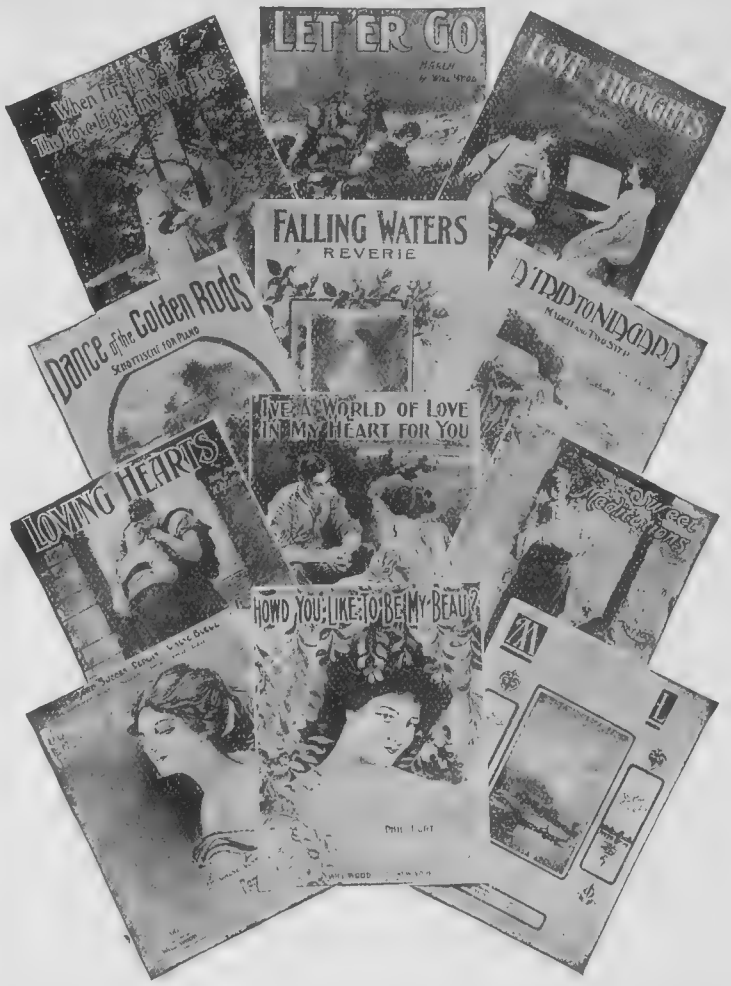

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12 Beautiful Blue Dan Waltzes
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14 Black Key Polka Mazurka
15 Bluetts Polka (Merry Bells)
16 Brook, (The)
17 Bohemian Girl
18 Campion March (Merry Bells)
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26 Chapelin the Fores
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28 Daffodil, Schottische, (Merry Bells)
29 Dorothy, Old English Dance
30 Dixie, Transcription
31 Echoes of the Ball
32 Evening Star (Tannhauser)
33 Evening Song
34 Flower of Spring, A
35 Fairy Wedding, Waltz
36 Faust, (Transcription)
30 Fifth Nocturne
38 First Heart Throbs
39 Flatterer (The)
40 Flower Song
41 Frolic of the Frogs, Waltz
42 Funeral March
43 Fur Elise
44 Gertrude's Dream, Waltz
45 Gipsy Dance
46 Girlhood days, Three-step
47 Hazel Blossoms
48 Heather Rose
49 Heartsease
50 Heimweh, (Longing for Home)
51 Home Sweet Home, (Trans.)
52 Il Trovatore
53 In the Country
54 In the Meadow
55 In the Twilight
56 Invitation to the Dance
57 Il Bacio, (The Kiss) Waltzes
58 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
59 Jolly Fellows, Waltzes
60 L'Argentine, (Silvery Thistle)
61 La Czarine, Mazurka
62 La Fountaine
63 La Paloma
64 Largo
65 Last Hope
66 Last Hope
67 Last Waltz of a Madman
68 Le Tremolo
69 Lily
70 Little Fairy, Waltzes
71 Little Fairy, Polka
72 Little Fairy, Schottische
73 Little Fairy, March
74 Love's Dream After The Ball
75 La Serenata
76 Lily of the Valley
77 Longing for Home (Heimweh)
78 Loin Du Bal, (Sounds from the Ball)
79 Maiden's Prayer
80 May Has Come
81 Melody in F
82 Minuet
83 Monastery Bells
84 Moment Musicale
85 Morning Flowers, (Gavotte
86 Mountain Belle, (Schottische)
87 Music Box
88 My Old Kentucky Home (Trans.)
89 Old Folks at Home, with variations
90 Orange Blossoms, Waltzes
91 Orvetta Waltzes
92 Over the Waves, Mexican Waltzes
93 Over the Waves
94 Old Black Joe, (Trans.)
95 One Heart—One Soul
96 Padishah, (Persian March
97 Palms (The)
98 Patti Waltzes, (Tyrolienne)
99 Pearly Dew Drops
100 Peri Waltzes
101 Polish Dance
102 Pure as Snow
103 Pretty Picture
104 Qui Vive Galop (4 H'ds) (Double Number)
105 Ramona Waltzes
106 Remember Me
107 Rippling Waves
108 Rustic Dance
109 Sack Waltz
110 Scarf Dance
111 Schubert's Serenade
112 Secret Love
113 Shepherd Boy
114 Silvery Waves
115 Simple Confession
116 Simple Confession
117 Sounds from the Ball, (Loin du Ball)
118 Spring Song
119 Spring's Awakening
120 Spring Beauty, Waltz (Merry Bells)
121 Stephanie Gavotte
122 Storm (The)
123 Shepherd's Song
124 Tam O'Shanter
125 Tannhauser, (Evening Star)
126 The Kiss (Il Bacio)
127 Thine Own, (Melody)
128 Traumerei and Romance
129 Twentieth Century Woman, March
130 Two Angels
131 Under the Double Eagle, March
123 Under the Double Eagle, March
133 Valse Bleue
13 Valse in E flat
135 Waves of the Danube
136 Waves of the Ocean
137 Warblings at Eve
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139 Wedding March
140 Whispering of Love
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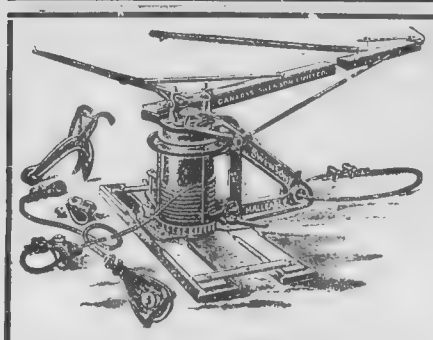

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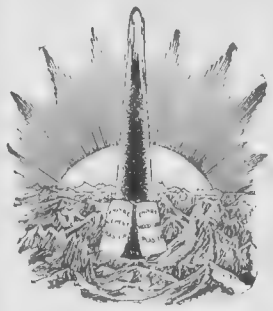

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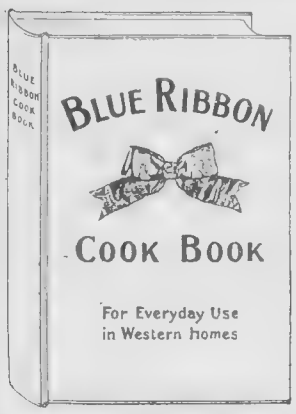

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sudden check in the vitality of a bird causes it to throw its feathers when normal conditions return. It often happens that ill-conditioned birds, and animals as well, are in a chronic state of molt.

In the "system" of forced molting the hens were cut down to starvation rations for a couple of weeks, then suddenly changed to a full rich diet. When the experimenter began on his hens in August, which is the beginning of the natural molting season, results were not so bad. But when he started the molt in June or thereabouts, Nature got the laugh on him. Oh, yes, his hens molted all right—and they also molted again in the late fall or early winter!

Experiments in Forced Molting.—In a late bulletin from the Cornell Station, the results of a pretty exhaustive experiment in forced molting are given, from which the following excerpts are taken:

The experiment began in the month of August and continued 455 days, long enough to arrive at conclusions which may be classed as definite. There were 232 White Leghorn hens in the pens at the beginning of this experiment. They were divided into flocks as nearly alike as possible, and birds one, two and three years were used, each age being kept in separate pens. Birds of each age were fed both for forced molt and in the natural way. The pens which were to be forced to molt were known as the "starved" flocks, and those which were on full feed all the time were known as the "fed" flocks. The starvation period for the former lasted four weeks. The first week the regular rations were gradually reduced one-half, and the following week about one-third the regular ration was fed. The fourth week the ration was gradually increased until the full ration was being fed at the end of that week.

Points Made.—Some of the hens were molting when the experiment began. By September 29th 90 per cent. of the starved hens and 78 per cent. of the fed hens were molting. By October 27th the percentage of molting fowls was about equal on both sides of the experiment. Both flocks completed molting about the same time, although more of the starved hens were in full molt by October 27th. The starved hens molted more uniformly than the others. The average time for completing the molt was ninety-five days. The average time for the three-year-old hens was 104 days, for the two-year-olds 101 days, and for yearlings eighty-two days. The starved yearlings molted more quickly by thirty-three days than those of the same age full fed. With the two-year-olds the difference was hardly noticeable, while the starved three-year-olds were an average of twenty days longer in molting than the fed hens of the same age. It is generally believed that hens which molt early produce the most eggs, but these experiments showed the contrary to be true. The late molters averaged three more eggs each during the winter than the early molters. At the average winter price the total production of 100 early molting hens would be worth $47.25 less than from that number of late molters. This indicates that the man who kills his late molting hens may be disposing of his best producers. It was found that molting hens require a large amount of nitrogenous feed, such as oil meal, meat and other food rich in protein. It was also determined that there was about thirteen and one-half pounds of mineral matter in 100 Leghorn hens, while there are 125 pounds in the eggs which this number of hens produce in a year. This indicates the importance of lime for the laying hen.

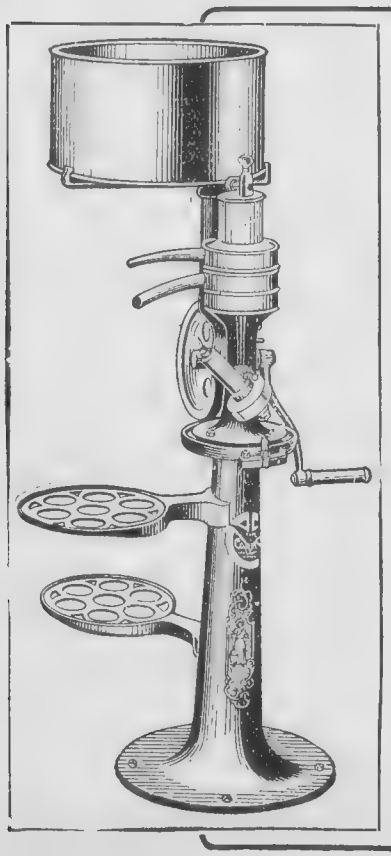
Final Comparison.—Estimated on the basis of 100 hens, the fed flock produced eggs to the value of $29.97 more than was produced by the starved flock. Or for the 232 birds in the experiment, a difference of $95.93 in favor of natural molting.

Significant Points.—In the above experiment I would call special attention to two points:—

1. The length of time required to complete the molt. This averaged two and two-thirds months for the yearlings and three and one-half months for the older hens. And this was under good conditions with a well-balanced ration for the purpose. It has been commonly taught that from 6 to 8 weeks is sufficient time for this process, and the poultry keeper has felt aggrieved by the "laziness" of his fowls, which very likely had not the material to build up on in order to complete the process in the full term.

2. That an unnatural draft upon the hen's vitality cannot be made good by subsequent plentitude. In the above experiment the period of shortened rations was regulated in a systematic manner quite different from that likely to be practiced by the ordinary poultry keeper; and yet with the best of after treatment there lacked but three cents of being $30 lost during the year on 100 hens so treated! Here is a fruitful text for a sermon on irregularity and insufficiency in the feeding of fowls. But I will leave it for the poultry keeper himself to apply as needed.

After the Molt.—The most discouraging period to the poultryman is the long time after the molt is completed, especially with the early molters, before hens get down to business. Not an egg do they lay until the bottom drops out of the egg market along in January, when even a dozen eggs laid sooner would have saved their face and their feed bill. The first cause for this delay is a natural one. The hen is recouping and awaiting the quickening forces of the natural breeding season. Another cause, particularly in this climate, is ill or improper feeding of the hens through the molt. Hens should have a larger proportion of meat foods and fresh greens during and after the molt. Many hens have no appetite for any other class of food when they begin to molt, and will almost starve themselves when it is not furnished them. Later when the demand for food compels them to fill up on starchy foods they eat too much grain in order to obtain the required amount of tissue-building material, and become over fat. In feeding molting hens, follow the same method of feeding out-lined in a former chapter, only double the amount of meat in the mash and add a little linseed meal. After the molt is completed, continue the extra meat with plenty of fresh greens, but be a bit shy on grain during the day, making the hens scratch hard for every kernel. At night, however, give them a full feed of grain. This method, together with general good care, will bring the winter egg.



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As soon as you have read this advertisement, sit down and write a post card for The Capital book—the book that not only tells the story of the easy-running, cream-saving separator, but that tells how you can put The Capital in your own dairy practically without costing you a cent.

The book also tells all about the wonderful Capital gears, about their perfect meshing and non-wearing qualities—how they run in oil— how an automatic clutch stops them running the minute you let go of the handle—and about how they give the light, three-and-a-half-pound bowl, 7,000 revolutions a minute.

It tells how and why The Capital skims closer—why The Capital wastes less than one-fifth the cream that other separators waste—and then explains how the machine can be made sweet and clean in two minutes after you are through using it.

This book is full of hard-and-fast facts—separator facts—which every dairyman owes it to himself to know; facts which will prove a revelation to the dairyman who is not familiar with The Capital.

Write for the book to-day—NOW.

The National Manufacturing Co., Limited

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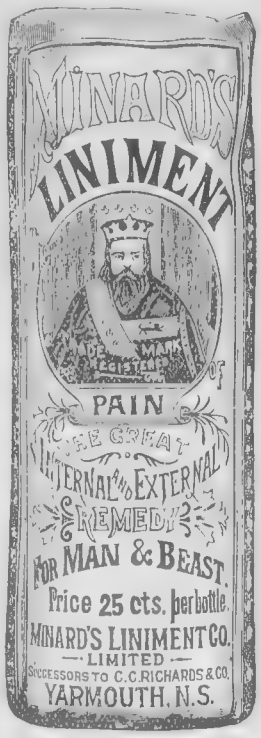
Branch Offices: Regina, Sask.; Edmonton, Alta.; Moncton, N.B.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT



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Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One package by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drug trade $1 per dozen.) DOMESTIC MFG CO., DEPT. W.H.M. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

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Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling it, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

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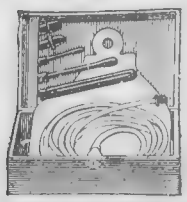
53 Church St., Toronto, Ontario



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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 936, WINDSOR, ONT.

Correspondence.

Manchester Is Lonely.

Hillcrest, Alta., June 21, 1910.

Sir.—I have now been for a long time an interested reader of your valuable paper, especially the correspondence column. I have thought many a time to write myself, but up to now I have not done so. I wonder if amongst your lady readers there are any would who care to correspond with me? I am an Englishman, and I have now been in Canada for close on eight years. I was unfortunate to lose my wife over two years ago; since then I have been all alone. I am 34 years of age, 5ft. 8in. in height, and weigh about 160 lbs.; dark hair, blue eyes, always healthy. I smoke a little, but don't drink. I am now baching by myself. My position warrants me to take a wife, and I would only be pleased if any lady will write to me. I will answer all letters and exchange photos. My address will be with the Editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. "Manchester."

Expresses Gratitude.

Brandon, Man., June 19, 1910.

Sir.—Being an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for a couple of years, I thought I would take time and express my gratitude. First, I must give a description of myself. I am 19 years of age, 5ft. 9½in. tall, and weigh 125 lbs.; brown hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. I am a farmer's daughter, and not ashamed to say it. I am the only child, and, mother being sick, I have had the responsibility of the housework, so you will know what I have to do. Any of the boys and girls daring to write to me can do so, as I am very fond of writing. Please will you forward the enclosed letter to "Nifty Kid" of the June number? I am not on the matrimonial list, but I would like to get acquainted with the bachelors out west. I would like to correspond with "A Saskatchewan Bachelor" if he will write first. You will find my address with the Editor, if he will be good enough to put this in print. Also wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.

"A Lonesome Kid."

Supply boat on Canyon Lake, taking supplies to 15 different camps on Transcontinental Railway.

Thought He Would Write.

Pilot Butte, Sask., June 24th, 1910.

Sir.—I have only been a subscriber to your splendid paper for a few months, and when I received the first copy I was very sorry I had not taken it before. I take a great interest in the correspondence columns and as I am sitting alone tonight I thought I would write, hoping at the same time that my letter will not be cast into that ever ready waste-paper basket. I am dark-haired, have bluish grey eyes, 5 ft. 10 in. high, and am 22 years of age and weigh 167 lbs. I should very much like to correspond with members of the fair sex, especially musical ones as I am very fond of music myself. "Sweet Genevieve" says she thinks that bachelors would be cranky after they had got used to doing things their own way and then got married, but I wouldn't. My way is not a very good way in the cooking line, and I would not want her to be a a chore-boy. Anyone who cares to write will find my address with the editor, and I will answer promptly. I will now close, wishing the W. H. M. the best of success, I sign myself

"Devon Dumpling."

Not Lonely.

Guelph, Ont., June 16, 1910.

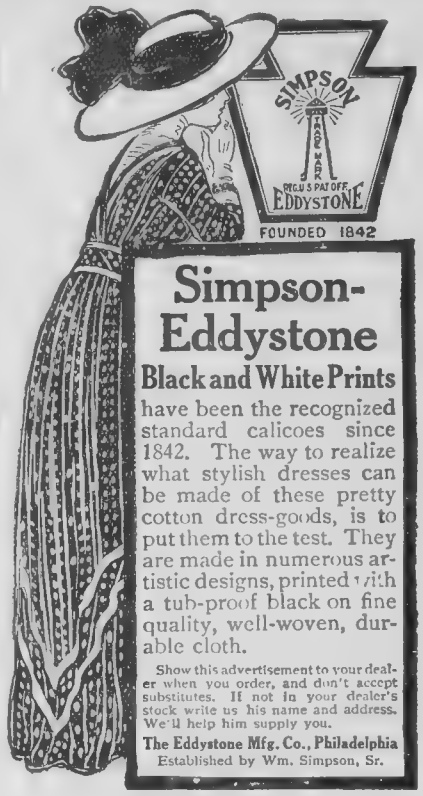
Sir.—Have you space in your correspondence column for yet another Easterner? If so, I should like very much to put in my application for a few correspondents. I cannot claim loneliness as my plea, but I am very fond of receiving and writing letters for pastime only, as I cannot conceive of anyone with any self respect whatever corresponding with matrimonial intent. I should also be very pleased to exchange post cards with either sex. I will attempt to give you an idea of my opinion of myself. I am not quite 20 years of age, about 5 ft. 1 in. in height, my weight is 106 lbs., have brown eyes, and rather fair hair, and I believe I'm supposed to possess a straight nose. I think you western boys must be perfect paragons. There seem to be so few who smoke, chew or drink. Not that I approve of these vices, far from it, but one can understand why there are so many "Lonely Western Bachelors." The girls seem to be waiting for "Mr. Perfection." Should "Toddy," of May issue, or any others care to write me my address will be found with the editor. Meanwhile please

"Forget-Me-Not."

A Chance for Inky.

Melfort, Sask., June 17, 1910.

Sir,—It is with deep interest each month that I look forward to the coming of the W. H. M. I think the correspondence columns very interesting, and the young men deserve the credit. When I first read "Archibald's" letter I was perfectly disgusted at the way he was going to treat his future wife. I felt like giving him a good lecture, but when I got the June number and saw what "Batty O'Toole" thought about it I just let it drop and said, "Well, Batty is welcome to him, but do be careful and take a spool of thread with you or you can't even patch your dress, for you know he is to keep the purse, and as for depending on the chickens, they sometimes take the gapes. I know ours did once. I have just passed seventeen but am just as sweet as I was a few months ago. Why should not I be? I am 5 ft. 9¾in. tall, weigh 130 lbs., dark complexion, black hair, and snapping black eyes. I am just the sort for "Inky" in the May number. I like his letter fine. I agree with him in everything except drinking and chewing the rag. I haven't quite got over that yet. I hope he will tell in his next let-



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Black and White Prints have been the recognized standard calicoes since 1842. The way to realize what stylish dresses can be made of these pretty cotton dress-goods, is to put them to the test. They are made in numerous artistic designs, printed with a tub-proof black on fine quality, well-woven, durable cloth.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

MY VARICOSE VEINS WERE CURED completely by **ABSORBINE JR.** says WM. PRATT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. and will do the same for you in a pleasant manner; allay the inflammation, kill pain, heal and restore them to a normal condition; reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Synovitis, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Sprains of the muscles or ligaments. Heals cuts, old sores, wounds, etc. Costs only $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at your druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co., Vancouver.

WANTED

Reliable Parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars Address

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.,
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AGENTS 200% PROFIT

Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER

Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 797 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

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Highest class workmanship by

ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist,

31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London, S.W. (opposite the Admiralty). Electric Instruments (own patents) and All Colors used. Unique Designs from 60c. Antiseptic Treatment. Crude tattoo marks obliterated with Artistic Designs. Tattoo Outfits sold. Price List free. Telegraphic Address—"Tattooing, London."

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

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CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 239 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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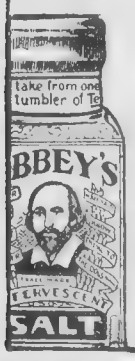
SUNLIGHT

washes everything washable in the home—use it freely. Unlike ordinary soaps it keeps the hands soft and white—never makes them coarse and red.

We will give $5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap. **5**

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps. 516



Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Your stomach may not suggest what it needs when full of distress, but common sense suggests **Abbey's Salt.**

25c and 60c.

Sold everywhere. 59

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Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, individual Home Instruction. Superior equipment. Expert Instructors Eleven years' successful teaching. Financial returns guaranteed.

FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book.

Our Own Fireproof Bldg.

SCHOOL of APPLIED ART Founded 1899 A179 Fine Arts Bldg Battle Creek, Mich.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON

54 King Street

WINNIPEG, MAN.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

ter what else they do out in Manitoba besides drinking rags. I am afraid we are a trifle behind the times here. We do chew the rag occasionally but have not got as far as drinking it yet.

"Curiosity."

A Farmer's Daughter.

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your paper, the Western Home Monthly, for almost two years, and I like it better all the time. It is very interesting all through, and the only fault with it is that it doesn't come often enough. I am a farmer's daughter, and homesteading is very lonesome, and I feel sorry for the poor bachelors who have to keep house for themselves this hot weather. My present occupation is hoeing, and there's lots of it to do. I am 5ft. 5½in. tall, have blue eyes and brown hair, and am very fond of driving and can manage any kind of a horse. I am very fond of music, and can sing like a blue jay. I am a good shot with the rifle, but no chores for me. The man that gets me must be able to do the outside work. I am a good cook, and can sew very well. I can make a dollar go as far as anybody, so if any of the bachelors think my description would suit, why, write and send your photo and I will consider it. As to my age, why, that's your next guess. I will close for this time.

"Western Star."

Kind Words for the W.H.M.

Invermay, Sask., June 17, 1910.

Sir.—It is with pleasure that the W.H.M. is brought into our home, and among the many periodicals published to-day I think that it stands in the front line, and my toast is, "May it ever." I do not think a person need want for any good things in the line of literature, for have we not information on any subject written by men who know. Of the W.H.M., the parts I enjoy and profit by are "The Philosopher," "What the World is Saying," "The Young Man and His Problem," "The Farm," and last, but not least by any means, the correspondence columns. Among the above named, "The Young Man and His Problem" is the subject which I think every young man should read, for here is where Rev. J. L. Gordon gives the young men a few very useful tips. The correspondence page is where we all turn to, if not first, then last, and here is where we obtain our advice along the matrimonial line. Here in one letter some spinster maiden aunt runs down the western bachelors—poor souls, while following, some pretty buxom maiden praises the bachelors. I am very fond of music, and play the flute. I enjoy a good book and am fond of all outdoor games. I am 21 years of age, 5ft. 10in. in height, weigh 145 lbs., and am dark. If some nice girls of about 18 or 19 would care to write I should be delighted to hear from them.

"Robin Hood."

Point du Bois Falls, where the City of Winnipeg is building a big power plant.

From the Candy Kid.

Southey, Sask., June 19, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for almost a year, and have found some rather interesting descriptions of some of the writers, and if any care to know what I look like here it is:

I am not too short,
And not too tall;
Am not too large,
Nor yet too small.
Have two good eyes,
And hair light blue;
Have a good understanding,
'Twill fit a twelve shoe.

However, if you care for a true likeness just take a look at the new moon in the almanac. I am fond of all outdoor sports; am a great lover of most things in fact. My mother says I would make a good hand in a bake shop as she is sure that none of the pastries would ever spoil. I am a pretty good hand at baking cakes myself, but it is pancakes. I am fond of music, and can play a little. In case any wish to hear more of my wonderful accomplishments they will find my address with the Editor, or will please have him forward their address to

"The Candy Kid."

Have a Good Opinion of Themselves.

Saskatoon, Sask., July 28, 1910.

Sir.—We are interested readers of the correspondence column in the Western Home Monthly and would like to exchange letters with some of the best looking boys who are interested in this column. We are two exceptionally fine looking young ladies, and would certainly make a good impression on any of the opposite sex who have an eye to beauty alone and not those accomplishments such as milking cows, etc., which so many of our fair correspondents can boast of. We are just the right age and complexion, a more detailed description of which will be given anyone wishing to write. Hoping to see this in next month's issue, we are

"Peaches and Cream."

Primrose Saw the Comet.

Calgary, Alta., June 10, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly. I think it is a splendid paper, and there are so many helpful departments. I find the correspondence column very interesting; some of the letters are very amusing. May I join your charming club? Most of the letters, I notice, are from the West, though some from Ontario and even from as far away as England. I live in one of the best mixed farming districts. I am a farmer's daughter and proud of it. I would not like the life in the city. These lovely June days I almost feel sorry for those shut in the towns and cities, who cannot get out in the country and enjoy the beauties of Nature or breathe the pure, fresh air. There is nothing so rare as a day in June. I have no doubt that the West is a great country and it is the country for the young man to go ahead and make good with much less capital than he needs to start out in life with in the east. I have a brother out here. The Western bachelors seem to have rather a lonely time; I don't wonder either, having to do all the work in the house and on the farm, too. How many saw the comet? It has come and gone, and the earth is still here. I think it extremely foolish for people to get so frightened. I saw where some died of

HAD LAME BACK

Was Almost Unable To Move.

Two Boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Mrs. M. B. Cairns, Upham, N.B., writes: "I feel it my duty to drop you a few lines to let you know what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. I had such a Lame Back that I was almost unable to move, and my kidneys were in an awful condition.

"After taking two boxes of Doan's Pills I was completely cured and feel as well as I ever did."

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all Kidney Troubles. They begin by expelling all the poisonous matter from the kidneys, and then heal the delicate membranes and make their action regular and natural.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Price 50c per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct, specify "Doan's."

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." **Hundreds of agents coining money**—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. **Astonishing low price to agents**—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 2197 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

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53 Years Reputation. Latest Catalogue, largest issued. **Post Free. Lace Curtains, Household Linens, Serge & Muslin Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Ladies' & Gents' Underwear, Shoes, Costumes, Gents' Clothing.** A Whole Warehouse in Book form to look through. Import your own goods British made and Reliable. Write to-day.

TABLE DAMASK PARCEL Postage & Duty Paid **$6.25**

2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2½yds. by 2yds. & 2 White Damask Table Cloths, 60ins. by 58ins. all rich Scroll & Floral Designs, hemmed. 2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing. 2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths. 2 Handsome Tray Covers, all Irish Hand embroidered & drawn thread. Delivered to your home. Postage and Duty Paid $6.25.

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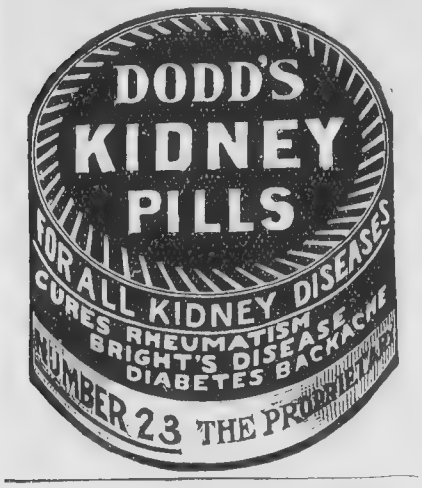
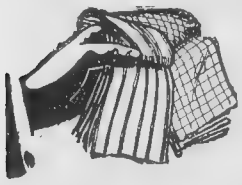
GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the **Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati O.**



Ten Years Younger in two minutes. For faded or grey hair, use **Hemple's Brilliania.** Highest awards Paris, Rome, Brussels, 1908. Neither a bleach nor like a dye. No washing. Dries immediately. Never unnatural tints. Defies the keenest eye. State color required. Send pattern of hair. Large sample with brush, 90c. A six times larger case, $2.85. Postfree of Maison Max Hemple, 16 W. Glasshouse Street, London, England. Agents wanted.

One Price and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction—splendid value and perfect fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from $6.45 to $13.40. Cloth supplied from 75c. yard Patterns and style book together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, mailed free. **C. E. Brierley & Co., 52 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.**



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SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

I find so much Rheumatism and Chronic Constipation in this northern country. Constipation is a dangerous thing—will lead to Rheumatism, Appendicitis and all kinds of serious Chronic Troubles. This system of treatment will surely cure Constipation and Rheumatism of all kinds. I want every man and woman that is afflicted with these complaints or any other serious Chronic Trouble, to write me, stating your case, and I will prove to you the remarkable cures I have lately made. By arousing the **"Latent Forces"** in the body and working through God's natural laws disease and troubles get fast out of the body. I can heal you in your home. We give personal and absent treatment. This is the cheapest and quickest healing science the world knows. Plenty of references. **Prof. H. W. Banton, Institution of Healing, office 232 13th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta. Tel. 197.**

VILLE ron

SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE

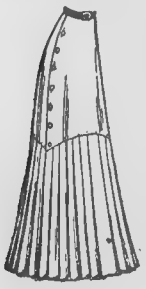
GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well known Canadian **Towns**, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15-Dollar Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH**, fully jewelled (English Government Stamped) as a **FREE GIFT.** (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to FELLOWS & Co., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:—

Miss S. Lutz, McTaggart, Sask., Canada. Mr. W. J. Kemp, New Warren, Sask., Canada.

$6 Panama Skirt, $3.25



Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $6 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in black, brown, navy, green, cream, and dark red; it is one of the new spring styles. It is the best. You will be pleased with it. Pleated all around and trimmed in fancy buttons on side and made generally just as pictured. Opened in back with inverted pleat; beautifully tailored, guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit; will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine Luster, same shades as Panama above, $3; also in all wool Venetian, all shades, $3.98. Give waist and hip measure; also length of skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to-day. Add 35c for postage. Order skirt No. 33. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

CANCER, Tumors, Lumps, etc. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

fear; they heard a door slam or some noise and were so frightened they died. I saw the comet once at three in the morning, and four or five times in the evening. It was very brilliant some nights, but has almost entirely disappeared now. I see that most of the members describe themselves, but I will not attempt to this time. I would like a few correspondents and I would like to hear from "Grapes" if she would please write first. If any care to write my address is with the Editor.

"Primrose."

W.H.M. Is Popular at Bladworth.

Bladworth, Sask., June 20, 1910.

Sir.—This is my first letter to your valuable paper, and I hope you will find room for it in your next issue. It is useless for me to try to express my high regards, in a letter, of your paper. It is the coming paper for the high minded Canadian readers. If it has not yet reached every Canadian home, it will in a very few years. It is king of our post office now, and longed for more than letters. I don't know about love letters, as I never received any. Well, I am a happy farmer in a glorious section of heavenly Saskatchewan, and I am proud to say that I am a Canadian. I have two hundred and fifty acres that look good to me and should to any one. Well now, I don't want to get married until after I see how my crop turns out, but I would like to receive a letter from some one, especially from "The Merry Widow Twins," and will answer all letters promptly. I want a good lively girlie who can write a good jolly letter. Now, I think I have taken up enough room, but if any one wants to know anything about this part of the country I would give them all the information I can. I will ring off and sign myself "Doughty."

In the Sturgeon Lake district, Transcontinental Railway.

A Chance for the Boys.

St. Albert, Alta., June 11, 1910.

Sir.—We have been interested readers of your valuable paper, the W.H.M., and think the correspondence column very interesting. As this is our first letter we will try and say much in little space. Pansy: Age twenty, wealth of dark brown hair, passionate grey eyes, five feet six inches tall, weighs about 105 pounds. Can play well on organ, piano, and mandoline; sings beautifully and paints lovely landscapes. Would like to correspond with any of either sex, especially "White Rose" and "Blue-Eyed Pearl" in June and May editions. Forget-Me-Not is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has beautiful chestnut colored hair and eloquent gray eyes; can play violin and sing famously; age fifteen. Would like to correspond with "Anglo-Franco" and "Leona of White Creek" or any other who cares to write first. Our addresses will be with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. the greatest of success. We are,

"Pansy" and "Forget-Me-Not."

Eaglie Eye Is a Vegetarian.

Outlook, Sask., July 1, 1910.

Sir.—We have your magazine in camp here, and as I would like to correspond with a few girls who are really sensible I take the opportunity. I am of English descent, 5ft. 10in. high, robust, healthy, fair hair and complexion, and an engineer by profession. I am practically a vegetarian, but am not a crank on that score; but am very fond of fresh air. I am 20 years of age and would like to correspond with girls of 20 or over. Yours sincerely,

"The Eagle Eye."

W.H.M. Letters Are Amusing.

Forward, Sask., June 17, 1910.

Sir.—Would you please address and forward the enclosed letter to "Toddy" in May issue. I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for some time and am very much interested in it, especially in the correspondence column. It sometimes makes me laugh till my sides would nearly burst at some of the arguments some get into. I am one of those who like to take them all in and then keep my mouth shut afterwards. I think that "Toddy" told the truth in her letter about as near as could be. I would like to correspond with the fair sex. My address is with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. Signed

"Pony Boy."

A Young Australian.

Craik, Sask., June 6, 1910.

Sir.—We have been taking the Western Home Monthly for the last seven months and I think it is a very interesting paper. I like to read the correspondence page very much. My native country is Australia, but I have been living in Canada for six years now. I think the winters are very cold here, but I like them better now. We did not have much winter in Australia. July is mid-winter, and the children can go barefoot to school eleven months out of the twelve. I am fifteen years old, and am still going to school. Wishing your valuable paper every success throughout Canada.

"Australian Brown."

A Voice from Ontario.

London, Ont., June 1, 1910.

Sir.—I hope you have time to read another letter before you go to bed, as I expect it is in the evening that most of you read the Western Home Monthly. I got acquainted with this paper in the Y.M.C.A. here, and I enjoy reading it very much. I will try and describe myself a little. I am twenty-four years of age, a Canadian, dark, with dark brown hair and brown eyes, weigh about 140, and stand about five feet eight inches. Have a very fair education (or I should say that I should have a very fair education, as I have had every encouragement in the world). I could be at the college now, but my fancy has taken me elsewhere. I always hated school, and I have not regretted going longer, though some people say that I will. I love horses, dogs and pets very much, and might love a girl if I saw the right one. I love music, and can generally scare up a joke or sing a song when I am so inclined. I like riding, driving, rowing, swimming and other outdoor sports. I am a Protestant with no very bad habits. I smoke a little, but do not expect to smoke in the hereafter. I do not drink, chew nor swear, and I have not much respect or use for those who do. I like fun myself and am game for most things, but cannot

Troubled with Heart

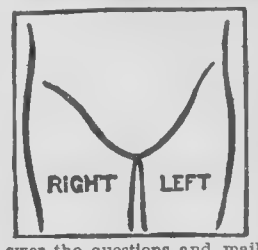
NERVES WERE ALL UNSTRUNG

Mrs. Oscar Hamilton, Forest Glen, N.S., writes:—"I can truthfully say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been a great friend to me. A few years ago I was very much troubled with my heart and my nerves were all unstrung. I had terrible pains all through my body. I was weak and had frequent and severe dizzy spells, and was continuously having to consult doctors. I had Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills recommended to me and after having taken a box they appeared to help me so much I continued to take them, and was soon able to do my work again. For this I am very grateful and would advise all people with weak heart or unstrung nerves to give them a thorough trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original heart and nerve cure and are sold at all dealers for 50c per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 743 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

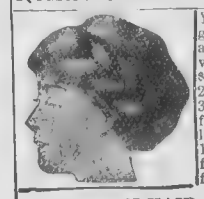
Age..... *Time Ruptured*.....

Name.....

Address.....

Does rupture pain?..... *Do you wear a Truss?*.....

Reliable Hair Goods on Approval



Your choice of these hair goods specials sent on 10 days approval. Natural real hair wavy switch 20 in. $1.50, 22 in. $2.00, 24 in. $3.00. Coronet braid 27 in. long $3.00, lengths up to 36 in. in proportion. New fashion turban caps 35c. Extra large allover invisible hair net 10c. Send lock of your hair. 5c for postage and if goods satisfactory remit within ten days.

PARISIAN HAIR CO., 84 Bay St. Toronto.

TEETHING

The pain is quickly allayed and the fever reduced by rubbing the gums, according to directions on the box, with

MATHIEU'S NERVINE POWDERS

the wonderful headache cure

18 in a box, 25c. Sold everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them we mail box on receipt of 25c.

7-5-0

J. L. Mathieu Co. Props, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

The flies that are in your kitchen and dining room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago and, as a single fly often carries thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kills flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.

The Great English Remedy

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"*Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well.*"—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

see any pleasure or usefulness in that. I would like to hear from some girls about twenty (for fun only). I do not intend to get married yet, and not through a paper. My idea of a girl (for myself) is golden or light brown hair, with blue or grey eyes, and one who likes horses and pets, jolly, cheerful, with a good deal of nerve. I have been west, and may go again soon. Would like to be acquainted with some of the girls first. If any of you girls would care to correspond with me, please send a letter for me to the Editor of this paper and he will forward to me. With best wishes to everyone and for the paper. I remain "Maybe."

Should Sympathize With Women Also.

Claresholm, Alta., June 2, 1910.

Sir.—We take your valuable paper and have been interested in the correspondence. I enclose a letter, which I wish you would send to "Stamp Fiend,' whose letter was published in May number. Everyone seems to pity the bachelors, and I admit that they have a hard life of it; but for a change, why not pity the poor wives, mothers, and daughters out on these lonely ranches, with neighbors few and far between, and if not for the work most of us have, it would be pretty monotonous here. For my part I think the men have more chance to see their neighbors and go to town than the women have. If they do have to do their own cooking, maybe it will teach them to appreciate a wife when they get one, and help her sometimes, and then she will help him in rush seasons. I imagine "Arichbald" from Lethbridge wrote his letter just to stir up criticism, and I think he will get it. I don't want to be his wife. Can't anyway, as I don't answer his description of one or weigh enough. Yes, "Violet" of Rochester, N.Y., Western Canada is going to make the rest of the world sit up, and take notice that she is very much alive. A great many people are coming into this new country, especially from the U.S., which was my old home until recently. Well, I have aired my opinions too much now, perhaps, so will close, with best wishes for the paper's success. "I.M.P."

Bridge at Wabigoon Falls on Transcontinental Railway

An Advocate of Women's Rights.

Perdue, Sask., July 20, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some months and especially enjoy the correspondence columns. I often think it would be a great source of enjoyment to correspond with some of the maidens and bachelors. Most of the readers seem to be interested in matrimony. Well, I suppose I might be, too, if I happened to meet Mr. Right, but I find the subject of "Equal Rights" for women a good way to put all matrimonial notions out of one's head. I earn between seven and eight hundred a year, and have lots of spare time, too. Now, wouldn't it be foolish to bind myself even as a willing slave for the rest of my days? Just think of never have a "five" of your own, even though your working hours be from daylight till dark. How would you like it, bachelors? Do write and tell us. "Bashful Bess."

Third Attempt Succeeds.

Sir.—Have been an interested reader for a long time and have written to the correspondence columns twice, but never got any letter in print; but hope for better luck this time. First, I will give a description of myself, like most of the boys and girls do. I am, of course, a bachelor and living on a homestead. Am 22 years of age, 5ft. 9½in. tall, weigh 145 lbs., have blue eyes, dark complexion and dark hair. I am a lover of all sport, such as dancing, hunting, horseback riding, and all wholesome sport. It seems that lots of our friends cannot agree as to how much work a wife should do. Now, it seems to me that any good hubby would help his wife all he can, and a loving wifie would not be backward in helping her husband. Now, I would be glad to have any of the other sex write to me. Please forward enclosed to "Sweet Sixteen" and oblige "Wild Mack."

Who Wants Tidy Tom?

Rouleau, Sask., June 13, 1910.

Sir.—Having been a subscriber to your valuable paper since last November, I think it is one of the best papers going. I read a lot of different other ones but the W. H. M. leads the way. I have become interested in your correspondence columns, and am going to write and be in the fashion. I suppose I had better describe myself. I am 33 years of age, height, 5 ft. 9 in. weight, 150 lbs. They tell me my hair and eyes are brown. I am T. T. but smoke occasionally, and am a homesteader, and am located near the river where the soil is good. I may say matrimony is my chief object, so if any of the fair sex care to write to me my address is with the editor. I will sign myself "Tidy Tom."

A Chance for Brunettes.

Sir.—Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine, will write a few lines to gain some correspondence as it is rather lonesome on the homestead. I think your departments of "The Philosopher" and "The Young Man and his Problem" make splendid reading matter for any person, and, of course, the Correspondence Column is simply great for young people out West. Will give a description of myself so that you will have some idea of the writer. I am 5 ft. 8 in. tall, heavy dark hair, light eyes, weight 150 lbs., and 27 years of age. I have two trades and need never be out of employment in a city. Am fond of music and dancing and the general run of amusements. I also own considerable real estate. Would prefer corresponding with some of the other sex having dark eyes and hair and some musical knowledge. My address is with the editor. "Minnesota Boy."

From Two Lonely Maidens.

Innisfree, Alberta, June 21, 1910.

Sir.—We are two lonely old maidens 17 and 18 years of age. No. 17 has turkey blue eyes, sky red lips and complexion to match, teeth that shine like diamonds. She wears No. 9 shoes and No. 8 gloves, and weighs 135 lbs. No.

Severe Pains In The Liver.

Had Several Doctors.

A COMPLETE CURE EFFECTED BY A FEW VIALS OF

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. F. H. Wood, Crystal, Ont., writes: "For several years I was greatly troubled with severe pains in the Liver. I had several doctors attend me but without any success. At last I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and after taking a few vials I was completely cured. It is, now, about six months since I took them, and I have had no return of my trouble since. I can honestly recommend them to every person who is troubled the same as I was."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c per vial or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers or will be mailed direct, on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Films Developed

10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;

3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c.; 4x5, 3a, 5c.

Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.

GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY
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Champion of all Belts

An Unprecedented Offer

For $5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our $40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or women who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality.

This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed. A week trial with it will convince you, and if after this you do not want the belt, your $5. will be returned. This Electric Belt is sold complete with all its attachments.

This Belt cures nervousness, organic weakness, rheumatism, kidney troubles, backache, indigestion. No drugs required.

The Belt will be forwarded you securely packed on receipt of five dollars and a full receipt for forty dollars will be sent at the same time. Order at once, or if you have any doubt as to your disease, write us and ask for our question sheet and free booklet. Our doctors give all Medical advice absolutely Free. We do not sell belts to anyone who have incurable diseases. This wonderful belt pours electro-vital force into your weakened System and works while you are sleeping and supplies vitality upon which health and courage depends. This is a chance of a lifetime. We have thousands of testimonials. Letters strictly confidential.

ADDRESS:

DOCTOR McDONALD

ELECTRIC BELTS NO. N

Offices, Consultations Rooms and Laboratories
No. 12 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

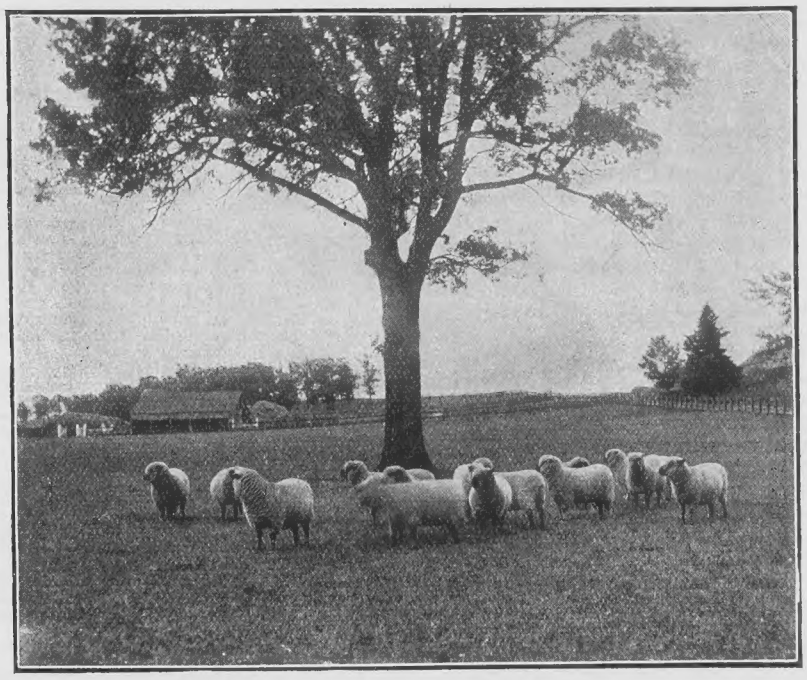
18 has black eyes with a ring of yellow around the outside, pretty red hair, cheeks like the wild rose that blooms on the hillside. We are both experienced housekeepers. We are willing to work either outside or in, if you don't ask us to do anything we don't want to. We are very fond of a good time, especially eating strawberries and ice cream. We can sew on bachelors' buttons as good as any of them and can darn soc - into the bargain. We would like to hear from "Sociable," in the April number, and "Two Western Hoodoos," also "The Old Batch," as we think he must be some relation of ours only our complexions are further developed. We will answer all letters. Our address is with the editor. We will sign ourselves

"Two Tender Little Chickens."

Carrots Butts In.

Kamloops, B.C.. July 14, 1910,

Sir.—Now tnis being Sunday and raining and can't go to church, I thought I would just write a few lines you. I wrote about a year ago and it was put in but only got one correspondent, who is now happily married, I hear. I hope so, and wish them luck. Now, I would like to ask some of your fair readers if they would like to write to me. I will write first if necessary; it matters little. I am one of 48 bachelors in this district and only five girls to go round, so you see I am not the only one. Is it not a pity that all the boys come west and leave the girls behind them? But some go back to a place called Ontario and come back with a nice companion and calls her his Mrs., and what is more they are fine, pleasant girls, what I have seen of them. Being a Westerner I have no girl to go back East for, but maybe I could strike up an acquaintance this way with a good daughter of a farmer, about 22 to 25 years old. I am not pioneering. I have everything comfortable and at hand. A few miles from town; just a pleasant drive. I am a farmer; too bad. is it not? but can't help it, I like it. I am 29 years old, 6 ft., weigh 180 lbs., brown hair, British Columbian, a Protestant and a follower of King Billy III. Have no bad habits, but, of course, Eastern girls don't believe this, because I have seen and heard Easterners say that they expected to see us a Wild West show, that is, shooting up towns, bowie knives and everything that is bad. I must admit that drinking is a curse in B.C., and in all the West, for that, but we are not of that stamp. We are still under the British Flag out here, and order and law is carried out to the extreme. We had some train robberies close handy here and once the last outfit got away. But we have a mountainous country here and another thing we have not got enough provincial police here, that is my idea of it. If we had more of those redcoats from the plains we would be better off. But I am not the government. So, girls, don't be afraid of the West. Lots of good chances for you. Now, in regard to the letters in the W. H. M., I must say some are good and others too hard on the boys and girls. Now, I notice some girls are down on a man for smoking. Well, I, for one, like to see a man enjoy a good pipe after work; it is soothing. But some smoke just to see the smoke go up in clouds. It is very rare to see a man smoke in the dark; watch close next time. Now, there are a lot of girls chew gum and from my point of view that is just as bad as smoking. Oh, well, we all have some fault to find with each other, none are perfect yet, and never will be, I suppose. By the look of things I shall have to shut up. Well, before I close I might say I am willing to give honest information of this part of B.C., as I have been here going eight years and she is good enough for me. So, girls, if you think it is all right, just drop a line to this Western boy and I will promise to do the square deal by every one. I will sign myself "Carrots."



Peacefully resting.

Who Will Take Pity on Him?

Unity, Sask., May 23, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, but have only recently become a subscriber, and as I have never written any letters to your correspondence column (in which I take great interest) before, I will endeavour to make up for lost time. It seems to be the general rule to give one's description, so here goes. I am an Englishman, 31 years old, 5 ft. 6½ in. high, have very dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and rather a dark complexion, and am a little stout, weighing 160 lbs. Am a strict T.T., and neither smoke nor chew, and do not indulge in the weed in any form. I often find time pass very slowly in the evening when all the day's work is done, and as I live all alone on my homestead (expect to prove up in three weeks' time) I would be much obliged if some of the kind young ladies would take compassion on me and write. I promise their letters will be gratefully received and duly answered. I would like to hear from "Moonshine Molly," May issue, and also from "Manitoba Dutchie," of the April issue, and will answer all letters and exchange photos. My address is with the editor. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and to see this in print, I will sign myself "Ole Black Joe."

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

SUN FIRE

The oldest Insurance Office in the world

FOUNDED A.D. 1710 BI-CENTENARY 1910

3 HOME OFFICE: LONDON, ENGLAND

Canadian Branch, Sun Building, Toronto, H. M. Blackburn, Manager.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS

This Man is Young at 55 Years

He is a "Health Belt Man;" therefore has the vitality and hot, red blood of youth in his veins; He towers like a giant above the ordinary difficulties of life—be a "Health Belt Man" yourself—It gives manly strength; it makes you young and keeps you young all the days of your life; it takes all the coward out of your make-up — let me give you of this abundant vitality, then nothing can ever conquer you but death itself — 100,000 men have taken my advice, why not you?

The secret of life-long youth may be summed up in one word—Vitality. If you have this great natural power in abundance years count for nothing. I use no drugs, I recommend none. Just the Health Belt. No privations, no dieting, and no restrictions, excepting that all dissipation must cease. Put the Health belt on nights when you go to bed; let it send its power into your nerves, organs and blood while you are sleeping. It gives you a great flow of soft, gentle galvano-vital electricity during the entire night. One application and you are like a new being; it takes all the pain and weakness out of your back; it makes you answer the morning greeting with "I'm feeling fine." It is a great strength builder; it overcomes the results of earlier mistakes and indiscretions; It gives you a compelling power, so that you are attractive to all women and men with whom you come in contact. Three months' use is sufficient. C. L. Snell, Middleport, N.Y., writes: I am a man again, thanks to you. Nothing can discourage me now."

I TAKE ALL THE RISK

All I want is a chance to prove to you the truth of my claims. Write to me or call at my office, and you can arrange to get the belt and pay for it when cured. If not cured, send it back. If you prefer to pay cash down you get a discount.

These Nature Cure Books FREE

Fill in the coupon and get these books at once. I will send them to you free, sealed, by mail. They give much information which a man should have and fully describe the Health Belt.

Dr. W. A. Sanden Co., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir: Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada.

Lost Five Children With DIARRHOEA

Saved the Sixth One With DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.

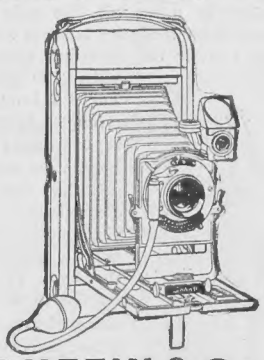
Mrs. John Firth, Craighurst, Ont., writes:—"I have had six children and lost them all but one. When young they would get Diarrhœa and nothing would stop it.

As I lived in a backward place, I did not know of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

I saved my last child, who is now eight years old, but I owe it to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Had I known about it before I feel that I would have saved the others. I shall forever praise and bless it and will never be without it again."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for over sixty-five years, and has a "world wide" reputation for curing all Bowel Complaints.

Do not be imposed upon by any unscrupulous dealer who wishes to substitute the so-called Strawberry Compounds for "Dr. Fowler's." Price 35 cents. Manufactuted only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

In Lighter Vein.

The Reformed.

I jist heered that Elder Gray
Give his money all away!
Been a miser, clost an' hard,
Sence th' big tree in our yard
Wuz a saplin'—never went
Nigh a soul or give a cent!
Heered las' night he give his wife
All he saved up all his life!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie—
I jist seen th' hearse go by!

I jist heered that Jimmy Green
Quit his drinkin'—cut it clean!
Been a sot sence Jones's barn
Wuz a woodshed—couldn't 'arn
Half his salt an' starved his wife
All her hopeless married life.
Heered las' night he got the grit
Someway in his soul t' quit!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie—
I jist seen th' hearse go by!

I jist heered that Liddy Wall
Quit her scoldin' good an' all!
Heered her husband's restin' well
Fust time in a right smart spell!
Liddy allus used t' say
She'd quit scoldin' him some day,
But she never quite could git
Made up in her mind t' quit!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie—
I jist seen th' hearse go by!

I jist heered that Abner Sykes
Found a place he rilly likes.
Abner moved about until
Nothin' seemed t' fill the bill!
Everywheres he went to yet
Wuz too dry or else too wet,
Too much drought or too much dew,
But his movin' days is through!

Sounds onreal, but 'tain't no lie—
I jist seen th' hearse go by!

—J. W. Foley.

Onward and Upward.

"What you farmers want is uplifting," said the statesman.

"That's right," answered the farmer. 'I've got a grand piano, an automobile, steam heat and a private gas plant. All we want now is an aeroplane."

Incidental Furniture.

Jack—We furnished our flat with soap premiums.

Fred—Good idea, old man. But how in all the world did you ever get enough furniture in that way?

Jack—Oh, that's easy. We furnished one room—the rest of the rooms are full of soap.

Unemployed !

A little girl was once asked what her father was.

She replied: "My father is a Christian, but he hasn't been working at it lately." —M. Wells, 1, Holland Street, Kensington, W.

A Lost Apology.

The Professor of Philosophy, says a story in Harper's Magazine, absent-minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting-room.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond is!" he exclaimed. "I have just had such a pleasant talk with her in the book store."

His wife looked up from her sewing.

"John!" she exclaimed, "where is your collar?"

The Professor of Philosophy put his hand to his throat. "I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes, that's it. I went to the barber shop, then to the book store. Why," he ended lamely, "Mrs. Raymond would think it very careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?"

"Rather," said his wife. "Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her just how it happened."

"Exactly," said the Professor.

The Professor went to the telephone.

"Hello, Central, hello. Hello—is this Mrs. Raymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Raymond; but, you know, I had been thinking of something very important, and I quite forgot to put on my collar. I—oh!—ah!—good-by."

The Professor suddenly hung up the receiver. He gave utterance to a mild exclamation.

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"She says she hasn't been out of the house to-day," groaned the Professor.

Cornering a Commodity.

A young broker on the Chicago Board of Trade once asked the late Philip D. Armour's advice about buying corn. The old packer—the basis of the most picturesque character in all business fiction, the "Self-Made Merchant"—replied: "Never buy corn. It's like sand on the seashore. When you think you've got it all piled up, it breaks and slips through your fingers." Many men have learnd the tragic truth of this remark through costly experience. Wheat does not stand alone as the luring medium in man's desire to corner a commodity. Throughout the annals of market trading corn has also had a large and significant part.—Munsey's Magazine.

The Garden of Eden.

To people who can feel the charm of poetry and can recognize a great idea when they see or read it, the Garden of Eden is not only a beautiful thing, it is a true thing. And the loveliest point in the story is just this; Not only Adam and Eve, but God also lived in the garden.

Readers o'ten misunderstand the phrase, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." The Hebrew does not mean voice but sound; they heard the sound of God's footsteps as He walked in the garden, in the freshness of the evening breeze. It is in gardens that we feel most surely the existence of God. "Fortunate above all other men," says Virgil, "are those who till the ground!" And the Roman poet adds: "If they did but know it." Emerson declares the farmer to be the one who stands nearest God, the first cause.—Jewish Chronicle.

What the World Wants.

Men who cannot be bought.

Men whose word is their bond.

Men who do not believe that shrewdness, sharpness, cunning, and long-headedness are the best qualities for winning success.

Men who have gained such complete control over themselves that they can pass through the most exasperating situations without doing or saying an unpleasant thing, without losing their temper or flying off their centre.—From "Success Secrets," by D. S. Marden.

To the Point.

"We are told, you know," said the trifler in love, "that the eyes are just the windows of the heart. Now, when I look into your eyes——"

"I hope," interrupted the bright girl, "you notice the signs in the windows."

"What signs?"

"'No admittance except on business.'"

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. ☞Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

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Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

J. J. Pope, P. O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: "I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years, and 'Actina' is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln St., Milwaukee., Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using 'Actina,' I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes; "'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headaches now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, prepaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo. you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Professor Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

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Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 45-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

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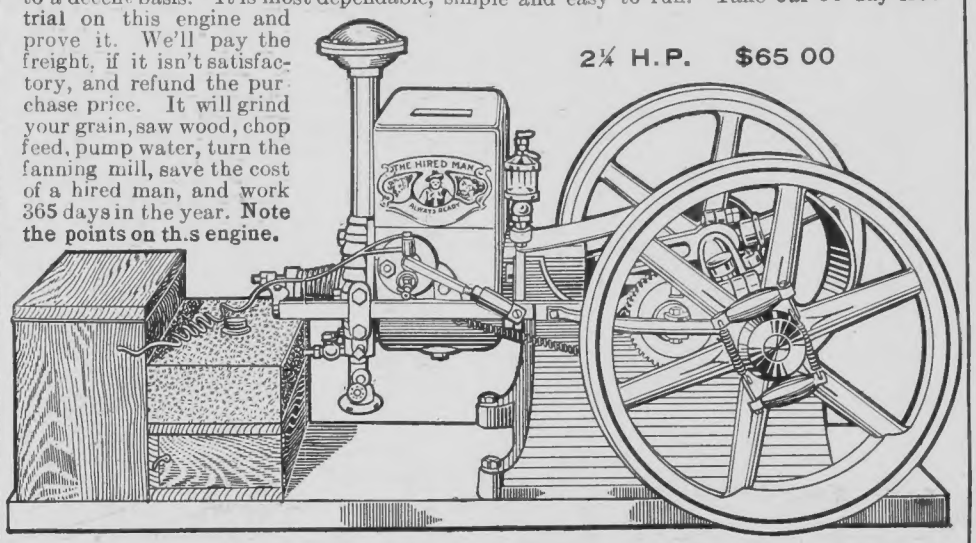
Horse Power—2¼. Weight 365 lbs.
This is the heaviest 2½ h.p. engine on the market.
Feed — Combination gravity and suction.
Speed—450 revolutions per minute.
Ignition—Make and break.
Most other engines have the cheap jump spark.
Lubrication—Sight feed oilers.
Cylinders—4 x 5.
The largest bore of any 2½ h.p. engine made.
Fly Wheels—Diameter 18 in.; weight 50 lbs.
Cycle—Four.
Cooling—Water cooled (Hopper).
Color—Base, green—Fly Wheel, red.

"THE HIRED MAN"

This engine is, without exception, the greatest and most phenomenal two and a quarter h.p. Gasoline Engine ever offered for sale. The engine that is sold to you under the iron-clad guarantee of wear and service at a price that means value received to the last penny. This is the engine that is giving the farmers a square deal, because it brings the prices down to a decent basis. It is most dependable, simple and easy to run. Take our 30 day free trial on this engine and prove it. We'll pay the freight, if it isn't satisfactory, and refund the purchase price. It will grind your grain, saw wood, chop feed, pump water, turn the fanning mill, save the cost of a hired man, and work 365 days in the year. **Note the points on this engine.**

2¼ H.P. $65 00



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Only **$120.00** for our 4 h.p. Gasoline Engine; equipped with 12 in. x 6 in. pulley; 350 revolutions per minute, 4½ in bore, 9 in stroke, 26 in. fly wheel; mounted on iron sub-base. Weight 700 lbs. Full instructions how to operate go with all our engines.

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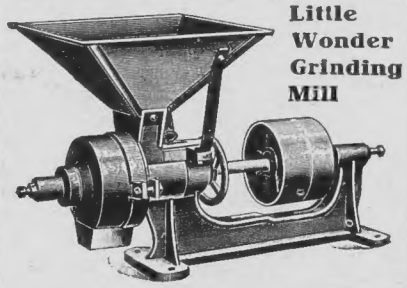

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This Jack is for operating ordinary well pump standards by belt power; has three strokes, 5 in., 7½ in. and 10 in.; furnished with tight and loose pulleys; 13 in. diameter, for 2 in. belt. Cost of belt 10c per ft. On the up stroke, Pitman's are vertical and put no side wear on pump piston bar. Made of good material and guaranteed in every way. Weight 75 lbs. Price $3.50. Price does not include pump head.

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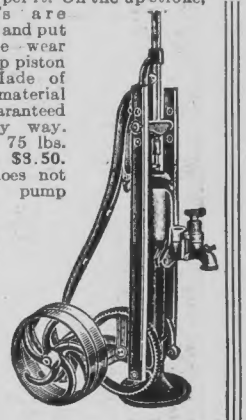

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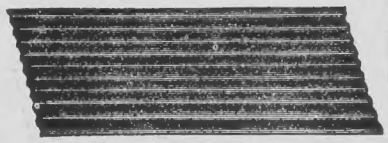

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